



Class

PR4300

Book

189-

PRESENTED BY

05

mr. J. teheson

~ x 17 x 10-





David Hitchen.

*EE COMPLETS

POETICAL WORKS

o F

ROBERT BURNS:

WITE A GLOSSARY AND LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY JAMES CURRIE, M. D.

INCLUDING ADDITIONAL POEMS EXTRACTEE
FROM THE LATE EDITION EDITED BY
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

CHICAGO

GEO. M. HILL COMPANY 166-174 S. Clinton Street

\$ 12° 3

y 33

YMARRI MET GRIENERI TO

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

9

THE AUTHOR.

ROBERT BURNS was born on the 29th day of Janua ry, 1759, in a small house about two miles from the town of Ayr in Scotland. The family name, which the poet modernized into Burns, was originally Burne or Burness. His father, William, appears to have been early mured to poverty and hardships, which he bore with pious resignation, and endeavored to alleviate by industry and economy. After various attempts to gain a livelihood, he took a lease of seven acres of land, with a view of commencing nurseryman and pub lic gardener; and having built a house upon it with his own hands, (an instance of patient ingenuity by no means uncommon among his countrymen in humble life.) he married, December, 1757, Agnes Brown. The first fruit of his marriage was Robert, the sub ject of the present sketch.

In his sixth year, Robert was sent to school, where he made considerable proficiency in reading and writing, and where he discovered an inclination for books not very common at so early an age. About the age of thirteen or fourteen, he was sent to the parish schoo of Dalrymple, where he increased his aquaintance with English Grammar, and gained some knowledge of the French. Latin was also recommended to him but he did not make any great progress in it.

The far greater part of his time, however, was employed on his father's farm, which, in spite of much in dustry, became so unproductive as to involve the fam.

This excellent woman is still living in the family of ber son Gilbert (May, 1813.)

ily in great distress. His father having taken another farm, the speculation was yet more fatal, and involved his afters in complete rain. He died, February 13, 17-4, leaving behind him the character of a good and wise man, and an affectionate father, who, under all his misortunes, struggled to procure his children an excellent education; and endeavored, both by precept and example to form their minds to religion and virtue.

It was between the fifteenth and sixteenth year of his age, that Robert first "committed the sin of rhyme." Having formed a boyish affection for a female who was his companion in the toils of the field, he composed a song, which, however extraordinary from one at his age, and in his circumstances, is far inferior to any of his subsequent performances. He was at this time " an ungainly, awkward boy," unacquainted with the world, but who occasionally had picked up some notions of history, literature, and criticism, from the few books within his reach. These he informs us, were Salmon's and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars, the Spectator, Pope's Works, some plays of Shakspeare. Tull and Dickson on Agriculture, the Pantheon, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's Directory, Boyle's Lectures, Allan Rainsay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, a Select Collection of English Songs, and Hervey's Meditations. Of this motley assemblage, it may readily be supposed, that some would be studied, and some read superficially. There is reason to think, however, that he perused the works of the poets with such attention, as, assisted by his naturally vigorous capacity, soon directed his taste, and enabled him to discrimmate tenderness and sublimity from affectation and bombast.

It appears that from the seventeenth to the twentyfourth year of Robert's age, he made no considerable hterary improvement. His accessions of knowledge, or opportunities of reading, could not be frequent, but no external circumstances, could prevent the .mate p-culiarities of his character from displaying themselves. He was distinguished by a vigorous understanding, and an untameable spirit. His resentments were quick, and, although not durable, expressed with a volubility of indignation which could not but silence and overwhelm his humble and illiterate associates; while the occasional effusions of his muse on temporary subjects, which were handed about in manuscript, raised him to a local superiority that seemed the earnest of a more extended fame. His first motive to compose verses, as has been already noticed, was his early and warm attachment to the fair His favorites were in the humblest walks of life; but during his passion, he elevated them to Lauras and Saccharissas. His attachments, however, were of the purer kind, and his constant theme the happiness of the married state; to obtain a suitable provision for which he engaged in partnership with a flax-dresser, hoping probably, to attain by degrees the rank of a manufacturer. But this speculation was attended with very little success, and was finally ended by an accidental fire.

On his father's death he took a farm in conjunction with his brother, with the honorable view of providing for their large and orphan family. But here, too, he was doomed to be unfortunate, although, in his brother Gilbert, he had a condition of excellent sense, a man of uncommon powers both of thought and expression.

During his residence on this farm he formed a connexion with a young woman, the consequences of which could not be long concealed. In this dilemma, the improdent couple agreed to make a legal acknowledgment of a private marriage, and projected that she should remain with her father, while he was to go to Jamaica "to push his fortune." This proceeding, however romantic it may appear, would have rescued the lady's character, according to the laws of Scotland, but it did not satisfy her father, who insisted on having all the written documents respecting their marriage canceled, and by this unfeeling measure, he intended that it should be rendered void. Divorced now from all he held dear in the world, he had no resource but in his projected voyage to Jama.ca, which was prevented by one of those circumstances that in common cases, might pass without observation, but which eventually laid the foundation of his future fame. For once, his potenty stood his friend. Had he been provided with money to pay for his passage to Jannaica he might have set sail, and been forgotten. But he was destitute of every necessary for the voyage, and was therefore advised to raise a sun of money by publishing his poems in the way of subscription. They were accordingly printed at Kilmarnock, in the year 1786, in a small volume, which was encouraged by subscriptions for about 350 copies.

It is hardly possible to express with what eager ad miration these poems were everywhere received Old and young, high and low, learned and ignorant all were alike delighted. Such transports would naturally find their way into the bosom of the author especially when he found that, instead of the necessity of flying from his native land, he was now encouraged to go to Edinburgh and superintend the publication of a second editor.

In the metropolis, he was soon introduced into the company and received the homage of men of literature, rank, and taste; and his appearance and behavfor at this time, as they exceeded all expectation, heightened and kept up the curiosity which his works He became the object of universal had excited. admiration, and feasted, and flattered, as if it had been impossible to reward his merit too highly. But what contributed principally to extend his fame into the sister kingdom, was his fortunate introduction to Mr. Mackenzie, who, in the 97th paper of the Lounger, recommended his poems by judicious specimens, and generous and elegant criticism. From this time. whether present or absent, Burns and his genius were the objects which engrossed all attention and all conversation

acannot be surprising if this new scene of life, produced effects on Burns which were the source of much of the unhappiness of his future life: for while he was admitted to the company of men of taste, and virtue, he was also seduced, by pressing invitations into the society of those whose habits are too social

and inconsiderate. It is to be regretted that he had little resolution to withstand those attentions which flattered his merit, and appeared to be the just respect due to a degree of superiority, of which he could not avoid being conscious. Among his superiors in rank and merit, his behavior was in general decorous and unassuming; but among his more equal or inferior associates, he was himself the source of the mirth of the evening, and repaid the attention and submission of his hearers by sallies of wit, which, from one of his birth and education, had all the fascination of won-His introduction, about the same time into convivial clubs of higher rank, was an injudicious mark of respect to one who was destined to return to the plow, and to the simple and frugal enjoyments of a peasant's life.

During his residence at Edinburgh, his finances were considerably improved by the new edition of his poems; and this enabled him to visit several other parts of his native country. He left Edinburgh, May 6, 1787, and in the course of his journey was hospitably received at the houses of many gentlemen of worth and earning. He afterwards traveled into England as far as Carlisle In the beginning of June he arrived in Ayrshire, after an absence of six months, during which he had experienced a change of fortune, to which the hopes of few mer or his situation could have aspired. His companion in some of these tours was a Mr. Nicol, a man who was endeared to Burns not only by the warmth of his friendship, but by a certain congeniality of sentiment and agreement in habits. This sympathy, in some instances, made our poet capriciously foud of companions, who, in the eves of men of more regular conduct, were insufferable.

During the greater part of the winter of 1787-8, Burns again resided in Edinburgh, and entered with peculiar relish into its gayeties. But as the singularities of his manner displayed themselves more openly, and as the novelty of his manner wore off, he became less an object of general attention. He lingered long in this place, in hopes that some situation would have been offered which might place him in independence: but

as it did not seem probable that anything of that kind would occur soon, he began seriously to reflect that tours of pleasure and praise would not provide for the wants of a family. Influenced by these considerations he quitted Edinburgh in the month of February, 1788. Finding himself master of nearly £500, from the sale of his poens, he took the farm of Ellisland, near Dunfries, and stocked it with part of this money, besides generously advancing £200 to his brother Gibert, who was struggling with difficulties. He was now legally united to Mrs. Barns, who joined him with their children about the end of this year.

Quitting now speculation for more active pursuits, he rebuilt the dwelling-house on his farm; and during his engagement in this object, and while the regulations of the farm had the charm of novelty, he passed his time in more tranquility than he had lately experienced. But, unfortunately, his old habits were rather interruped than broken. He was again invited into social parties, with the additional recommendation of a man who had seen the world, and lived with the great; and again partook of those irregularities for which men of warm imaginations, and conversational talents, find too many apologies. But a circumstance now occurred which threw many obstacles in his way as a farmer

Burns very fondly cherished those notions of independence, which are dear to the young and ingenuous. But he had not matured these by reflection; and he was now to learn, that a little knowledge of the world will overturn many such airy fabries. If we may form any judgment, however, from his correspondence, his expectations were not very extravagan, since he expected only that some of his illustrious pairons would have placed him, on whom they bestowed the honors of genius, in a situation where his exertions might have been uninterrupted by the fatigues of labor, and the calls of want. Disappointed in this, he now formed a design of applying for the office of exciseman, as a kind of resource in case his expectations from the farm should be baffled. By the interest of one of his friends, this object was accomplished; and after the usual forms were gone through.

he was appointed exciseman, or, as it is vulgarly called, gauger of the district in which he lived.

"His farm was now abandoned to his servants, while he betook himself to the duties of his new appointment. He might still, indeed, be seen in the spring, directing his plow, a labor in which he excelled, or striding, with measured steps, along his turned-up furrows, and scattering the grain in the earth. But his farm no longer occupied the principal part of his care or his thoughts. Mounted on horseback, he was found pursuing the defaulters of the revenue, among the hills and vales of Nithsdale."

About this time, (1792,) he was solicited to give he ad to Mr. Thomson's Collection of Scottish Songs. He wrote, with attention and without delay, for this work, all the songs which appear in this volume; to which we have added those he contributed to Johnson's Musical Museum.

Burns also found leisure to form a society for purchasing and circulating books among the farmers of the neighborhood; but these however praiseworthy employments, still interrupted the attention he ought to aave bestowed on his farm, which became as unproductive that he found it convenient to resign 1t, and, disposing of his stock and crop, removed to a small house which he had taken in Dunfries, a short time previous to his lyric engagement with Mr. Thomson. He had now received from the Board of Excise, an appointment to a new district, the emoluments of which amounted to about seventy pounds sterling per annum.

While at Dumfries, his temptations to irregularity, recurred so frequently as nearly to overpower his resolutions, and which he appears to have formed with a perfect knowledge of what is right and prudent. During his quiet moments, however, he was enlarging his fame by those admirable compositions he sent to Mr. Thomson: and his temporary sallies and flashes of magination, in the merriment of the social table, still bespoke a genius of wonderful strength and captivations. It has been said, indeed, that extraordinary

F

as his poems are, they afford but inadequate proof of the powers of their author, or of that acuteness of observation, and expression, he displayed on common topics in conversation. In the society of persons of taste, he could refrain from those indulgences, which, among his more constant companions, probably formed his chief recommendation.

The emoluments of his office, which now composed his whole fortune, soon appeared insufficient for the maintenance of his family. He did not, indeed, from the first, expect that they could: but he had hopes of promotion, and would probably have attained it, if he had not forfeited the favor of the Board of Excise, by some conversations on the state of public affairs, which were deemed highly improper, and were probably reported to the Board in a way not calculated to lessen their effect. That he should have been deceived by the affairs in France during the early periods of the revolution, is not surprising; he only caught a portion of an enthusiasm which was then very general; but that he should have raised his imagination to a warmth bevond his fellows, will appear very singular, when we consider that he had hitherto distinguished himself as a Jacobite, an adherent to the house of Stewart. Yet he had uttered opinions which were thought dangerous; and information being given to the Board, an inquiry was instituted into his conduct. the result of which, although rather favorable, was not so much so as to reinstate him in the good opinion of the commissioners. Interest was necessary to enable him to retain his office; and he was informed that his promotion was deferred, and must depend on his future behavior.

He is said to have defended hireself on this occasion. In a letter addressed to one of the Board, with much spirit and skill. He wrote another letter to a gentleman, who, hearing that he had been dismissed from his situation, proposed a subscription for him In this last, he gives an account of the whole trans action, and endeavors to vindicate his loyalty; he also contends for an independence of spirit, which he certainly possessed, but which yet appears to have

partaken of that extravagance of sentiment which is fitter to point a stanza than to conduct a life.

A passage in this letter is too characteristic to be omlitted.—"Often," says our poet, "in blasting anticipation have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the fanfaronade of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held up to public view, and to public estimation, as a man of some genius, yet quite dest ture of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a palty exciseman; and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence, in the meanest of pursuits, and among the lowest of mankind."

This passage has no doubt often been read with sympathy. That Burns should have embraced the only opportunity in his power to provide for his family, can be no topic of censure or ridicule, and however incompatible with the cultivation of genius the business of an exciseman may be, there is nothing of moral turpitude or disgrace attached to it. It was not his choice, it was the only help within his reach, and he laid hold of it. But that he should not have found a patron generous or wise enough to place him in a situation at least free from allurements to 'the sin that so easily beset him.' is a circumstance on which the admirers of Burns have found it painful to dwell.

Mr. Mackenzie, in the 97th number of the Lounger, after mentioning the poet's design of going to the West Indies, concludes that paper in words to which sufficient attention appears not to have been paid: "I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place: and that I do my country no more than justice, when I suppose her ready to stretch out the hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose 'wood notes wild' possess so much excellence. To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit: to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it wight profit or delight the world:—these are exer-

tions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride."

Although Burns deprecated the reflections which might be made on his occupation of exciseman, it may be necessary to add, that from this humble step, he foresaw all the contingencies and gradations of promotion up to a rank on which it is not usual to look with contempt. In a letter dated 1794, he states that he is on the list of supervisors; that in two or three years he should be at the head of that list, and be appointed, as a matter of course; but that then a friend might be of service in getting him into a part of the kingdom which he would like. supervisor's income varies from about 120l. to 200l. a year: but the business is "an incessant drudgery. and would be nearly a complete bar to every species of literary pursuit." He proceeds, however, to observe, that the moment he is appointed supervisor he might be nominated on the Collector's list, "and this is always a business purely of political patronage. A collectorship varies from much better than two hundred a year to near a thousand. Collectors also come forward by precedency on the list, and have, besides a handsome income, a life of complete leisure. A life of literary leisure with a decent contpetence, is the summit of my wishes."

He was doomed, however, to continue in his present employment for the remainder of his days. which were not many. His constitution was now rapidly decaying; yet, his resolutions of amendment were but feeble. His temper became irritable and gloomy, and he was even insensible to the kind forgiveness and soothing attentions of his affect onate wife. In the month of June, 1796, he removed to Brow, about ten miles from Dumfries, to try the effect of sea-bathing; a remedy that at first, he imagined, relieved the rheumatic pains in his limbs, with which he had been afflicted for some months: but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his house at Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. The fever increased, attended with delirium and debility, and on the 21st he expired, in the thirty-eighth year of of his age.

He left a widow and four sons, for whom the inhabitants of Dumfrles opened a subscription, which being extended to England, produced a considerable sum for their immediate n-ce-sities.* This has since been augmented by the profits of the edition of his works, printed in four volumes. Svo.: to which Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, prefixed a life, written with much elegance and taste.

As to the person of our post, he is described as being nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. well raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair. expressed uncommon capacity. His eyes were large. dark, full of arder and animation. His face was wellformed, and his countenance uncommonly interest-His conversation is universally allowed to have been uncommonly fascinating, and rich in wit. humor, whim, and occasionally in serious and apposite reflection. This excellence, however proved a lasting misfortune to him; for while it procured him the friendship of men of character and taste, in whose company his humor was guarded and chaste, it had also allurements for the lowest of mankind. who know no difference between freedom and licentiousness, and are never so completely granfied as when genius condescends to give a kind of sanction to their grossness. He died poor, but not in debt, and left behind him a name, the fame of which will not soon be eclipsed.

[&]quot;Mrs. Burns continues to live in the house in which the pret died, the elilest son, Robert, is at present in the Stamp office, the other two are officers in the East Inha Company's army; William is in Beiggai, and James in Madras, (May, 1813,) Wallace, the second son, a lad of great promise, died of a consumption.



THE DEATH OF BURNS.

BY MR. ROSCOE.

Rear high thy bleak, majestic hills,
Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
But, ah! what poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he the sweetest bard is dead
That ever breath'd the soothing strain?

As green thy towering pines may grow,
As clear thy streams may speed along;
As bright thy summer suns may glow.
And wake again thy feathery throng;
But now, unheeded is the song,
And dult and lifeless all around,
For his wild harp lies all unstrung,
And cold the hand that wak'd its sound

What the 'thy vigorous offspring rise, In arts and arms thy sons excel; The 'beauty in thy daughters' eyes, And health in every feature dwell; Yet who shall now their praises tell. In strains impassion'd, fond, and free, Since he no more the song shall swell To love, and liberty, and thee!

With step-dame eye and frown severe
His hapless youth why didst thou view?

For all thy joys to him were dear, And all his vows to thee were due: Nor greater bliss his bosom knew, In opening youth's delightful prime, Than when thy favoring ear he drew To listen to his chanted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
To him were all with rapture fraught,
He heard with joy the tempests rise
That wak'd him to sublimer thought;
And oft thy winding dells he sought,
Where wild flowers pour'd their rath perfume
And with sincere devotion brought
To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But, ah! no fond maternal smile
His unprotected youth enjoy'd;
His limbs inur'd to early toil,
His days with early hardships tried:
And more to mark the gloomy void,
And bid him feel his misery,
Before his infant eyes would glide
Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect depress'd,
With sinewy arm he turn'd the soil,
Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
And met at morn his earliest smile.
Wak'd by his rustic pipe, meanwhile
The powers of fancy came along,
And soothed his lengthen'd hour of toil
With native wit and sprightly song.

Ah! days of bliss, too swiftly fled,
When vigorous health from labor springs.
And bland contentment smooths the bed,
And sleep his ready opiate brings;

And hovering round on airy wings Float the light forms of young desire, Fhat of unutterable things
The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

Now spells of mightier power prepare, Bid brighter phantoms round him dance: Let flattery spread her viewless snare, And fame attract his vagrant glance: Let sprightly pleasure too advance, Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone, Till lost in lovo's delirious trance, He scorns the joys his youth has known.

Let friendship pour her brightest blaze, Expanding all the bloom of soul; And mirth concentre all her rays, And point them from the sparkling bowl And let the careless moments roll In social pleasures unconfin'd, And confidence that spurns control, Unlock the innost springs of mind.

And lead his steps those bowers among, Where elegance with splendor vies, Or science bids her favor'd throng To more refin'd sensations rise; Beyond the peasant's humbler joys, And freed from each laborious strife, There let him learn the bliss to prize That waits the sons of polish'd life.

Then whilst his throbbing veins beat high
With every impulse of delight,
Dash from his lips the cup of joy,
And shroud the scene in shades of night;
And let despair, with wizard light,
Disclose the yawning gulf below,

XVIII ON THE DEATH OF BURNS.

And pour incessant on his sight, Her spectred ills and shapes of wo:

And show beneath a cheerless shed,
With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes
In silent grief where droops her head,
The partner of his early joys;
And let his infant's tender cries
His fond parental succor claim,
And bid him hear in agonies
A husband and a father's name.

'Tis done—the powerful charm succeeds, His high reluctant spirit bends; In bitterness of soul he bleeds, Nor longer with his fate contends. An idiot laugh the welkin rends As genius thus degraded lies; Till pitying Heaven the veil extends That shrouds the Poet's ardent eyes.

Rear high thy bleak, majestic hills,
Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red
But never more shall poet tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he the sweetest bard is dead
That ever breath'd the soothing strain.

PA	61
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH of the Author,	tii
On the Death of Burns, by Mr Roscoe,	IV
Preface to the First Edition of Burns' Poems,	
published at Kilmarnock xx:	xiii
Dedication of the Second Edition of the Poems	
formerly printed, To the Noblemen and Gen-	
tlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, xxx	vii
POEMS, CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.	
The Twa Dogs, a Tale,	1
Scotch Drink,	8
The Author's earnest Cry and Prayer to the	
Scotch Representatives in the House of Com-	
mons,	12
Postcript,	17
The Holy Fair,	18
Death and Dr. Hornbook,	27
The Brigs of Ayr, a Poem inscribed to J. B-,	
_ Esq. Ayr,	32
The Ordination,	41
The Calf. To the Rev. Mr,	45
Address to the Deil,	46
The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie,	50
Poor Mailie's Elegy,	52
To J. S****,	54
A Dream,	59
	64
Address to the Unco Guld, or the Rigidly Right-	-
	73
Tam Samson's Elegy,	75
The Epitaph,	78 78
The Auld Parman's New Year Manual Clause	/8
The Auld Farmer's New-Year Morning Saluta-	96
tion to his Auld Mare Maggie,	9 0
xix	

PA	QF.
To a Mouse, on turning her up in her nest with	
the plow, November, 1785,	9:1
A Winter Night,	94
Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet,	98
The Lament, occasioned by the Unfortunate is-	90
the Lament, occasioned by the Unioritinate is-	* 0.0
sue of a Friend's Amour,	103
Despondency, an Ode,	106
Winter, a Dirge,	108
The Cotter's Saturday Night,	109
Man was made to Mourn, a Dirge,	114
A prayer in the prospect of Death,	118
Stanzas on the same occasion,	119
Verses left by the Author, in the room where he	
slept. having lain at the House of a Reverend	
Friend,	120
The First Psalm,	121
A Prayer, under the pressure of violent Anguish,	121
	122
The first six verses of the Ninetieth Psalm,	122
To a Mountain Daisy, on turning one down with	
the Plow, in April, 1786,	123
To Ruin,	125
To Miss L-, with Beattie's Poems as a New	
Year's Gift, Jan. 1, 1787,	126
Epistle to a young Friend,	126
On a Scotch Bard, gone to the West Indies,	129
To a Haggis,	131
A Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.,	133
To a Louse, on seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet	
at Church,	137
Address to Edinburgh,	138
Epistle to J. Lapraik, an old Scottish Bard,	141
To the Same	145
To W S***** Ochiltree May 1785	148
To W. S*****n, Ochiltree, May, 1785,Postscript,	151
Epistle to J. R******. enclosing some Poems,	151
John Barleycorn, a Ballad,	156
John Barleycorn, a Ballad,	100
Written in Friars-Carse Hermitage, in Nith-Side	. ~
Side	173
Ode, Sacred to the memory of Mrs, of -,	175
Elegy on Capt. Matthew Henderson,	176
The Epitaph,	179
To Robert Graham, Esq., of Fintra,	182
Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn,	185
Lines sent to Sir John Whitefoord of White-	
and Bart with the foregoing Ps m	188

D. C.	xxi
Tam O'Shanter, a Tale,	199
On seeing a wounded Hare limp by me, which a	
fellow had just shot at,	130
ing his bust at Ednam, Roxburghshire, with Bays,	195
Epitaph on a celebrated Ruling Elder,	
On a Noisy Polemic,	196
On Wee Johnie,	197
For the Author's Father,	197
For R. A., Esq.,	197
For G. H., Esq.,	197
A Bard's Epitaph,	198
On the late Captain Grose's Peregrinations	•••
through Scotland, collecting the Antiquities	100
of that Kingdom,	199
Written on the blank leaf of a Book, presented	
	201
on reading, in a Newspaper, the Death of John	201
M'Leod Esq., Brother to a young Lady, a par-	202
ticular Friend of the Author's,	204
ble Duke of Athole,	203
On scaring some Water-Fowl in Loch-Turit	
Written with a Pencil over the Chimney-piece,	200
in the Parlor of the Inn at Kenmore, Tay-	
mouth,	207
Written with a Pencil standing by the Fall of	201
Written with a Pencil, standing by the Fall of Fyers, near Loch-Ness,	208
On the Birth of a Posthumous Child, Bern in	-50
peculiar circumstances of Family Distress	209
The Whistle, a Ballad,	
Second Epistle to Davie,	214
Lines on an Interview with Lord Daer,	218
On the Death of a Lap-Dog, named Echo,	222
Inscription to the Memory of Fergusson,	223
Epistle to R. Graham, Esq.,	224
Fragment, inscribed to the Right Honorable U. J.	
Fox,	223
To Dr. Biacklock,	
Prologue, spoken at the Theatre Ellisland, on	
New-Year's Day Evening.	231
Flegy on the late Miss Burnet. of Monboddo,	233
I be Rights of Woman,	2:25

	OE.
Address, spoken by Miss Fontenelle, on her Ben-	
efit Night, Dec. 4, 1795, at the Theatre, Dum-	
fries	237
Verses to a young Lady with a present of	
Verses to a young Lady, with a present of Songs,	271
Lines written on a blank leaf of a copy of his	~,,
pooms presented to a vound I adv	2 95
	335
Caledonia,	336
Caledonia,	330
Poem written to a Gentleman who had sent him	
a Newspaper, and offered to continue it free	
of expense.	338
Poem on Pastoral Poetry,	339
Sketch-New Year's Day,	342
	344
Poetical Inscription for an Altar to Indepen-	
dence,	344
Sonnet, on the Death of Robert Riddel. Esq.,	345
Monody on a Lady famed for her caprice,	346
The Epitaph,	346
Answer to a mandate sent by the Surveyor of	
the Windows, Carriages. &c.,	347
Impromptu, on Mrs 's Birth-day,	350
To a young Lady, Miss Jessy —, Dumfries;	0,00
with Books which the Bard presented her,	351
Sonnet, written on the 25th of January, 1793, the	٠.
B rth-day of the Author, on hearing a Thrush	
sing in a morning walk.	35 2
Extempore, to Mr. S**e, on refusing to dine with	
him.	352
To Mr. S**e, with a present of a dozen of porter.	353
	3-3-3
Poem addressed to Mr. Mitchell, collector of Ex-	354
cise, Dumfries, 1796,	
Sent to a Gentleman whom he had offended,	355
Poem on Life, addressed to Col. De Peyster,	
Dumfries,	356
Address to the Tooth-ache,	357
To Robert Graham, Esq., of Fintry, on receiv-	
To Robert Graham, Esq., of Fintry, on receiving a favor,	362
Enitanh on a Friend	362
A Grace before Dinner	362
On Sensibility. Addressed to Mrs. Dunlop, of	
Dunlop,	363
A Verse. When Death's dark stream I ferry	
0'PT	363

	CONTENTS.	xxiii
	a 11 · 1	PAGE.
Verses written at	Selkirk,	365
Liberty, a Fragmer	nt	368
Elegy on the death	of Robert Ruisseaux	, 368
The loyal Natives'	Verses,	370
Burns-Extempore	!,	370
To J Lapraik,	Artar	370
To the Rev. John	M'Math, enclosing a	copy of
Tiony willies in	ayer, which he had red	quested, 372
to Gavin Hammic	on, Esq., Mauchline,	recom-
	C.C C.D	
To Mr. M Adam. of	Craigen-Gillan,	377
To Capt. Kiddel, G	lenriddel,	378
To Terranguty, on	his Birth day,	379
To a Lady, with a	present of a pair of d	rinking-
grasses,	e,	380
The vowers, a ran	e,	380
Skeich,	Nr. 0 .)	381
Scots Prologue, for	Mr. Sutherland's Be	nent, 382
Extemporaneous E	ffusion on being appo	inted to
the Excise,		284
On seeing the beau	tiful seat of Lord G.	, 384
On the same,		384
On the same,		385
to the same, on t	he Author being thr	eatened
with his resentin	ent,	38 5
the Dean of Facul	ty,	385
Extempore in the C	Court of Session,	3%6
	n,	
	ere was falsehood in t	
Dr. B——'s very	looks,	398
	in Cleish Parish Fife	
riegy on the Year	1788, a Sketch,	359
verses written und	ler the Portrait of Fer	gusson,
The Poet.	****	390
the Guidwife of	Wanchope-house to	Robert
Diffis,		421
the Answer,	- O t.	423
ine Kirk's Alarm,	a Satire,	439
ine i wa Herds,		442
spisue from a Taile	or to Robert Burns,	445
He Answer,	1' 77'	447
cetter to John Gou-	die, Kilmarnock, on t	he pub-
	says,	
Letter to J-s T-	t Gl—nc—r,	451

æ	T I	w

The Jolly Beggars, a Cantata	454 518
songs.	
Adieu! a heart-warm. fond adieu!	261 403 167 459 415 318 325 201 305 425 333 420
B. Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,————————————————————————————————————	164 283 397 304 253 300 317 277 259
C. Ca' the yowes to the knowes, Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ? Clarinda, mistress of my soni, Come, let me take three to my breast, Comin thro' the rye, poor body Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,	272 283 308 262 369 282

	CONTENTS.	XXV PAGE.	
	D.		
Deluded swain, the	2.	267	
Does haughty Gaul			
Duncan Gray came	nere to woo,	243	
	T)		
D: 0 6 6 .	F.		
Fair the face of ori			
Fairest maid on De			
Farewell, thou fair			
ye skies,		234	
Farewell, thou stre	eam that winding fl	ows, 280	
Farewell, ye dunge			
Fate gave the word	l, the arrow sped,-	331	
First when Maggie	was my care,	406	
Flow gently, swee			
braes	·	337	
Forlorn, my love, n	o confort near	295	
From the, Eliza, I i	nust go	170	
rom the Billia, r	indse goj	****	
	G.		
Gane is the day, an		316	
Go fetch to me a pi			
Green grows the ra	shor Ol-	166	
Green grows the ra	ishes, O.	100	
	H.		
Had I a cave on so		050	
Here awa, there av			
Here's a bottle and			
Here's a health to a	ine i to'e dear,	299	
Here's a health to	nem that's awa,	419	
Here is the glen, ar	id here the bower,	270	
Her flowing locks,			
How can my poor l	ieart be glad,	271	
How cruel are the p	parents,	290	
How long and drea	ry is the night,	275	
How pleasant the	banks of the clea	r-winding	
Husband, husband.	cease your strife	268	
,			
	I.		
I am a bard of no re		463	
I am a fiddler to my	v trade	460	
I am a son of Mars	, trade,	455	
I do confess thou ar	t so fair	204	
I dream'd I lay who	ero flowers were co	ringing - 201	
ruream u I m) who	te nowers were si	ninging,- 391	
	U		

0.4	G E
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,	319
I had a wife o' my ain	0.01
I'll ay ca' in by you town	405
I'll kiss thee yet, yet,	405
In simmer when the hay was mawn,	319
I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,	456
I once was a maid, tho I cannot ten when,	2-4
	2.74
In Mauchline there dwells six proper young	430
belles,	429
It is na. Jean, thy bonnie face,	269
It was upon a Lammas night,	161
It was the charming month of May,	279
J.	
Tarter de Arten Alexandra de Irian	950
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, John Anderson my jo, John,	999
John Anderson my jo, John,	314
К.	
Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose ?	360
Men ye ought o Captain Glose i	300
L.	
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,	279
Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,	296
Let me ruke up to dight that tear,	460
Let not woman e'er complain	276
Loug long the night	2223
Loud blaw the freety breezes	302
Loud blaw the frosty breezes,Louis, what reck I by thee,	329
Louis, what leck I by thee,	0.20
M.	
M.	201
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,	202
Musing on the roaring ocean,	401
My bonnie lass, I work in brass,	461
My Chloris, mark how green the groves,	278
My father was a farmer upon the Carrick bor-	400
der, O,	400
My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,	314
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not	
here,	394
My heart is sair, I dare na tell,	329
My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,	360

	CONTENTS.	xxvii
	3.7	PAGE
N	N.	0.40
	s, tho' e'er sae fair, n I for to rail and to writ	
	ae are claith'd in green -	
	mantle blithe nature ar	
Now nature nang	s her mantle green,	181
Now rosy may co	mes in w.' flowers,	262
Now spring has c	loth'd the groves in gree	n, 293
Now westin wind	ls and slaughtering guns	, 163
	0.	
O av my wife she	dang me,	4:31
O honnie was vor	rosy brier,	294
O cam ve here the	e fight to shun,	341
Of a' the airts the	e wind can blaw,	310
Ogin my love we	re you red rose,	255
O guid ale comes	and guid ale goes	430
O how can I be h	lithe and glad,	404
Oh open the door	, some pity to show,	250
Oh, wert thou in	the cauld blast,	350
O ken ye wha Me	g o' the Mill has gotten?	253
O lassie, art thou	sleepin yet?	286
O leave novels, v	e Mauchline belles,	430
O leeze me on my	spinning wheel,	318
O Logan, sweetly	didst thou glide,ewart	2.54
O lovely Polly St	ewart	425
O luve will ventu	re in, where it daur na w	eel be
seen,		321
O Mary, at thy w	indow be,	247
O May, thy morn	was ne'er sa sweet	331
O meikle thinks n	ny luve o' my beauty,	315
O mirk, mirk is th	e midnight hour,	246
O my luve's like a	red, red rose	333
	ers, one summer's day,-	
On Cessnock ban	ks there lives a lass,	4(19
One night as I did	l wander,	416
O, once I lov'd a	bonnie las s,	222
O Philly, happy b	e the day,	281
() poortith cauld	and rections love	211
O raging fortune's	s withering blast,	418
O saw ve bonnie	Leslev	240
O saw ye my dear	r, my Phely 1	275
O stay, sweet wa	rbling wood-lark, stay, -	288
O 'e'l na me o' w	ind and rain,	287
O, this is no my a	in lassie,	292

			٠	٠	
¥	X	v	ı	1	ì

FAC	iΕ
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,	31 Hi
	332
O, were I on Parnassus' hill!:	310
O wha is she that lo'es me,	3.58
O what is she that loes me,	
	3:1.5
	260
	312
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar,	126
O why the deuce should I repine,	166
b why the dealer should I repine,	
P.	
Powers celestial, whose protection,	410
rowers celestial, whose protection,	114
n	
R.	
Raving winds around her blowing,	303
Raving winds around her blowing,	127
•	
S.	
Sae flaxen were her ringlets,	273
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,	20:1
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,	004
	265
	164
She's fair and fause that causes my smart,	326
She is a winsome wee thing	240
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,	264
Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,	4.57
Sir Wisdom's a 1001 When he s 100,	276
	434
	301
Streams that glide in orient plains,	220
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,	2≺6
Sweetest May, let love inspire thee,	406
Sweetest may, let love inspire thee,	100
Т.	
	43I
	31 t
The day returns, my bosom burns,	308
The deil cam fiddling thro' the town	412
The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,	169
The heather was blooming, the meadows were	
mawn.	413
	309
	3.30
The small birds rejoice in the green leaves re-	
turning,	221

	xix
P	AGE.
The smiling spring comes in rejoicing,	328
The Thames flows proudly to the sea,	313
last,	421
Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands	
reckon	289
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in you glen,	242
There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity.	394
There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,	245
There was a bonnie lass, and a bonnie, bonnie	
lass,	426
There was a lad was born at Kyle	416
There was a lass, and she was fair,	256
There were five carl ins in the South,	435
Thickest night o'erhang my dwelling,	302
Thine am I, my faithful fair.	268
Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,	402
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie	264
Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray.	217
To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,	420
True hearted was he, the sad swain of Yarrow,	250
Turn again, thou fair Eliza,	321
Twas even, the dewy fields were green	216
'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin,	290
2 was no not bonnie blue e e was my tum,	290
U.	
Up in the morning's no for me,	391
- · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	
W.	
Wae is my heart and the tear's in my e'e,	411
Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,	428
Wha is this at my bower door ?	399
What can a young lassie, what shall a young	555
lassie,	316
When first I came to Stewart Kyle,	417
When Guilford good our pilot stood,	159
When o'er the hill the eastern star,	238
When January winds were blawing cauld,	438
When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,	25.
Where are the joys I hae met in the morning,	266
Where braving angry winter's storms,	306
Where Cart rins rowin to the sea,	328
While larks, with little wing,	258
Why why tall thy lover	008
Why, why tell thy lover,	296
will je go to the maics, my mary,	200

•	•
А	

PA	GE.
Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,	324
Wilt thou be my dearie 3	325
V.	
Ye banks and brace, and streams, around,	241
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,	
Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,	
Ye gallants bright I red you right,	
estreen I had a pint o' wine,	411
Yon wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,	
Yon wild mossy mountains,	398
Young Jockey was the blithest lad,	406
Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,	
Vontre molecome to Despote Dumourius	289

OF THE

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

	GB.
Holy Willie's Prayer,	467
The Farewell.	470
Willie Chalmers,	
Lines written on a Bank-Note,	472
A Bard's Epitaph,	473
A Bard's EpitaphEpistle to Major Logan,	474
On the Death of Robert Dundas, Esq.,	476
Epistle to Hugh Parker,	478
To John M'Murdo, Esq.,	479
Epistle to Robert Graham, Esq.,	480
Address of Beel/ebub to the President of the	
Highland Society, To John Taylor,	483
To John Taylor,	455
On seeing Miss Fontenelle in a favorite charac-	
ler	486
The Book-Worms,	4 ~6
The Reproof,	486
The Reply,	487
The Kirk of Lamington,	
The League and Covenant,	457
Inscription on a Goblet,	4-7
The Toad-Eater,	487
The Selkirk Grace,	488
On the Poet's Daughter,	488
The Sons of Old Killie,	488
On a Suicide,	4-9
The Joyful Widower,There was a Lass,	489
There was a Lass,	490
Theniel Menzie's Bonnie Mary,	491
xxxi	

xxxii

	PAGE.
Frae the Friends and Land I love,	- 492
Weary Fa' You, Duncan Gray,	493
The Blude Red Rose at Yule may blaw,	- 494
The Ploughman,	
Rattlin', Roarin' Willie,	496
As I was a-wandering,	497
My Harry was a Gallant Gay,	408
Simmer's a Pleasant Time	_ 400
Simmer's a Pleasant Time,	400
Lady Mary Ann,	- 500
My Love, she's but a Lassie yet,	- 501
Sensibility how Charming,	500
Out over the Forth,	502
The Tither Morn,	500
The Cardin' o't,	- 505
The Weary Pund o' Tow,	
Sae Far Awa.	- 505 500
Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation,	
Here's His Health in Water!	- 508
The Lass of Ecclefechan,	- 508
The Highland Laddie,	- 509
Here's to thy Health, my Bonnie Lass,	- 510
Address to a Young Lady,Song,	- 511
Song,	- 512
O Lay thy Loof in Mine, Lass,	- 512
To Chloris,	
Peg-a Ramsey and	_ 514

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF

BURNS' POEMS.

PUBLISHED AT KILMARNOCK IN 1788.

THE following trifles are not the production of the poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and, perhaps, amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the author of this, these and other celebrated names. their countrymen, are, at least in the original language, a fountain shut up, and a book sealed. Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and in his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymer from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of friendship, wakened his vanity so far as to make him think anything of his worth showing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil xxxiii

and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves; the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast: to find some counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found poetry to be his own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as—An impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and, because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet of no small consequence, forsooth!

It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, whose divine elegies do honor to our language, our nation, and our species, that " Humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!" If any critic catches at the word genius, the author tells him once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetical abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a maneuver below the worst character, which, he hopes, his worst enemies will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious drawings of the poor unfortunate Fergusson, he. with equal unaffected sincerity, declares, that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly ac

mired Scotch poets he has often had in eye in the following pieces: but rather with a view to kindle at their flame than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers, the author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and polite, who will honor him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life; but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dullness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in the case do by others—let him be condemned, witnout mercy, to contempt and oblivion



DEDICATION

TO THE

SECOND EDITION OF THE

POEMS FORMERLY PRINTED

TO THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native Land; those who bear the honors and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plow; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native

XXXVIII DEDICATION.

tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songsunder your honored protection; I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favors; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favors; I was bred to the Plow, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honor, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, m the ancient and favorite amusement of your fore-

XXXIX

fathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social Joy await your return. When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honor to be,

With the sincerest gratitude,
And highest respect,
My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted and humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS

Edinburgh, April 4, 1787



POEMS,

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle, That bears the name o' Auld King Coil, Upon a bonnie day in June, When wearing thro' the afternoon, Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame, Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Casar, Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure: His hair, his size, his month. his lugs, Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs; But whalpit some place far abroad, Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar, Show'd him the gentleman and scholar; But though he was o' high degree, The fient a pride, na pride had he; But wad hae spent an hour caressin, Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsey's messin. At kirk or market, mill or smiddie, Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, But he wad stawn't, as glad to see him, And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie, A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, Wha for his friend an' comrade had him, And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him, After some dog in Highland sang,* Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke, As ever lap a sheugh or dyke. His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face, Ay gat him friends in ilka place. His breast was white, his towzie back Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl, Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swurl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression
About the lards o' the creation.

CRSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath, What sort o' life poor dogs like you have, An' when the gentry's life I saw, What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents, His coals, his kain, and a' his stents; He rises when he likes himsel; His flunkies answer at the bell; He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;

· Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

He draws a bonnie silken purse As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks, The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling, At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; An' tho' the gentry first are stechin, Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan Wi' sauce, ragouts, and siclike trashtrie, That's little short o' downright wastrie. Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner, Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner Better than ony tenant man His Honour has in a' the lan': An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in, I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't eneugh; A cottar howkin in a sheugh, Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke, Baring a quarry, and sic like, Himself, a wife, he thus sustains, A smytrie o' wee duddie weans, An' nought but his han' darg, to keep Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters, Like loss o' health, or want o' masters, Ye maist wad think a wee touch langer, An' they mann starve o' cauld an' hunger; But how it comes, I never kenn'd yet, They're maistly wonderfu' contented; An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies, Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit, How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit! L—d. man, our gentry care as little For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle; They gang as saucy by poor fo'k, As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash:
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun staun', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble.

I see how folk live that hae riches; But surely poor folk maun be wretches!

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think: Tho' constantly on poortith's brink: They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight, The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided, They're ay in less or mair provided; An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment, A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives, Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives; The prattling things are just their pride, That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy Can mak the bodies unco happy; They lay aside their private cares, To mend the Kirk and State affairs: They'll talk o' patronage and priests, Wi' kindling fury in their breasts, Or tell what new taxations comin, An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns, They get the jovial, ranting kirns, When rural life, o' cv'ry station, Unite in common recreation; Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth, Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' richt guid will:
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young anes rantin thro' the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
There's monie a creditable stock,
O' decent, honest, fawsont fo'k,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favor wi' some gentle master,
Wha. aiblins thrang a-parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it;
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
An' saying aye or no's they bid him,
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or may be, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
To make a tour, an' take a whirl,
To learn bon ton, an' see the warl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles, He rives his father's auld entails; Or by Madrid he takes the rout, To thrum guitars, and fecht wi'nowt; Or down Italian vista startles, Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles; Then bouses drumly German water, To mak himsel look fair and fatter, An' clear the consequential sorrows, Love-gifts of Carnival signoras. For Britain's guid! for her destruction! Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man! dear Sirs! is that the gate They waste sae mony a braw estate! Are we sae foughten an' harass'd For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae courts, An' please themsels wi' kintra sports, It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, and the Cotter! For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies, Fient hate o' them's ill-hearted fellows; Except for breakin o' their timmer, Or speakin lightly o' their limmer, Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Casar, Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure? Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them, The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L-d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true they need na starve or sweat, Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat; They've nae sair wark to craze their banes, An' fill auld age wi' gripes an' granes: But human hodies are sic fools. For a' their colleges and schools. That when nae real ills perplex them, They make enow themselves to vex them: An' av the less they hae to sturt them, In like proportion less will hurt them. A country fellow at the pleugh, His acres till'd, he's right eneugh; A kintra lassie at her wheel, Her dizzens done, she's unco weel: But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst, Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst. They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy: Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy; Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless; Their nights unquiet, lang an' restless; An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races, Their galloping thro' public places. There's sic parade, sic point, an' art, The joy can scarcely reach the heart, The men cast out in party matches, Then sowther a' in deep debauches; Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring, Niest day their life is past enduring. The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters, As great and gracious a' as sisters; But hear their absent thoughts o' ither, They're a' run deils an' jads thegither. Whyles o'er the wee bit cup an' platie, They sip the scandal potion pretty; Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks, Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beaks, Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard, An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman; But this is Gentry's life in common. By this, the sun was out o' sight, An' darker gloaning brought the night! The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone, The kye stood rowtin i' the loan; When up they gat, and shook their lugs, Rejoiced they were na men, but dogs; An' each took aff his several way, Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's press'd wi' grief an' care;
There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er.
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.
Solomon's Proverbs xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other poets raise a fracas 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken Bacchus, An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,

An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice Scots bear can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch Drink,
Whether thro' wimpling worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat the laughs adorn An' Aits set up their awnie horn,

An' Pease and Beans at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food,
Or tumblin in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receiven,
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin,
But oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, screvin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' droopin Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor sair,
At's weary toil,
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy siller weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine;
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meeting o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd
When gaping they besiege the tents,
E Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in, O sweetly then thou reams the horn in! Or reekin on a New-year morning
In cog or bicker,
An' just a weadon or significant humain

An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in, An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gives his bellows breath, An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith, O rare! to see thee fizz an freath
I' th' luggit caup!
Then Burnewin* comes on like death
At every chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamor.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin cutfs their dearies slight;
Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night
Or plack frae them.

When neebors ancer at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley bree
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.

Alake. that e'er my Muse has reason To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!

^{*} Burnewin - burn-the-wind - the Blacksmith-as appropriate title. E.

But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter's season,
E''er spier her price.

Wae worth that brandy burning trash! Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash, Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash, O' half his days.

An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's eash To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well! Ye chief, to you my tale I tell, Poor plackless deevils like mysel! It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell, Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench, An' gouts torment him inch by inch, Who twists his gruntle wi' a glunch O' sour disdain, Out owre a glass o' whisky punch Wi' honest men.

O Whisky; saul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses!
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a—s!

Thee, Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, an' barkin hoast
May killus a';
For royal Forbes' charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa'

Thae curst horse-leeches o' the Excise, Wha mak the Whisky Stells their prize! Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice. thrice!

There, seize the blinkers!
And bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still Hale breeks, a scone and Whisky gill, An' rowth o' ryme to rave at will,

Tak a' the rest,

An' deal't about as thy blind skill

Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*

TO THE

SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES

IN THE

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation! last and best—How art thou lost?—Parody on Milton.

YE Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires, Wha represent our brughs an' shires, An' doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
To you a simple Poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

• This was written before the act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks. Alas! my roupet Muse is hearse 'Your honors' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce, To see her sittin on her a—

Low i' the dust, An' scriechin out prosaic verse,

An' like to brust!

Tell them who has the chief direction, Scotland an' me's in great affliction, E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction,

An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon Premier Youth, The honest, open, naked truth: Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth, His servants humble! The muckle deevil blaw ye south,

If ye dissemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom? Speak out, an' never fash your thumb! Let posts an' pensions sink or soom Wi' them wha grant 'em: If honestly they canna come,

Far better want 'em.

In gath'ring votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle; Her mutchkin stoop as toom's a whissle; An'd—mn'd Excisemen in a bussle, Seizin a Stell, Triumphant crushin't like a mussel, Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her, A blackguard Smuggler right behint her, An' cheek-for-clow, a chuffle Vintner, Colleaguing join,

Picking her pouch as bare as winter Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot, But feels his heart's bluid rising hot, To see his poor auld Mither's pot

Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder do' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight, Trode i' the mire clean out o' sight; But could I like Montgom'ries fight. Or gab like Poswell,

There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight An' tie some hose welt

God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gor them hear it

An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws, To round the period, an' pause, An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause

To mak harangues; Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's

Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true blue Scot, I'se warran; The aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;*

An that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' Graham,†
An' ane, a chap that's d—m'nd auldfarran,
Dundus his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
True Campbells, Frederic an' Ilay;
An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie;
An' monie ithers
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle, To get auld Scotland back her kettle; Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle, Ye'll see't, or lang, She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,

This while she's been in crankous mood, Her lost Militia fired her bluid; (Deil na they never mair do guid, Play'd her that pliskie!)

Anither sang.

An' now she's like to rin red-wud About her Whisky.

An' L—d, if ance they pit her till't, Her tartan petitioat she'll kilt, An' durk an' pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, An' rin her whittle to the hilt, I' th' first she meets!

For G—d sake, Sirs! then speak her fair, An' straik her cannie wi' the hair, An' to the muckle house repair, Wi' instant speed,

An' strive wi' a' your Wit and Lear,
To get remead.

† The present Duke of Montrose. (1800)

You ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox, May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks: But gie him't het, my hearty cocks! E'en cowe the caddie;

An' send him to his dicing box
An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's, I'll be his aebt twa mashlum bonnocks, An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's'

Nine times a-week,

If he some scheme, like tea an' winnock's.

Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach, I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch He need na fear their foul reproach Nor crudition.

You mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch, The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue; She's just a devil wi' a rung; An' if she promise auld or young To tak their part.

Tho' by the neck she should be strung, She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty, May still your Mither's heart support ye, Then, though a Minister grow dorty,

An' kick your place, Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty, Before his face.

God bless your Honors a' your days, Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studied Politics over a glass of guid and Scotch Drink.

In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
That haunt St. Iamie's,
Your humble Poet sings an' prays
While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starv'd slaves, in warmer skies, See future wines, rich clust'ring, rise; Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies, But blythe and frisky,

She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,

Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phæbus kinder warms, While fragrance blooms and beauty charms; When wretches range, in famish'd swarms, The scented groves,

Or hounded forth, dishonor arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shouther.
They downa bide the stink o' powther;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
To save their skin

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill, Clap in his cheek a Higland gill, Say, such is royal George's will, An' there's the foe, He has nae thought but how to kill Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings teas him; Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him; Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him: An' when he fa's. His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek.
An' raise a philosophic reek,
And physically causes seek,
In clime and season,
But tell the Whisky's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither! Tho whiles ye moistify your leather, Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather, Ye tine your dam; Freedom and Whisky gang thegither! Tak aff your dram.

THE HOLY FAIR. *

A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty Observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.
Hypocrisy a-la-mods.

Uron a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air,
The rising sun owne Galston muirs,
Wi'glorious light was glintin;

* Holy Fair is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a Sacramental occasion.

The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu sweet that day.

II.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three Hizzies, early at the road.
Cam skelpin up the way;
Twa had mantecles o' doletu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a wee a-back
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

III.

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes!
Their visage, wither'd, lang, an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes:
The third cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bannet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass, I think ye seem to ken me; I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face, But yet I canna name ye."
Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak, An' taks me by the hands, "Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck Of a' the ten commands
A screed some day.

V.

"My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
The nearest friend ye hae;
An' this is Superstition here,
An' that's Hypocrisy.
I'm gaun to ******* Holy Fair,
To spend an hour in daffin:
Gin ye'll go there, yon runk'd pair,
We will get famous laughin
At them this day."

VI.

Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't:
I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
An' meet you on the holy spot;
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin!"
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

VII.

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith, Gaed hodden by their cotters; There, swankies young, in braw braid claith,

Are springin o'er the gutters.
The lassies, skelpin baretit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang,
An' farls bak'd wi' butter
Fu' crump that day.

·

VIII.

When by the plate we set our nose, Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence, A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws, An' we maun draw our tippence. Then in we go to see the show, On ev'ry side they're gathrin, Some carrying dales, some chairs an' stools An' some are busy blethrin Right loud that day.

IX.

For fun this day

Here some are thinkin on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
Anither sighs an' prays:
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin on the lasses
To chairs that day

XI.

O happy is that man an' blest!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes bee
Comes clinkin down beside him!
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him!

Which, by degrees, slips round her neck, An's loof upon her bosom Unken'd that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'cr,
Is silent expectation;
For ***** specis the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-m.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' G- present him,
The vera sight o' ** ** * 's face,
To's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith,
Wi' ratlin an' wi' thumpin!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin an' he's jumpin!
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snow,
His eldritch squeel and gestures,
Oh how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sic a day!

XIV.

But, hark! the tent has chang'd its voice;
There's peace an' rest nae langer:
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger.

**** opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine
Of moral pow'rs and reason?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan Heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in

That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum;
For *****, frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' G—,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While Common-Sense has ta'en the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,*
Fast, fast, that day.

XVII.

We ******, niest, the Guard relieves.
An' Orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
But, faith! the birkie wants a Manse,
So, cannily he hums them;
Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

Now butt an' ben, the Change-house fills, Wi' yill-caup Commentators;

A street so called, which faces the text in -

Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
An' there the pint stowp clatters;
W'lie thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang
Wi' Logic an' wi' Scripture,
I sey raise a din, that in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
Than either School or College:
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lasses blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table weel content,
An' steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leus.
They're making observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
An' formin assignations,
To meet some day

XXI.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin,
An' echoes back return the shouts:
Black ****** is na sparin:
His piercing words, like Highland swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow;

BURNS' POEMS.

His talk o' H-ll, where devils dwell, Our very sauls does harrow * Wi' fright that day.

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit, Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane, Whase ragin flame, an' scorchin heat, Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! The half asleep start up wi' fear, An' think they hear it roarin, When presently it does appear, 'Twas but some neebor snorin Asleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
How monie stories past,
An' how they crowded to the yill
When they were a' dismist;
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches;
An' cheese an' bread frae women's laps.
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie gash Guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld Guidmen about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gi'es them't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass, Or lasses that hae naething! Sma' need has he to say a grace, Or melvie his braw claithing! O wives, be mindfu', ance yoursel, How bonnie lads ye wanted, An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel. Let lasses be affronted

On sic a day

XXVI.

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin tow, Begins to jow an' croon; Some swagger hame, the best they dow, Some wait the afternoon. At slags the billies halt a blink. Till lasses strip their shoon: Wi' faith an' hope an' love an' drink, They're a' in famous tune, For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts O' sinners and o' lasses! Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, As saft as ony flesh is. There's some are fou o' love divine, There's some are fou o' brandy; An' monie jobs that day begin, May end in Houghmagandie Some other day.

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

Some books are lies frae end to end, And some great lies were never penn'd. Ev'n Ministers, they hae been kenn'd In holy rapture.

A rousing whid, at times to vend, And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fau, but just had plenty;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists an' witches

The rising moon began to glow'r
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre:
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel;
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And toddlin down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker;
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' Something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither;
An awfu' sithe, out-owre ae showther,
Clear-dangling, hang;

A three-tae'd leister on the ither Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava!
And then, its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks.

"Guid-een," quo' I; "Friend! hae ye been mawin,

When ither folk are busy sawin?"*
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',

At length, says I, "Friend, whare ye gaun, Will ye go back?"

It spak right howe,—"My name is Death,
But be na fley'd."—Quoth I, "Guid faith,
Ye're may be come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie:
Led we weel tak care o'skaith

I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith, See, there's a gully !"

"Guidman," quo he, "put up your whittle, I'm no design'd to try its mettle; But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be mislear'd,
I wad na mind it, no, that spittle

Out-ower my beard.

"Weel, weel!" says I, "a bargain be't; Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't;

^{*} This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.

We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,

Come, gies your news;
This while * ye hae been monie a gate

This while * ye hae been monie a gate
At monie a house."

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, an' shook his head,
"It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread.

An' choke the breath; Folk maun do something for their bread, An' sae maun Death.

"Sax thousand years are near hand fled Sin' I was to the butching bred, An' monie a scheme in vain's been laid,
To stap or scar me;
Till ane' Hornbook's† ta'en up the trade.

An' faith, he'll waur me.

"Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan.

"Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan, Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan! He's grown sae well acquaint wi' Buchan! An' ither chaps,

That weans haud out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips.

"See, here's a sithe, and there's a dart, They hae piere'd mony a gallant heart; But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art, And cursed skill,

Has made them baith not worth a f-t,
Damn'd haet they'll kill.

- "'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen, I threw a noble throw at ane,
- * An epidemical fever was then raging in that country

† This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is, professionally, a brother of the Sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

1 Buchan's Domestic Medicine

Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain; But deil-ma-care, It just play'd dirl up the bane, But did nae mair.

"Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortify'd the part,
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient hact o't wad hae piere'd the heart
Of a kail-runt.

"I drew my sithe in sic a fury,
I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But the bauld Apothecary
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
O' hard whin rock.

"Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
Just — in a kail-blade, and send it,
As soon he smells't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it
At once he tells't.

"And then a' doctors' saws and whittles, Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles, A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles, He's sure to hae; Their Latin names as fast he rattles As A B C.

"Calces o' fossils, earth, and trees;
True Sal-marinum o' the seas;
The Farina of beans and pease,
He has't in plenty,
Aqua-fortis, what you please,
He can content ve.

"Forbye some new, uncommon weapons, Urinus Spiritus of capons; Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings, Distill'd per se; Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail-clippings, And monie mae."

"Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole* now,"
Quo' I, "if that the news be true!
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Sae white and bonnie,
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew
They'll ruin Johnnie!"

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says, "Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh,
Tak ye nae fear:
They'll a' be trench'd wi' monie a sheugh
In twa-three year.

"Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae-death,
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith,
By drap an' will.

"An honest Wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce wee bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair,

"A kintra Laird had ta'en the batts, Or some curmurring in his gut.

* The grave-digger.

His only son for *Hornbook* sets,

An' pays him well.

The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets.

The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets, Was laird himsel.

"A bonnie lass, ye kend her name, Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame, She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,

In Hornbook's care;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

"That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel paid for't

Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey, Wi' his d-mn'd dirt.

"But, hark! I'll tell you of a plot, Tho' dinna ye be speaking o't; I'll nail the self-conceited Scot,

As dead's a herrin: Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,

He gets his fairin!'
But just as he began to tell,

The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell Some wee short hour ayont the twal,

Which rais'd us baith:

I took the way that pleas'd mysel, And sae did *Death*.

THE BRIGS OF AYR, A POEM.

Inscribed to J. B********, Esq. Avr.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough, Learning his tuneful trade from every bough, The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush, Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;

The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, Or deep-ton'd plovers, gray, wild-whistling o'er the hill:

the hill;

Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed. To hardy Independence bravely bred, By early Poverty to hardship steel'd, And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field, Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes. The servile mercenary Swiss of rhymes? Or labor hard the panegyric close. With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose? No! though his artless strains he rudely sings, And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings. He glows with all the spirit of the Bard, Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward. Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace, Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace; When B****** befriends his humble name, And hands the rustic stranger up to fame, With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells. The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap, And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap; Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils, Unnumber'd buds an' flowers' delicious spoils, Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles, Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak, The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone reek; The thundering guns are heard on every side, The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;

. **. .** . **.**

The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie, Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie: (What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds, And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) Nae mair the flower in field or meadow springs, Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee, Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree: The hoary morns precede the sunny days, Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-tide blaze, [rays]

While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the 'Twas in that season, when a simple bard, Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward; Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr, By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care; He left his bed, and took his wayward route, And down by Simpson's* wheel'd the left about: (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate, To witness what I after shall narrate; Or whether, rapt in meditation high, He wander'd out he knew not where nor why :) The drowsy Dungeon-clock+ had number'd two. And Wallace Tower! had sworn the fact was true. The tide-swol'n Firth with sullen sounding roar. Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:

All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree:
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently crusting, o'er the glittering stream!
When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air.
Swift as the Gost drives on the wheeling hare;

[•] A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.

The two steeples. 1 The gos-hawk, or falcon.

Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears, The ither flutters o'er the rising piers:
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr, preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke, And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual fo'k; Fays, spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them.

And ev'n the very deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appeared of ancient Pictish race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face;
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got;
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
It chane'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guideen:—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep shank,

Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank, But gin ye be a brig as auld as me, Tho' faith that day. I doubt ye'll never see, There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle, Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;

Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street, Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet.

Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime, Compare wi' bonnie Brigs o' modern time? There's men o' taste would tak the Ducat stream.*

Tho' they should cast the very sark an' swim, Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This monie a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a Brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform you better,
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawl
ing Coil.

Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,
Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland

Or haunted Garpal† draws his feeble source, Arous'd by blust'ring winds an'spotting thowes, In mony a torrent down his sna-broo rowes; While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat, Sweeps dams, an'mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate; And from Glenbuck,‡ down to the Rottonkey,

• A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.
• The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

The source of the river Ayr.
A small landing-place above the large key

Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, ambling sea; Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies:

A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost, That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say o't!

The L-d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!

Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices, Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices; O'er arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves, Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves; Windows and doors, in nanteless scupiture

drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste, unblest;
Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,—
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worship'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or

Mansions that would disgrace the building taste Of any mason, reptile, bird, or beast; Fit only for a doited Monkish race, Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace, Or cuifs of later times, wha held the notion That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion; Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection, And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings, Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings! Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*, Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay; Ye dainty *Deacons*, and ye douce *Conveeners*, To whom our moderns are but causey-clean ers:

Ye godly Councils who have blest this town; Ye godly Brethren of the sacred gown, Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters; And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers:

A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do?
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And, agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid
story!

Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country—
Men, three-parts made by Tailors and by Barbers,

Wha waste your well-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and Harbors!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,

And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As for your priesthood, I shall say but little, Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle: But under favor o' your langer beard, Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd: To liken them to your auld-warld squad,

I must needs say, comparisons are odd. In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle To mouth "a Citizen," a term o' scandal: Nae mair the Council waddles down the street, In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins.

Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins. It haply Knowledge, on a random tramp, thad shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp, And would to Common-sense, for once betray'd them,

Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them,

What farther clishmaclaver might been said, What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,

No man can tell; but all before their sight, A fairy train appear'd in order bright: A down the glittering stream they featly dane'd; Bright to the moon their various dresses glane'd: They footed o'er the watry glass so neat, The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet: While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung, And soul-ennobling Bards heroic dities sung. O had M'Lauchlan,* thairm-inspiring Sage, Been there to hear this heavenly band engage, When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with Highland rage,

Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch
inspir'd!

* A well known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

No guess could tell what instrument appear'd, But all the soul of Music's self was heard; Harmonious concert rung in every part, While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears, A venerable Chief advanc'd in years; His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd—His manly leg with garter tangle bound.

Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,

Sweet Female Beauty, hand in hand with

Spring;

Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came rural
Joy,

And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding
corn:

Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,

By hospitality with cloudless brow.

Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair:
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel
wreath.

To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their
kindling wrath.

THE ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to Frugal Heaven— To please the Mob they hide the little given.

1.

KILMARNOCK Wabsters fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations,
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to B-gb-'s in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

II.

Curst Common Sense, that imp o' h-ll,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder;*
But O ****** aft made her yell,
An' R ***** sair misca'd her;
This day M' ***** takes the flail,
And he's the boy will blaud her!
He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daub her
Wi' dirt this day.

III.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy clangor;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor:
This day the kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,

^{*} Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr l. to the Laigh Kirk.

For Heresy is in her pow'r,
An' gloriously shall whang her
Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An, touch it aff wi' vigor,
How graceless Ham* leugh at his Dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger;
Or Phinehast drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigor;
Or Zipporah, t the scauldin jade,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

v.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,
That Stipend is a carnal weed
He taks but for the fashion;
An gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression;
Especial, rams that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin,
Spare them nae day.

VI.

Now auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
And toss thy horns fu' canty;
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale
No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

• Gen. ix. 22. † Num. xxv. 8. ‡ Exod. iv 20

VII.

Nae mair by Bahel's streams we'll weep,
To think upon our Zion;
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin:
Come, screw the pegs wi tunefu' cheep,
And o'er the thairms be tryin;
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks weep,
An' a' like lamb-tails flyin
Fu' fast this day!

VIII.

Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
As lately F-nw-ck sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin:
Our Patron, honest man! Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewin;
And like a godly elect bairn,
He's wal'd us out a true ane,
And sound this day.

IX.

Now R ****** harangue nae mair, But steek your gab forever: Or try the wicked town of A **, For there they'll think you clever, Or, nae reflection on your lear, Ye may commence a Shaver; Or to the N-th-rt-n repair, And turn a Carpet-weaver Aff-hand this day.

X.

M ***** and you were just a match, We never had sic twa drones: Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch. Just like a winkin baudrons: And ay' he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons;
But now his honor mann detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons.
Fast, fast this day.

XI.

See, auld Orthodoxy's faes,
She's swingein thro' the city:
Hark, how the nine tail'd cot she plays—
I vow it's uncorretty:
There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty;
And Common Sense is gaun she says,
To mak to Jamie Beattie
Her 'plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Mortality himsel,
Embracing all opinions;
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions;
See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin onions!
Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
And banish'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
M'******, R ***** are the boys.
That Heresy can torture;
They'll gie her on a rape and hoyse,
And cow her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's, for a conclusion,
To every New Light* mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion;
If mair they deave us with their din,
Or Patronage intrusion,
We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion
Like oil, some day.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. ----

On his text-Malachi, ch. iv., ver. 2: "Ard they shall go forth, and grow up, like calves of the stall."

RIGHT, Sir! your text I'll prove it true, Though Heretics may laugh; For instance; there's yoursel just now, God knows, an unco Calf!

And should some Patron be so kind, As bless you wi' a kirk, I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find, Ye're still as great a Stirk.

But if the Lover's raptur'd hour Shall ever be your lot, Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power, You e'er should be a Stat!

* New Light is a cant phrase in the West of Scot land, for those religious opinions which Dr Taylor of Norwich, has defended so strenuously.

Tho', when some kind connubial Dear, Your but-and-ben adorns, The like has been that you may wear A noble head of horns.

And in your lug, most reverend *James*, To hear you roar and rowte, Few men o' sense will doubt your claims To rank amang the *nowte*.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead, Below a grassy hillock, Wi' justice they may mark your head— "Here lies a famous Bullock!"

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Powers, That led th' embattled Seraphim to war,—Milt a.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in you cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches.

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeal!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame; Far kend and noted is thy name; An' tho' yon lowing heugh's thy hame, Thou travels far; An' faith! thou's heither lag nor lame, Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, raging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
Tirling the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend Grannie say, In lanely glens ye like to stray; Gr where auld-ruin'd castles. gray, Nod to the moon, Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way, Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my Grannie summon To say her prayers, douse, honest woman, Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin, Wi' eerie drone; Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees comin, Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough;
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch, stour, quaick—quaick—
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags, Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags, Wi' wicked speed:

And in kirk yards renew their leagues, Owre howkit dead.

Thence kintra wives, wi' toil an' pain, May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain; For, oh! the yellow treasure's ta'en

By witching skill;
An' dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie's gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse, On young Guidman, fond, keen, an' crouse; When the best wark-lume i' the house,

By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worse a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord.

An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then Water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction,

An' nighted Trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction

An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes.

Till in some miry slough he sunk is, Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grup In storms an' tempests raise you up, Some cock or cat your rage maun stop Or, strange to tell! The youngest Brother ye wad whip

Aff straught to hell!

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard, When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, An' all the soul of love they shar'd, The raptur'd hour, Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld, snic-drawing dog! Ye came to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
'Mang better fo'k,
An' sklented on the man of Uz
Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall, An' brak him out o' house an' hall, While scabs an' blotches did him gall, Wi' bitter claw, An' low'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl, Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse, Your wily snares an' feehtin fierce, Sin' that day Michael* did you pierce, Down to this time, Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse, In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin, Some luckless hour will send him linkin, To your black pit;

Vide Milton, Book VI.

But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin, An' cheat you yet.

But, fare-you-weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

THE

DEATH AND DYING WORDS

POOR MAILIE.

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

AN UNCO MOURNEU' TALE.

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither, Were ae day nibbling on the tether, Upon her cloot she coost a hitch, An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch. There, groaning, dying, she did lie, When $Hughoc^*$ he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's, Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's; He saw her days were near-hand ended, But, waes my heart! he could na mend it' He gaped wide, but naething spak! At length Poor Mailie silence brak.

"O thou, whase lamentable face Appears to mourn my woefu' case!

*A neebor herd-callan

My dying words attentive hear, An' bear them to my master dear.

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep, As muckle gear as buy a sheep, O, bid him never tie them mair Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair! But ca' them out to park or hill, An' let them wander at their will; So may his flock increase, an' grow To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

"Tell him, he was a master kin', An' ay was guid to me and mine; An' now my dying charge I gie him, My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

"O, bid him save their harmless lives, Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives! But gie them guid cow-milk their fill, Till they be fit to fend themsel:
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
W' teats o' hay an' rips o' corn.

"An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile warrestfu' pets!
To slink thro' slaps, an' .eave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the shears:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread.
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead

"My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir, O, bid him breed him up wi' care! An', if he live to be a beast, To pit some havins in his breast! An' warn him, what I winna name, To stay content wi' yowes at hame; An' no to rin an' wear his cloots, Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

"An, niest my yowie, silly thing, Gude keep thee frae a tether string! O, may thou ne'er forgather up Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop; But ay keep mind to moop an' mell, Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith: An' when you think upo' your Mither, Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

"Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail, To tell my master a' my tale; An' bid him burn this cursed tether, An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blather."

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head, An' clos'd her e'en amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

Lament in rhyme, lament in prose, Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose, Our bardie's fate is at a close,

Past a' remead;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes;

Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,

That could sae bitter draw the tear, Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear The mourning weed;

The mourning weed He's lost a friend and neebor dear.
In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him; A lang half-mile she could descry him:

Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him, She ran wi' speed: A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him, Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense:
I'd say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' threvish greed.
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe, Her living image in her yowe, Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe, For bits o' bread; An' down the briny pearls rowe For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ship
Frae yont the Tweed
A bonnier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape '
It maks guid fellows grin an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread;
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape,
For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonnie *Doon!*An' wha on *Ayr* your chanters tune!
Come, Join the melancholious croon
O' *Robin's* reed!
His heart will never get aboon!
His *Mailie* dead.

TO J. S****.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much.

BLAIS

DWAR S****, the sleest paukie thief.
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts:
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature, To mak amends for scrimpit stature, She's turn'd you aff, a human creature On her first plan, And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature, She's wrote the Man.

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin?

Some rhyme, a neebor's name to lash; Some rnyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash, Some rhyme to court the kintra clash, An' raise a din; For me, an aim I never fash; I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot, Has fated me the russet coat, An' damn'd my fortune to the groat; But in requit,

Has bless'd me wi' a random shot O' kintra wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent,
To try my fate in guid black prent;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, "Hoolie:

I red you, honest man, tak tent!
Ye'll shaw your folly.

"There's ither poets, much your betters, Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o'letters, Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,

A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapeless tetters,
The unknown pages."

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs, To garland my poetic brows! Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs Are whistling thrang,

An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, with tentless heed, How never-halting moments speed, Till fate shall snap the brittle thread,

Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with the inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone.

But why o' death begin a tale?

Just now we're living sound and hale,

Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave care o'er side!
And large, before enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae tar's I understand,
Is a' enchanted, fairy land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That wielded right,
Maks hours, like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield; For ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd, See crazy, weary, joyless eild.
Wi' wrinkl'd face, Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field, Wi' creepin pace.

When ance life s day draws near the gloamin Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin; An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin, An' social noise; An' fareweel, dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning, Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, We frisk away, Like school-boys, at th' expected warning To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves;
And though the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot, For which they never toil'd nor swat; They drink the sweet, and eat the fat, But care or pain;

And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disc

With high disdain.

With steady aim, some fortune chase; Keen Hope does every sinew brace; Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race, And seize the prey:

Then cannie, in some cozie place,

They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin,
To right or left, eternal swervin,

They zig-zag on
Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining— But truce with peevish, poor complaining! Is fortune's fickle Luna waning?

E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door, And kneel, "Ye Powers!" and warm implore, "Tho' I should wander terra o'er,

In all her climes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Ay rowth o'rhymes

"Gie dreeping roasts to kintra lairds, Till icicles hing frac their beards; Gie fine b. aw claes to fine life-guards. And maids of honor, And yill an' whisky gie to cairds,

And yill an' whisky gie to cairds, Until they sconner. "A title, Dempster merits it;
A garter gie to WilliePitt;
Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
In cent. per cent.;
But gie me real, sterling wit,
And I'm content.

"While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
Wi' cheerfu' face,
As lang's the muses dinna fail
To say the grace."

An anxious e'e I never throws Behint my lug, or by my nose; I jouk beneath misfortune's blows As'weel's I may: Sworn foe to sorrow, care and prose, I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule, Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool How much unlike! Your hearts are just a standing pool, Your lives, a dyke!

Hae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces In your unletter'd, nameless faces! In arioso trills and graces

Ye never stray, But, gravissimo, solemn basses Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise, Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rattlin squad:
I see you upward cast your eyes—

-Ye ken the road

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where—Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
But quat my sang,
Content wi' you to mak a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason;
But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason.

[On reading, in the public papers, the Laureat's Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropped asleep. than he imagined himself to the birth-day levee; and in his dreaming fancy made the following Address.]

Ι

Guid-Morning to your Majesty!
May heav'n augment your blisses,
On every new birth-day ye see,
A humble poet wishes!
My bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang the birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang, By monie a lord and lady; "God save the king!" 's a cuckoo sang That's unco easy said ay; The poets, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring steady,
On sic a day.

HI.

For me! before a monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's monie waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day

IV

'Tis very true my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted:
But facts are chiels that winna ding.
An' downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

v.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts yon day.

VI.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaster
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester;
For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy spairges,)
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, G-d-sake! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your bonnie barges
An' boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my Liege! may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may ye rax corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection!
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great birth-day.

IX.

Hail, Majesty Most Excellent!
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gies ye?

Thae bonnie bairntime, Heav'n has lent Still higher may they heeze ye In bliss, till fate some day is sent, Forever to release ye Frae care that day.

v

For you, young potentate o' W——,
I tell your Highness fairly,
Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely:
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er you brak Diana's pales,
Or, rattl'd dice wi' Charlie,
By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
To make a noble aiver;
So, ye may doucely fill a throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver:
There, him* at Agincourt wha shone,
Few better were or braver:
And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,†
He was an unco shaver
For monie a day.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend O-Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Although a ribbon at your lug
Wad been a dress completer:
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the keys of Peter,

King Henry V.
 Bir John Falstaff: vide Shakspeare.

Then, swith! an' get a wife to hug, Or, trouth! ye'll stain the mitre Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal Tarry Breeks, I learn, Ye've lately come athwart her; A glorious galley,; stem an' stern, Well rigg'd for Venus' barter; But first hang out, that she'll discern Your hymenial charter, Then heave aboard your grapple airn, An', large upo' her quarter,

Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty;
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty:
But sneer nae British boys awa',
For kings are unco scant ay;
An' German gentles are but sma',
They're better just than want ay
On onie day.

XV.

God bless you a'! consider now, Ye're unco muckle dautet; But, ere the course o' life be thro', It may be bitter sautet: An' I hae seen their coggie fou, That yet hae tarrow't at it;

But or the day was done, I trow, The laggen they hae clautet Fu' clean that day.

† Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST. *

The sun had clos'd the winter day
The curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin-tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And when the day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelle,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin,
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
1 backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank an' clarkit
My cash account,
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

* Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his Cath-Loda, vol. i. of M'Pherson's translation.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead! coof! And heav'd on high my waukit loof, To swear by a' yon starry roof,

Or some rash aith, would be rhyme proof
Till my last breath.

When click! the string the snick did draw. And jee! the door gaed to the wa'; An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,

Now bleezin bright, A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw, Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,

And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish Muse.

By that same token;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Wou'd soon been broken.

A "hair-brain'd, sentimental trace,"
Was strongly marked in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with honor.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my bonnie Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue, My gazing wonder chiefly drew; Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling threw A lustre grand;

And seem'd, to my astonish'd view, A well known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost; There, mountains in the skies were tost; Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast With surging foam;

There, distant shone Art's lofty boast, The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods; There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds; Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods, On to the shore;

And many a lesser torrent scuds, With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread, An ancient borough rear'd her head, Still, as in Scottish story read, She boasts a race.

To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,

And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r or palace fair, Or ruins pendent in the air, Bold stems of heroes, here and there, I could discern:

Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare.
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel, To see a race* heroic wheel, And brandish round the deep-dy'd stee' In sturdy blows;

* The Wallaces.

While back-recoiling seem'd to reel Their stubborn foes.

His country's savior, * mark him well! Bold Richardton's † heroic swell; The chief on Sark † who glorious fell, In high command:

And he whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a scepter'd Pictish shade\$
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
In colors strong;

Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
They strode along.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove, Il Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove, (Fit haunts for friendship or for love)

In musing mood, An aged judge, I saw him rove, Dispensing good.

With deep-struck, reverential awe The learned sire and son I saw.

· William Wallace.

† Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the im-

mortal preserver of Scottish independence.

‡ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valor of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

| Barskimming the seat of the Lord Justice-Clerk. | Catrine, the seat of the late doctor and present Professor Stewart.

To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore,
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward* I well could row, Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; Who call'd on fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot name on high,
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astomish'd stare, I view'd the heavenly-seeming fair; A whispering throb did witness bear, Of kindred sweet, When with an elder sister's air

She did me greet.

"All hail! my own inspired bard!
In me thy native muse regard!
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we hestow.

"Know, the great genius of this land Has many a light aerial band, Who, all beneath his high command, Harmoniously, As arts or arms they understand, Their labors ply.

"They Scotia's race among them snare. Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heare:

* Colonel Fullarton.

Some teach the bard, a darling care, The tuneful art.

"'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, They, ardent, kindling spirits pour; Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar, They, sightless, stand, To mend the honest patriot-lore, And grace the hand.

"And when the bard, or hoary sage, Charm or instruct the future age, They bind the wild poetic rage In energy, Or point the inconclusive page Full on the eve.

"Hence Fullarton, the brave and young; Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue; Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His 'Minstrel lays;'
Or tore, with noble ardor stung,
The scentic's bays.

"To lower orders are assign'd The humbler ranks of human-kind, The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind, The Artisan; All choose, as various they're inclin'd, The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein
Some teach to meliorate the plain
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

"Some hint the lover's harmless wile, Some grace the maiden's artless smile; Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil,
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

"Some, counded to a district-space, Explore at large man's infant race, To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic Bard;
And careful note each op'ning grace,
A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coila my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r;
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze, Fond, on thy little early ways, Thy rudely caroll'd chinning phrase, In uncouth rhymes, Fir'd at the simple, artless lays Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north is fleecy store
Drove thro' the sky,
I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

"Or, when the deep green-mantl'd earts
Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
With boundless love.

"When ripen'd fields, and azure skies, Call'd forth the reaper's rustling noise, i saw thee leave their evening joys, And lonely stalk, To vent thy bosom's swelling rise In pensive walk.

"When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong, Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along, Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,

Th' ador'd Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,

To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play, Wild send thee pleasure's devious way, Misled by fancy's meteor ray, By passion driven;

But yet the *light* that led astray
Was *light* from heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,

The loves, the ways of simple swains, Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become my friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thompson's landscape-glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art,
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

"Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd rose, The lowly daisy sweetly blows; Tho' large the forest's monarch throws His army shade, Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows, Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine; Strive in thy humble sphere to shine. And trust me, not *Potosi's* mine, Nor kings' regard, Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, A rustic Bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the Dignity of Man,
With soul erect;
And trust, the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

"And wear thou this"—she solemn said, And bound the Holly round my head: The polish'd leaves, and berries red, Did rustling play; And, like a passing thought, she fled In light away.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID:

OR,

THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS

My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay the gither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.
Solomon.—Eccles, ch. vii. ver. 16

T.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebor's faults and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o water,
The heapet happers ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

11.

Hear me, ye venerable core.
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

III.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd, And shudder at the niffer, But cast a moment's fair regard, What makes the mighty differ; Discount what scant occasion gave, That purity ye pride in, And (whar's aft mair than a' the lave) Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

Think, when your castigated pulse, Gies now and then a wallop, What ragings must his veins convulse, That still eternal gollop: Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail, Right on ye scud your sea-way; But in the teeth o' baith to sail, It makes an unco leeway.

V.

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking:
Or, would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to taste,
D-mnation of expenses!

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames, Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother man, Still gentler sister woman:
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone Decidedly can try us; He knows each chord—its various tone, Each spring, its various bias: Then at the balance let's be muie. We never can adjust it: What's done we partly may compute, But know not what's resisted.

TAM SAMSON'S* ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God .- Pors.

HAS auld K *** ** * * seen the Deil ? Or great M' * * * * * * * thrawn his heel! Or R***** again crown weel, t To preach an' read. "Na. waur than a!" cries ilka chiel,

K * * * * * * * * * lang may grunt an' grand, An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane, An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean, In mourning weed: To death, she's dearly paid the kane, Tam Samson's dead!

Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren of the mystic level May hing their head in woefu' bevel.

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last muir-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossi an's phrase, "the last of his fields;" and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and ep: taph.

A certain preacher, a great favorite with the

million. Vide the Ordination, stanza II. Another preacher, an equal favorite with the

few who was at that time ailing. For him, see also the Ordination stanza IX.

While by their nose the tears will revel.

Like ony bead;

Death's gien the lodge an unco devel:

Tam Samson's dead;

When winter muffles up his cloak, And binds the mire like a rock; When to the loughs the curlers flock, Wi' gleesome speed, Wha will they station at the cock? Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
In time of need.
But now he lags on death's hog-score,
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels weel kenn'd for souple tail,
And geds for greed,
Since dark in death's fish-creel we wail
Tam Samson's dead!

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a';
Ye cootie moorcocks, crousely craw;
Ye maukins, cock your fêd fu' braw,
Withouten dread;
Your mortal fae is now awa',
Tam Samson's dead.

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd, Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd, While pointers round impatient burn'd, Frae couples freed; But, och! he gaed and ne'er return'd! Tam Samson's dead. In vain auld age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ancles fetters;
In vain the burns came down like waters,
An acre braid!

Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters, Tam Samson's dead.

Owre many a weary hag he limpit, An' ay the tither shot he thumpit, Till coward death behint him jumpit, Wi' deadly feide;

Now he proclaims, wi' tout or trumpit, Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger, He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, But yet he drew the mortal trigger Wi' weel aim'd heed;

"L-d, five!" he cry'd, an'owre did stagger; Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither;
ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whose Burne has wrote, in rhyming hleft

Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether, Tam Samson's dead!

There low he lies, in lasting rest; Perhaps upon his mould ring breast Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest, To hatch an' breed;

Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!

Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the heather wave, And sportsmen wander by yon grave, Three volleys let his mem'ry crave O' pourher an' lead,

Till Echo answer frae her cave, Tam Samson's dead! Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be! Is th' wish o' monie mair than me; He had twa faults, or may be three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social, honest man want we:

Tam Samson's dead'

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies, Ye canting zealots, spare him! If honest worth in heaven rise, Ye'll mend ere ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie.*
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin,
For yet, unskaith'd by death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin.

HALLOWEEN. †

The following Poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who

*Killie is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for Kilmarnock.

† Is thought to be the night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the Fairies, are said on that night, to hold a grand anniversary.

are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honor the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain, The simple pleasures of the lowly train; To me more dear, congenial to my heart, One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

1.

Uron that night, when fairies light,
On Cassilis Downans* dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the cove, to stray an' rove
Amang the rocks and streams,
To snort that night.

II.

Amang the bonnie winding banks, Where *Doon* rins, wimpling clear,

- * Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighborhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.
- † A noted cavern near Colean-house, called The Cove of Colear; which, as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country tory for heing a favorite haunt of fairies.

BURNS' POEMS.

Where Bruce* ance rul'd the martial ranks, An' shook his Carrick spear, Some merry, friendly, countra folks, Together did convene, To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks, An' haud their Halloween Fu' blythe that night.

TTT

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu'sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm an' kin':
The lads sae trig, wi'wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi'gabs,
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin
Whiles fast at night.

IV.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail, Their stocks† maun a' be sought ance;

*The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

I The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird, or earth, stick to the root, that is tocher, or fortune; and the taste of the custor, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.

They steek their een, an' graip an' wale, For muckie anes an' straught anes. Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, An' wander'd thro' the bow-kail, An' pow't for want o' better shift, A runt was like a sow-tail,

Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar and cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee things, todlin, rin
Wi's tocks out-owre their shouther,
An' gif the custoe's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care they place them
To lie that night.

VI.

The lasses straw frae 'mang them a'
To pou their stalks o' corn;*
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
When kiuttlin in the fause-house †
Wi' him that night.

* They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.

†When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a fause-house.

L

VII.

The auld guidwife's weel hoordet nits
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads' and lasses' fates,
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa wi' saucie pride,
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night

VIII.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e,
Wha 'twas she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, an' this is me,
She says in to hersel:
He bleez'd owre her, an' she ower him,
As they wad never mair part;
Till fuff! he started up the lum,
And Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
An' Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt
To be compar'd to Willie:
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit it burnt it;
While Willie lap, and swoor by jing,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

Burring the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietit together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

X.

Nell had the fause-house in her min,'
She pits hersel an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonnie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
And slips out by hersel;
She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
And in the blue-clue* throws then,
Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat, I wat she made nae jaukin; Till something held within the pat, Guid L—d! but she was quakin! But whether 'twas the Deil himsel, Or whether 'twas a bauken.

• Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must exictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kila, and, darkling, throw into the part a che of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand wha hands? i. e. who holds? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future soouse.

Or whether it was Andrew Bell, She did na wait on talkin To spier that night.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Grannie says,
"Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
I'll eat the apple* at the glass,
I gat frae uncle Johnie:"
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
She notic't na, an azle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

XIV.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face! How daur you try sic sportin, As seek the foul Thief ony place, For him to spae your fortune: Nae doubt but ye may get a sight! Great cause ye hae to fear it; For monie a ane has gotten a fright An' liv'd an' di'd delecret
On sic a night.

XV.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor, I mind't as weel' yestreen, I was a gilpey then, I'm sure I was na past fyfteen:
The simmer had been cauld an' wat, An' stuff was unco green;

Take a candle, and go alone to a looking glass;
 at an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair, all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, to be, will be seen in the glass,
 as if peeping over your shoulder.

An' ay a rantin kirn we gat, An' just on *Halloween* It fell that night.

XVI.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Grasn, A clever, sturdy fallow; He's sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean, That liv'd in Achmacalla: He gat hemp-seed,* I mind it weel, An' he made unco light o't; But monie a day was by himsel, He was sae sairly frighted

That yera night."

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed, a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense;
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bad him slip fra 'mang the folk
Sometime when nae ane see' d him:
An' try', that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' among the stacks, Tho' he was something sturtin;

*Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp seed; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, "Hemp-seed I saw thee; hemp-seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pon thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "come after me, and shaw thee," that is, show thyself: in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "come after me, and harrow thee."

The graip he for a harrow taks,
An' haurls at his curpin:
An' ev'ry now an' then, he says,
"Hemp-seed I saw thee,
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me, and draw thee,
As fast this night."

XIX.

He whistl'd up Lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheerie;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was see fley'd an' eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadin' desperation!
An' young an' auld came rinnin out,
To hear the sad narration:
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but Grumphie
Asteer that night!

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the barn gaen
To win three wechts o' naething;*

• The charm must likewise be preformed unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the linges, if possible; for there is danger that the being, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take

But for to meet the deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:
She gies the herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,
In hopes to see 'Tam Kipples
That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
An' owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
Syne bauldly in she enters;
A ratton rattled up the wa',
An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her,
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal an' fervor,
Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice:
They hecht him some fine braw ane,
It chanc'd the stack he faddom'd thrice,*
Was timmer propt for thrawin:
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
For some black, grousome carlin;
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
Till skin in blypes came haurlin
Aft's nieves that night.

that Instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a weekt; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time an apparition will pass through the harn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue marking the employment or station in life.

*Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a Bean stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As canty as a kittlen;
But och! that night, amang the shaws,
She got a fearfu' settlin!
She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn,
To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen' it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays,
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens, on the brae, Between her an'the moon, The deil, or else an outler quey, Gat up an'gae a croon: Poor Leeze's heart naist lap the hool, Neer lav'rock height she jumpit,

† You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and sometime near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

But mist a fit, an' in the pool Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi'a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The luggies three* are ranged,
And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
To see them duly changed:
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin Mar's year did desire,
Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire
In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they dinna weary;
 An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheery,
 Till butter'd so'ns,† wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin
 Fu' blythe that night,

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, roal water in another, leave the third empty: blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand; if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony chaste; if in the foul, the reverse; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

† Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween Supper.

THE AULD FARMER'S

NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

TO

HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE.

On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to hansel in the New-Year.

A GUID New-year I wish thee, Maggie! Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie: Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie, I've seen the day.

Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy, An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisy, I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaize, A bonnie gray:
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee

Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank, A filly buirdly, steeve, an' swank, An' set weel down a shapely shank, As e'er tread yird;

An' could hae flown out-owre a stank Like ony bird.

It's now some nine an' twenty year, Sin' thou was my good father's meere; He gied me thee, o' tocher clear, An' fifty mark;

Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark,

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny, Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie:

Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie, Ye ne'er was donsie; But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie, An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye prane'd wi' muckle pride, When ye bure hame my bonnie bride; An' sweet, an' gracefu' she did ride, Wi' maiden air!

Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide, For sic a pair.

The' now ye dow but hoyte an' hobble,
An' wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win'!

An' ran them till they a' did wauble, Far, far behin'.

When thou an' I were young an'skeigh, An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh. How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,

An' tak the road!
Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow, We took the road ay like a swallow:

At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,

For pith an' speed.

But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Where'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March weather.
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
F'or days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit.
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi'pith. an' pow't,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I kenn'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it:
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
Then steed to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snooy't awa.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a':
Fonr gallant brutes as e'er did draw:
Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
They tray warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wreught, An' wi' the weary warl' fought! An' monie an anxious day, I thought We wad be beat! Yet here to crazy age we're brought, Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld trusty servan',
That now prehaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin,
For my last fou,
A heapit stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither, We'll toyte about wi' ane anither; Wi' tentie care, I'll flit thy tether,
To some hain'd rig,
Where ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi's ma' fatigue.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which maks thee stattle
At me, they poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; What them? poor beastie, thou maun live! A daimen-icker in a thrave

'S a sma' request:

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,

And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' loggage green!

An' bleak December's winds ensuin, Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the field laid bear an' waste, An' weary winter comin fast, An' cozie here, beneath the blast, Thou thought to dwell,

Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, Has cost thee monie a weary nibble! Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble, But house or hald,

To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld'

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane, In proving foresight may be vain: The best laid schemes o' mire an' men, Gang aft a-gley,

An' lea'e us nought but grief an pain, For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me '
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear,
An' forward, tho' I canna see,

An' forward, tho' I canna see, I guess an' fear.

A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are, That bide the pelting of this pityless storm: How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides, Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you From seasons such as these T—SHAKSPEARE.

When biting Boreas, fell and doure, Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r; When Phæbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r Far south the lift, Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rock'd,
Poor labor sweet in sleep was lock'd,
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-chock'd,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bock'd,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle,
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you, on murd'ring errands toil'd, Lone from your savage homes exil'd. The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd.

My heart forgets,
While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phæhe, in her midnight reign, Dark muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain, Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train, Rose in my soul, When on my ear this plaintive strain, Slow, solemn, stole—

"Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust! And freeze, thou bitter, biting frost! Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows! Not all your rage, as now united, shows More hard unkindness, unrelenting, Vengeful malice, unrepenting, Than heav'n illumin'd man on brother man be-

stows!

See stern oppression's iron grip,
Or mad ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood hounds from the slip,
Wo, want, and murder o'er a land!
Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamper'd luxury, flattry by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Look o'er proud property, extended wide;
And eyes the simple rustic hind,

Whose toil upholds the glittering show, A creature of another kind, Some coarser substance, unrefin'd, [low, Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, be-Where, where is love's fond, tender throe, With lordly honor's lofty brow,

The pow'rs you proudly own?

Is there, beneath love's noble name. Can harbor, dark, the selfish aim, To bless himself alone! Mark maiden-innocence a prey To love-pretending snares, This boasted honor turns away Shunning soft pity's rising sway, Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray're Perhaps, this hour, in mis'ry's squalid nest. She strains your infant to her joyless breast, And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rock

Oh ye! who sunk in beds of down, Feel not a want but what yourselves create, Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate, Whom friends and fortune quite disown! Ill-satisfy'd keen nature's clam'rous call. Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to

ing blast!

While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall, Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap: Think on the dungeon's grim confine, Where guilt and poor misfortune pine! Guilt, erring man, relenting view! But shall thy legal rage pursue The wretch, already crushed low By cruel fortune's underserved blow? Affliction's sons are brothers in distress. A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer Shook off the pouthery snaw. And hail'd the morning with a cheer, A cottage-rousing craw. But deep this truth impress'd my mind-Thro' all his works abroad. The heart, benevolent and kind

The most resembles God. M

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

January---

I.

While winds frae aff Ben Lomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us ower the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlin jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't:
But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
"Mair spier na', nor fear na,"†
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only for to beg.

^{*} David Sillar, one of the club at Tarbolton, and anthor of a volume of Poems in the Scottish dia-ect.—E. † Ramsay.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could make us blest;
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guilt,
However fortune kick the ba',
II as ay some cause to smile,
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

IV.

What tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hall?
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daises deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:
On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank; It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank, To purchase peace and rest; It's no in makin muckle mair; It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great
But never can be blest;
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry
Wi'n ever-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they
Wha scarcely tent us in their way
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else neglecting a' that's guid,
'They riot in excess!
Baith careless, and fearless
Of either heav'n or hell!
Esteeming, and deeming

VII.

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And. even should misfortnnes come
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel;
They make us see the naked truth.
The real guid and ill.

It's a' an idle tale !

Tho' losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts!
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest)
This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
And joys the very best.
There's pleasures o' the heart,
The lover an' the frien';
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean!
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name:
It heats me, it beats me,
And sets me a' on flame!

IX.

O' all ye pow'rs who rule above!
O Thou, whose very self art love!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro'my heart.
Or my more dear, immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and griet
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r;
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

Х.

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow;
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has bless'd me with a friend,
In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My Davie or my Jean.

XI.

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin rank and file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phæbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin owre my pen.
My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
'Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jump,
An' rin an unco fit:
But least then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now

His sweaty wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself, And sweet Affection prove the spring of we! Hows

Ī.

O тнои pale orb, that silent shines, While care-untroubled mortals sleep Thou seets a wretch that inly pines, And wanders here to wail and weep! With wo I nightly vigils keep, Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam And mourn, in lamentation deep, How life and love are all a dream.

11.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
Forever bar returning peace!

III

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim,
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame:
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft attested pow'rs above:

The promis'd Father's tender name:
These were the pledges of my love!

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown '
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone!
And must I think it! is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

Oh! can she bear so base a heart, So lost to honor, lost to truth, As from the fondest lover part, The plighted husband of her youth! Alas! life's path may be unsmooth; Her way lead far thro' rough distres.

Alas! life's path may be unsmooth; Her way lead far thro' rough distress! Then who her pangs and pains will soothe, Her sorrows share, and make them less?

VI.

Ye winged hours, that o'er us past, Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd, Your dear remembrance in my breast, My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd. That breast how dreary now, and void, For her too scanty once of room! Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd, And not a wish to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day, Awakes me up to toil and wo: I see the hours in long array, That I must suffer, lingering, slow. Full many a pang, and many a throe, Keen recollection's direful train, Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try, Sore-harass'd out with care and grief, My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye, Keep watchings with the nightly thief: Or if I slumber, fancy, chief, Reigns haggard-wild in sore affright: Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief, From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse, Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! Oft has thy silent-marking glance Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray! The time, unheeded, sped away, While love's luxurious pulse beat high Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray, To mark the mutual kindling eye.

X.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never, to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro',
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY,

AN ODE.

T.

Offrees'd with grief, oppress'd with care, A burden more than I can bear, I sit me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,

But with the closing tomb! II.

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strite,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd,
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same;
You, bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain:
I, listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot, Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,

Within his humble cell. The cavern wild, with tangling roots. Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits, Beside his crystal well! Or, haply, to his evining thought, By unfrequented stream, The ways of men are distant brought, A faint collected dream: While praising, and raising His thoughts to heav'n on high. As wand'ring, meand'ring. He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd Where never human footstep trac'd. Less fit to play the part; The lucky moment to improve, And just to stop, and just to move, With self-respecting art : But ah! those pleasures, love, and joys. Which I too keenly taste, The Solitary can despise. Can want, and yet be blest! He needs not, he heeds not, Or human love or hate. Whilst I here, must cry here, At perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable, early days, When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maxe, To care, to guilt unknown! How ill exchang'd for riper times, To feel the follies, or the crimes, Of others, or my own! Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, Like linnets in the bush.

Ye little know the ills ye court, When manhood is your wish: The losses, the crosses, That active man engage! The fears all, the tears all, Of dim-declin.2g age.

WINTER,

A DIRGE.

T.

The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest
And pass the heartless day.

II.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join,
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine.

III.

Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty scheme These woes of mine fulfill, Here, firm, I rest, they must be best, Because they are Thy Will:

Then all I want (O, do thou grant This one request of mine!) Since to enjoy thou dost deny, Assist me to resign.

THE

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a distainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.—GRAY.

Ŧ

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and pralse:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways:
What A**** in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The black 'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes;
This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward
bend.

111.

At length his lonely cot apears in view, Beneath the shelter of an aged tree; Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher thro'
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,

His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile, The lisping infant prating on his knee, Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile, An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

v

Wi'joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet, An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers: The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet; Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears; The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years; Anticipation forward points the view. The mother, wi'her needle an' her sheers, Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new; The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
"An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
An ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
An' o' be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
aright."

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door; Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same, Tells how a neehor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wilv mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, wortk-

VIII.

less rake.

Wi'k indly welcome Jenny brings him ben; A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye; Blythe Jenny sees the visit's nae ill ta'en; The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye. The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy, But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave; The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave; Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

ıv

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
"Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

X. Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—

A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd!
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction
wild?

XI.

But now the supper crowns their simple board, The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotta's food; The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' jint was i' the bell

XII.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aimPerhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgrin beets the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays;
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page, How Abram was the friend of God on high; Or, Moses hade eternal warfare wage With Amalek's ungracious progeny; Or how the royal bard did groaning lie Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire; Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry; Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme, How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; How He, who bore in Heaven the second name, Had not on earth whereon to lay his head; How his first followers and servants sped; The precepts sage they wrote to many a land thow he. who lone in Patmos banished, Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand; And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's command.

X V1.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The suint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the hitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphore.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the poinp of method and of art,
When nen display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair with flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

* Pope's Windsor Forest

XIX.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur spring. That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad Princes and lords are but the breath of kings, "An honest man's the noblest work of God:" And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road, The cottage leaves the palace far behind; What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load, Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX.

O Scotia. my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and calm content!

And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and cornets he rent,

And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle

A virtuous populace may rise the while,

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undainted heart;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

I.

Wием chill November's surly blast Made fields and forests bare, One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth Along the banks of Ayr, I spy'd a man, whose aged step Seem'd weary, worn with care; His face was furrow'd o'er with years, And hoary was his hair.

II

"Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou t"
Began the reverend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage;
Or haply, press'd with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

III.

"The sun that overhangs yon moors, Out-spreading far and wide. Where hundreds labor to support A haughty lordling's pride; I've seen yon weary winter-snn Twice forty times return; And ev'ry time has added proofs, That man was made to mourn.

IV.

"O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

v.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh! ill match'd pair
Show man was made to mourn.

VI.

"A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet think not, all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But' oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn;
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

VIII.

"See yonder poor, o'erlabor'd wight, So abject, mean, and vile, Who begs a brother of the earth To give him leave to toil; And see his lordly fellow-worm The poor petition spurn, Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife And helpless offspring mourn.

IX

"If I'm design'd yon lordling s slave,—
By nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

Х.

"Yet, let not this, too much, my son, Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man, Had never, sure, been born. Had there not been some recompense To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

"O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow.
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a bless'd relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!"

A

PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT

O P

DEATH.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause Of all my hope and fear! In whose dread presence, ere an hour Perhaps I must appear!

11.

If I have wander'd in those paths Of life I ought to shun, As something, loudly, in my breast, Remonstrates I have done;

III.

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me With passions wild and strong; And list'ning to their witching voice Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human weakness has come short, Or frailty stept aside, Do thou, All-Good! for such thou art, In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with intention I have err'd, No other plea I have, But, Thou art good; and goodness still Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Why am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;

For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms; I tremble to approach an angry God, And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray:
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's
plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation
ran?

O thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong, furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE ONE NIGHT
THE AUTHOR LEFT

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

ĭ

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above! I know thou wilt me hear:
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke, Long, long, be pleas'd to spare! To bless his little filial flock, And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth In manhood's dawning blush; Bless him, thou God of love and truth, Up to a parent's wish!

v.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band, With earnest tears I pray, Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand, Guide thou their steps alway!

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast, O'er life's rough ocean driv'n, May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost, A family in Heav'n!

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever plac'd Hath happiness in store, Who walks not in the wicked's way Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride Casts forth his eyes abroad,

But with humility and awe Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees Which by the streamlets grow; The fruitful top is spread on high, And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt, Shall to the ground be cast, And like the rootless stubble, tost Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore, Hath giv'n them peace and rest, But hath decreed that wicked men Shall ne'er be truly blest.

A PRAYER,

UNDER The PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISM

O THOU Great Being! what thou art Surpasses me to know:

Yet sure I am, that known to thee Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands, All wretched and distrest;

Yet sure those ills that wring my soul Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act From cruelty or wrath!

O, free my weary eyes from tears, Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be, To suit some wild design;

Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

THE

FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINTIETH PSALM.

O тноυ, the first, the greatest friend Of all the human race! Whose strong right hand has ever been Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads Beneath thy forming hand, Before this pond'rous globe itself, Arose at thy command:

That pow'r wnich rais'd, and still upholds This universal frame, From countless, unbeginning time Was ever still the same. Those mighty periods of years Which seem to us so vast. Appear no more before thy sight Than vesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: thy creature, man, Is to existence brought:

Again thou say'st, "Ye sons of men, Return ve into nought!"

Thou layest them, with all their cares, In everlasting sleep:

As with a flood thou tak'st them off With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r, In beauty's pride array'd;

But long ere night, cut down it lies, All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r, Thou's met me in an evil hour; For I maun crush amang the stoure Thy slender stem; To spare thee now is past my pow'r, Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet, The bonnie Lark, companion meet! Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet! Wi' spreckled breast; When upward-springing, blythe to greet The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north Upon thy early, humble birth; Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth Amid the storm, Scarce rear'd above the parent earth Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield, High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield But thou, beneath the random bield O' clod or stane.

Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad, Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread, Thou lifts thy unassuming head In humble guise:

But now the share uptears thy bed, And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid, Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade! By love's simplicity betray'd, And guileless tri

And guileless trust, Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Fill billows rage, and gales blow hard,

And whelm him o'er!

Such fate of suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n,

To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

E'vn thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate. That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

TO RUIN.

All hail! inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel wo-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eyes,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in mv heart:
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The storm no more I dread;
Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

II.

And, thou grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd While life a pleasure can afford, O! hear a wretch's pray'r!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid, I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul in silent peace,
Resign life's joyless day;
My weary heart its throbbing cease,
Cold mould'ring in the clay?

No fear more, no tear more, To stain my lifeless face; Enclasped, and grasped Within thy cold embrace!

TO MISS L-.

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT JAN. 1, 1787.

Again the silent wheels of time Their annual round have driv'n, And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime, Are so much nearer heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts, The infant year to hail; I send you more than India boasts In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love Is charg'd, perhaps, too true; But may, dear maid, each lover prove An *Edwin* still to you!

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND. MAY-1786.

I.

I LANG has thought, my youthfu' friend, A something to have sent you, Tho' it should serve nae other end Than just a kind memento; But how the subject-theme may gang, Let time and chance determine; Perhaps it may turn out a sang, Perhaps turn out a sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad.
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco equad,
And muckle they may grieve ye.
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
'The real harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked:
But och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should nae censure,
For still th' important end of life,
They equally may answer;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae na cash to spare him.

v

Ay free. aff han' your story tell, When wi' a bosom crony; But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, slee inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho'naething should divulge it!
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

VII.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile, Assiduous wait upon her; And gather gear by ev'ry wile That's justified by honor; Not for to hide it in a hedge, Not for a train-attendant; But for the glorious privilege Of being independent.

VIII.

The fear o' hell's a haugman's whip,
To hand the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that ay be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debat a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature,
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

Χ.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring, Religion may be blinded; Or if she gie a random sting, It may be little minded; But when on life we're tempest-driv'n, A conscience but a canker—A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n, Is sure a noble anchor!

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting:
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser:
And may you better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser!

ON A SCOTCH BARD

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,

A' ye wha live and never think,

Come mourn wi' me!

Our billie's gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core, Wha dearly like a random-splore, Nae mair he'll join the merry-roar, In social key; For now he's ta'en anither shore, An' owre the sea

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him, And in their dear petitions place him: The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him, Wittenful et a. Wittenful et a.

Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea.

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble! Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bummle, Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble, 'Twad been nae plea;

But he was gleg as ony wumble, That's owre the sea.

Auld, cantie Klye may weepers wear, An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear; 'T will mak her poor auld heart, I fear, In flinders flee; He was her laureate monie a year,

That's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's cauld nor-west Lang mustering up a bitter blast; A jillet brak his heart at last, Ill may she be' So, took a birth afore the mast, An' owre the sea. To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
An' owne the sea

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding, Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding; He dealt it free: The muse was a' that he took pride in,

That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel:
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
And fou' o' glee;
He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
That's owre the sea.

Farewoel, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the sea.

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face, Great chieftain o' the puddin-race! Aboon them a' ye tak your place, Painch, tripe, or thairm Weel are ye wordy of a grace As lang's my arm. The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distill
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labor dight,
An' cut you up with ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive, Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve

Are bent like drums,
Then auld guidman, maist like to ryve,

Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French ragout,
Or olio that wad straw a sow,
Or fricassee wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash, As feckless as a wither'd rash, His spindle shank a guid whip lash, His nieve a nit; Thro' bloody flood or field to dash, O how unfit!

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed, The trembling earth resounds his tread, Clap in his walie nieve a blade, He'll mak it whissle An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned, Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a Haggis!

A DEDICATION

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na. Sir, in this narration, A fleechin, fleth'rin dedication, To roose you up, an' ca' you guid, An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid. Because ye're surnam'd like his grace, Perhaps related to the race; Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye, Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie, Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha Maun please the great folk for a wamefou; For me! sae laigh I needna now. For, Lord be thankit, I can plough, And when I downa yoke a naig, Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg; Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin, It's just sic poet, an' sic patron.

The Poet, some guid angle help him, Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him, He may do weel for a' he's done yet, But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me, I winna lie, come what will o'me)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What's no his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says, he winna break it;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his guidness is abus'd:
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang:
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, na thanks to him for a' that, Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that; It's naething but a milder feature, Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt nature! Ye'll get the best o' moral works, Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks, Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi, Wha never heard of orthodoxy, That he's the poor man's friend in need, The gentleman in word and deed, It's no thro' terror of d-mn-tion; It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane, Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain! Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No-stretch a point to catch a plack, Abuse a brother to his back; Smal thro' a winnock frae a wh-re, But point the rake that take the door: But to the poor like onic whunstane, And hand their noses to the grunstane, By every art o' legal thieving; No matter, stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, and half-mile graces, Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang wry faces; Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan, And damn a' parties but your own; I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver, A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of *C-lv-n*, For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! Ye sons of heresy and error, Ye'll some day squeal in quaking terror! When vengeance draws the sword in wrath, And in the fire throws the sheath; When Rain, with his sweeping besom, Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him: While o'er the hurp pale mis'ry moans, And strikes the ever deep'ning tones, Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression, I maist forgat my *dedication*; But when divinity comes cross me, My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapor, But I maturely thought it proper, When a' my work I did review, To dedicate them, Sir, to You: Because (ye need na tak it ill) I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronize them wi' your favor, And your petitioner shall everI had amaist said, ever pray,
But that's a word I need na say:
For prayin I hae little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, Sir—

"May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark, Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk! May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart, For that same gen'rous spirit smart! May K****** s far honor d name Lang beet his hymeneal dame, Till H******s, at least a dizen, Are frae their nuptial labors risen; Five bonnie lasses round their table, And seven braw fellows, stout an' able To serve their king and country weel, By word, or pen, or pointed steel! May health and peace, with mutual rays, Shine on the evening o' his days: Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe. When ebbing life nae mair shall flow, The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!"

I will not wind a lang conclusion, Wi' complementary effusion:
But whilst your wishes and endeavors
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favors
I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent!)
That iron-hearted carl, Want,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistake and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Ma'te you as poor a dog as I am,

Your humble servant then no more; For who would humbly serve the poor! But by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n! While recollection's pow'r is given, If, in the vale of humble life, The victim sad of fortune's strife, I, thro' the tender gushing tear, Should recognize my master dear, If friendless, low, we meet together, Then, Sir, your hand,—my friend and brother.

TO A LOUSE.

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie Your impudence protects you sairly! I canna say but ye strunt rarely, Owre gauze and lace:

Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner, Detested, shunn'd by saint an' sinner, How dare ye set your fit upon her, Sae fine a lady!

Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle; Where ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle Wi'ither kindred, jumpin cattle, In shoals and nations;

Whare horn or bane ne'er dare unsettle Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight, Below the fatt'rils, snug an' tight:

Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' Miss's bannet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out, As plump, and gray as onic grozet;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,

I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't, Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy You on an auld wife's flainen toy; Or aiblins some bit duddie boy, On's wyliecoat; But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie.

How dare ye do't!
O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An'set your beauties a' abead!
Ye little ken what cursed speed

That blastie's makin!
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,

To see oursels as others see us!

It wad frae monie a blunder free us

And foolish notion:

What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,

And ev'n Devotion!

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

J.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,

Where once beneath a monarch's feet Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide, As busy trade his labor plies; There architecture's noble pride Bids elegance and splendor rise; Here justice, from her native skies, High wields her balance and her rod; There learning, with his eagle eyes, Seeks science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy Sons, Edina, social, kind, With open arms the stranger hail; Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind, Above the narrow, rural vale; Attentive still to sorrow's wail, Or modest merit's silent claim; And never may their sources fail! And never envy blot their name!

IV.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair B—strikes th'adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine!
I see the sire of love on high,
And own his works indeed divine!

v

There, watching high the least alarms, Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar; Like some bold vetran, gray in arms And mark'd with many a seamy scar. The pond'rous walls and massy bar, Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock, Have oft withs'ood assailing war, And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears, I view that noble, stately dome, Where Scotia's kings of other years, Fam'd heroes! had their royal home: Alas! how chang'd the times to come' Their royal name low in the dust! Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam! Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just!

VII.

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:
Ev'n I, who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following when your fathers led!

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd.
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

APRIL 1st., 1785.

WHILE briers and woodbines budding green, An' paitricks scraichin loud at e'en, An' morning poussie whiddin seen, Inspire my muse, This freedom in an unknown frien',

I pray excuse.

On fasten-een we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
And there was muckle fun an' jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At sang about.

There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describes sae weel, What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; Thought I, "Can this be Pope, or Steele, Or Beattie's wark!" I'hey tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier't
Then a' that ken't him round declar'd
He had ingine,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
Or witty catches,
Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an' aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does well enough.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose, And say, "How can you e'er propose, You wha ken hardly verse frae prose, To mak a sang ? But, by your leaves, my learned foes, Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools, Your Latin names for horns an' stools; If honest nature made you fools, What sairs your grammars; Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools, Or knappin hammers.

A set o' dull conceited hashes, Confuse their brains in college classes! They gang in stirks, and come out asses, Plain truth to speak; An' syne they think to climb Parnassus By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, That's a' the learning I desire; Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire At pleugh or cart, My muse, tho' hamely in attire, May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee, Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be, If I can hit it! That would be lear eneugh for me, If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho'real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
I'se no insist,
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel;
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
But friends, and folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me.
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
As far abuse me.

There's ae wee faut they whyles lay to me. I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!

For monie a plack they wheedle frae me, At dance or fair; May be some ither thing they gie me They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair, I should be proud to meet you there; We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware

Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
An' faith we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa, ye selfish, warly race, Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace, Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place To catch-the-plack;

I dinna like to see your face, Nor hear you crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charins, Whose heart the tide of kindness warms, Who hold your being on the terms, Each aid the others'

Each aid the others',

Come to my bowl, come to my arms,

My friends, my brothers!

But to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle,
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing or whissle,
Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

APRIL 21st, 1785.

While new-ca'd kye rout at the stake, An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik, This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs, Rattlin' the corn out-owre the rigs, Or dealing thro' amang the naigs Their ten-hours' bite, My awkart muse sair pleads and begs I would na write.

The tapetless ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, "Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
This month an' mair,
That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
An' something sair."

Her dowff excuses pat me mad; "Conscience," says I, "ye thowless jad; I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,

This vera night;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.

"Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms so friendly,
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,

An' thank him kindly;"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed stumpie in the ink:
Q 10

Quoth I, "Before I sleep a wink, I vow I'll close it; An' if ye winna mak it clink, By Jove I'll prose it;"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither, Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither Let time mak' proof; But I shall scribble down some blether Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your moorland harp
Wi' gleesome touch:
Ne'er mind how fortune waft an' warp:
She's hut a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg, Sin' I could striddle owre a rig; But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg Wi' lyart pow, I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg, As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city Gent,
Behmt a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi'cent, per cent.
And muckle wame,
In some bit brugh to represent
A Bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty feudal Thane. Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancin' cane, Wha thinks himsel na sheep-shank bane. But lordly stalks, While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en.

As by he walks?

"O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift, Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Thro' Scotland wide:

Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift, In a' their pride!"

Were this the *charter* of our state. "On pain o' hell be rich an' great," Damnation would then be our fate,

Beyond remead: But, thanks to Heav'n! that's no the gate We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran, When first the human race began, "The seocial, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be.

'Tis he tulfills great Nature's plan, An' none but he!"

O mandate glorious and divine! The ragged followers of the Nine. Poor, thougtless devils! yet may shine In glorious light. While sordid sons of Mammon's line.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl, Their worthless nievefu of a soul May in some future carcase howl. The forest's fright.

Are dark as night

Or in some day-detesting owl May shun the light. Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's tie
Each passing year.

TO W. S****N.

OCHILTREE.

May, 178

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe my coaxin' billie.

Should I believe my coaxin' billie, Your flatterin strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it, I sud be laith to think ye hinted Ironic satire, sidelin's sklented On my poor Musie; Tho' in sic phrasin' terms ye've penn'd it,

I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel
Should I but dare a hope to speel
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
The braes o' fame,
Or Furgusson, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

(O Furgusson! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry!

The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes,
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head, Or lasses gie my heart a screed, As whyles they're like to be my deed (O sad disease!) I kittle up my rustic reed; It gies me ease.

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain, She's gotten Poets o' her ain, Chiels wha their chanters winna hain, But tune their lays,

Till echoes a' resound again Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style;
She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
Beside New Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil,
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Furgusson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; Yarrow an' Tweed to monie a tune, Owre Scotland rings, While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon, Nae body sings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine, Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line!
Bu', Willie, set your fit to mine,
An cock your crest,

We'll gar our streams and burnies shine Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells, Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells, Her banks an' braes, her dens and dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Southron billies.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood But boils up in a spring-tide flood! On have our fearless fathers strode By Wallace' side, Sull pressing onward, red-wat-shod, Or glorious dy'd.

O, Sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods, When lint-whites chant among the buds, And jinkin hares, in armorous whids,

Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With walfu' crv!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms for me, When winds rave thro' the naked tree; Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree Are hoary gray, Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee, Dark'ning the day!

O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the simmer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

The Muse, na poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel, he learn'd to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O sweet! to stray, an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive, Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, an' strive, Let me fair Nature's face descrive,

And I, wi' pleasure, Shall let the busy, grumbling hive

Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing brither! We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither: Now let us lay our heads thegither, In love fraternal:

May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

While highlandmen hate tolls and taxes; While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies; While terra firma, on her axis
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen:
I had amaist forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this New-Light,*
'Bout which our herds sae aft-hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans At grammar, logic, an' sic talents, They took nae pains their speech to balance, Or rules to gie,

*See note, page 45.

But spak their thoughts in plain braid lallans. Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon, Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, Wore by degrees, till her last roon,

Gaed past their viewing,

An' shortly after she was done, They got a new one.

This past for certain, undisputed; It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it, Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,

An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk, Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk; For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,

An' out o' sight,
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk.

She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd; The herds an' hissels were alarm'd: The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd, That beardless laddies

Should think they better were inform'd

Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks; Frae words an' aithe to clours an' nicks; An' monie a fallow gat his licks,

Wi' hearty crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' burnt.

This game was play'd in monie lands, An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands,

That faith the youngsters took the sands Wi'nimble shanks,
The lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe, t'olk thought them ruin'd, stick-an'-stowe, Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe,
Ye'll find ane plac'd;
An' some, their new-light fair avow,
Just outre barefac'd.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin; Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin; Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
Wi' grinin spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns:
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things thy ca' balloons,
To tak a flight,
An' stay a month amang the moons
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them; An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,

Just i' their pouch,
An' when the new-light billies see them,
I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
ts naething but a "moonshine matter;"
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
t hope, we bardies ken some better
R
Than mind sic brulzie.

EPISTLE TO J. R*****,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R******,
The wale o' cocks for tun an drinkin!
There's mony godly folks are thinkin,
Your dreams* an' tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants, And in your wicked drunken rants, Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,

And then their failings, flaws, an' wants, Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spar't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in black!

But your curst wit, when it comes near it, Rives 't aff' their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing, It's just the blue-gown badge an' claithing O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething To ken them by,

Frae ony unregenerate heathen Like vou or I.

I've sent ye home some rhyming ware, A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair; Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare, I will expect

Yon sang † ye'll sen't wi' cannie care, And no neglect.

A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the country-side.
† A song Le had promised the Author.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
My muse dow scarcely spread het wing!
I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
An' danc'd my fill!

I'd better gane an' sair'd the king, At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a paitrick to the grun,
A bonnie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt; I straikit it a wee for sport.

Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't;
But, deil-ma-care!
Somebody tells the poacher-court
The hale affair.

Some auld us'd hands had ta'en a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lie,
So gat the whissle o' my groat,
An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouther an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear!
The game shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
For this, neist year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begin to cry,
L-d, I'se hue sportin by an' by,
For my gowd guinea:

Tho I should herd the buckskin kye For't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame! Twas neither broken wing nor limb, But twa-three draps about the wame

Scarce thro' the feathers;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

It pits me ay as mad's a hare; So I can rhyme nor write nae mair; But pennyworths again is fair, When time's expedient:

Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

JOHN BARLEYCORN,*

T.

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

П.

They took a plow and plow'd him down, Put clods upon his head, And they hae sworn a solemn oath John Barleycorn was dead.

III.

But cheerful spring came kindly on, And showers began to fall:

This is partly composed on the plan of an old song trown by the same name.

John Barleycorn got up again, And sore surprised them all.

IV.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

V.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

V١

His color sicken'd more and more, He faded into age; And then his enemies began To show their deadly rage.

VII.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp, And cut him by the knee; Then ty'd him fast upon a cart, Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back, And cudgel'd him full sore; They hung him up before the storm, And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brim, They heaved in John Barleycorn, There let him sink or swim.

X

They laid him out upon the floor, To work him farther wo, And still, as signs of life appear'd, They toss'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones

XII.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood, And drank it round and round; And still the more and more they drank, Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold, Of noble enterprise, For if you do but taste his blood, 'Twill make your courage rise.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his wo,
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing.
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

A FRAGMENT. Tune—"Gillicrankie."

I.

When Guilford good our pilot stood,
And did our helm thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man:
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, I wat he was na slaw, man; Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn, And Carleton did ca', man: But yet, what reck, he, at Quebec, Montgomery-like did fa', man, Wi' sword in hand, before his band, Amang his en'mies a', man.

II.

III.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage
Was kept at Boston ha', man;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man:
Wi's word an' gun he thought a sin
Guid christian blood to draw, man;
But at New-York, wi'knife an' fork,
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip, Till Fraser brave did fa', man; Then lost his way, ae misty day, In Saratoga shaw, man. Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought, An' did the buckskins claw, man; But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save, He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then Montague, an' Guilford too, Began to fear a fa', man; And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure, The German chief to thraw, man: For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk, Nae mercy had at a', man; And Charlie Fox threw by the box, An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.
Then Rockingham took up the game,

Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meck held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man;
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man,
For North an' Fox united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes, He swept the stakes awa', man, Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race, Led him a sair faux pas, man:
The Saxon lads. wi' loud placads, On Chatham's boy did ca', man; An Scotland drew her pipe an' blew, "Up, Willie, waur them a', man!"

VIII.

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone, A secret word or twa, man; While slee Dundas arous'd the class Be-north the Roman wa', man: An' Chatham's wraith, in heave aly graith, (Inspired bardies saw, man) Wi' kindling eyes, cry'd, "Willie, rise! Would I hae fear'd them a', man?"

IX.

But, word an' blow. North, Fox, and Co. Gowff'd Willie like a ba,' man,
Till Suthron raise, and coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man;
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
An' did ner whittle draw, man;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
To make it guid in law, man.

SONG.

Tune-" Corn rigs are bonnie."

T.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still The moon was shinging clearly: I set me down, wi' right good will, Amang the rigs o' barlev :

I kenn't her heart was a' my ain: I lov'd her most sincerely:

I kiss'd her owre and owre again Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace. Her heart was beating rarely: My blessings on that happy place, Amang the rigs o' barley !

But by the moon and stars so bright, That shone that hour so clearly, She av shall bless that happy night, Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear; I hae been merry drinking:

I hae been joyfu' gathrin gear; I hae been happy thinkin:

But a' the pleasures e'er I saw, Tho' three times doubled fairly, That happy night was worth them a. Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, An' corn rigs are bonnie: I'll ne'er forget that happy night, Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG.

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune-"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

I.

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns Bring autumn's pleasant weather; The moorcock springs, on whirring wings, Amang the blooming heather; Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, Delights the weary farmer; [night, And the moon shines bright, when I rove at To muse upon my charmer.

II.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt! away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;

The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry, The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

IV

But Peggy dear, the evining's clear, Thick flies the skimming swallow; The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading, green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature.

v.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk, Till the silent moon shine clearly; I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest, Swear how I love thee dearly; Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs, Not autumn to the farmer, So dear can be as thou to me, My fair, my lovely charmer!

TUNE-" My Nannie, O."

Behind you hills where Lugar * flows, 'Mang moors and mosses many, O! The wintry sun the day has clos'd, And I'll awa to Nannie O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill!
The night's baith mirk an' rainy. O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young; Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:

*Originally, Stinchar. May ill befa' the flattering 'ongue That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true, As spotless as she's bonnie, O: The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew, Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree, An' few there be that ken me, O; But what care I how few they be, I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.

VI

My riches a's my penny-fee, An' I maun guide it cannie, O; But warl's gear ne'er troubles me, My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

VII.

Our auld guidman delights to view His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, C; But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleuuh, An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

VIII.

Come weel, come wo, I care na by, I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O. Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES,

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

I.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow, **4c**.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts ne'er can enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.
III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en, My arms about my dearie, C;

An' warly cares, an' warly men, May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this, Ye're nought but senseless asses, O. The wisest man the warl' e'er saw, He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, **4c.** V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears Her noblest work she classes, O: Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man, An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

SONG.

Tune-" Jockey's Gray Breeks."

T

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

chorus.*

And maun I still on Menie† doat, And bear the scorn that's in her e'e ? For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk, An' it winna let a body be!

II.

vain to me the cowslips blaw, n vain to me the vi'lets spring;

I rain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

And maun I still, 4-c.

III.

The merry plowboy cheers his team, Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks, But life to me's a weary dream, A dream of ane that never wauks.

And maun I still, &c.

This chorus is part of a song composed by a genthor's.

† Menie is the common abbreviation of Mariamne.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.

And maun I still, &c.

v.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap, And owre the moorlands whistles shill, Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step I met him on the dewy hill. And maun 1 still, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark, Blythe waukens by the daisy's side, And mounts and sings on fluttering wings, A wo-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

And maun I still, &c.

VII.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl, And raging bend the naked tree; Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul, When nature all is sad like me!

CHORUS.

And maun I still on Menie doat, And bear the scorn that's in her e'e? For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk, An' it winna let a body be.*

*We cannot presume to alter any of the poems of our bard, and more especially those printed under his own direction; yet it is to be regretted that his chorus, which is not of his own composition, should be attached to these fine stanzas, as it perpetually merrupts the train of sentiment which they excite. Ea

SONG.

TUNE-" Roslin Castle."

T

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, Loud roars the wild inconstant blast, Yon murky cloud is foul with rain, I see it driving o'er the plain; The hunter now has left the moor, The scatter'd coveys meet secure, While here I wander, prest with care, Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

TT

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn By early Winter's ravage torn; Across her placid. azure sky, She sees the scowling tempest fly; Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, I think upon the stormy wave, Where many a danger I must dare, Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Tho' death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpiere'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

IV.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, Her heathy moors and winding vales; The scenes where wretched fancy roves, Pursuing past, unhappy loves! Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes! My peace with these, my love with those—The bursting tears my heart declare, Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr.

SONG.

TUNE-"Guilderoy."

Ι.

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

II.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine car,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine the latest sigh!

THE FAREWELL

TO THE

BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES' LODGE,

TARBOLTON.

Tune-" Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!"

T.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tye!
Ye favor'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social band, And spent the cheerful, festive night; Oft, honor'd with supreme command, Presided o'er the sons of light: And by that hieroglyphic bright, Which none but craftsmen ever saw! Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write Those happy scenes when far awa'.

III.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite us in the grand design,
Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim, Justly, that highest badge to wear! Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble name, To Masonry and Scotia dear! A last request permit me here, When yearly ye assemble a', One round, I ask it with a tear, To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

SONG.

Tune—"Prepare, my dear brethren, to the Tavers let's fly."

T.

No churchman am I for to rail and to write, No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight, No sly man of business contriving a snare, For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

II.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow; I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low; But a club of good fellows, like those that are here.

And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse; There centum per centum, the cit, with his purse;

But see you the *Crown*, how it waves in the air, There, a big-belly'd bottle still ceases my care.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die; For sweet consolation to church I did fly; I found that old Solomon proved it fair, That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make; A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;— But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs. With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

V١

'Life's cares they are comforts,"*—a maxim laid down

Fy the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown?
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honors masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass and
souare

Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

WRITTEN IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,— Be thou clad in russet weed, Be thou deckt in silken stole, Grave these counsels on thy soul.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

Life is but a day at most, Sprung from night, in darkness lost; Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour, Fear not clouds will always lower.

As youth and love with sprightly cance Beneath thy morning-star advance, Pleasure with her siren air May delude the thoughtless pair; Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup, Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high, Life's meridian flaming nigh, Dost thou spurn the humble vale? Life's proud summit wouldst thou scale? Check thy climbing step, elate, Evils lurk in felon wait: Dangers, cagle-pinion'd, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, While cheerful peace, with linnet song, Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close, Beck'ning thee to long repose; As life itself becomes disease. Seek the chimney-neak of ease. There ruminate with sober thought, On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought And teach the sportive younkers round, Saws of experience, sage and sound. Say, man's truth, genuine estimate, The grand criterion of his fate, Is not, Art thou so high or low? Did thy fortune ebb or flow? Did many talents gild thy span? Or frugal nature grudge thee one? Tell them, and press it on their mind, As thou thyself must shortly find,

The smile or frown of awful Heav'n To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break.
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide! Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

ODE.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS.----OF-----

Dweller in yon dungeon dark, Hangman of creation! mark Who in widow-weeds appears, Laden with unhonor'd years, Noosing with care a bursting purse, Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face— Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of humanity's sweet, melting grace! Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows, Pity's flood there never rose. See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save, Hands that took—but never gave. Keeper of Mammon's iron chest, Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest.

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes, (A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends,)
Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends!
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She. tardy hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driv'n!
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

ELEGY

CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD A PATENT FOR HIS HOR ORS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, Heav'nly Light!

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody! The meikle devil wi' a woodie Haurl thee hame to his black smiddle. O'er hurcheon hides. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn, The ae best fellow e'er was born ! Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn By wood and wild, Where, haply, pity strays forlorn, Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills. near neebors o' the starns. That proudly cock your cresting cairns! Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns, Where echo slumbers.

Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns. My wailing numbers.

Mourn, ilk a grove the cushat kens! Ye haz'lly shaws and briery dens! Ye burnies, whimplin down your glens, Wi' toddlin din. Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens, Frae lin to lin.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee . Ye stately foxgloves fair to see; Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie, In scented bow'rs.

Ye roses on your thorny tree, The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade Droops with a diamond at his head, At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed, I' th' rustling gale, T12

Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade, Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood; Ye grouse that crap the heather bud; Ye curlews calling thro' a clud; Ye whistling plover; And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood;

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals, Ye fisher herons, watching eels; Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels Circling the lake;

He's gane forever!

Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels, Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day, 'Mang fields o' flowring clover gay; And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r, In some auld tree, or eldrich tow'r, What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r, Sets up her horn, Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour Till wankrife morn'

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of wo;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun eyer flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the vear! Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear: Thou, simmer, while each corny spear Shoots up its head, ny gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear, For him that's dead'

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair, In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thon sun, great source of light 'Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnics, bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For thro' your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson; the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone forever!
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around!

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great, In a' the tinsel trash o' state! But by the honest turf I'll wait, Thou man of worth! And weep the ae best fellow's fate E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stor, passenger! my story's brief; And truth I shall relate, man; I ten nae common tale o' grief, For Matthew was a great man. If thou uncommon merit hast, Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man; A look of pity hither cast, For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by his grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways, Canst throw uncommon light, man; Here lies wha weel had won thy praise, For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man!

If thou art staunch, without a stain, Like the unchanging blue, man; This was a kinsman o' thy ain, For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire, And ne'er guid wine did fear, man; This was thy billie, dam, and sire, For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT

OF

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now nature hangs her mantle green On every blooming tree, And spread her sheets o' daisies white Out o'er the grassy lea: Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams And glads the azure skies; But nought can glad the weary wight That last in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis nilld, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppressed.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France, Where happy I hae been; Fu' lightly raise I in the morn, As blythe lay down at e'en: And I'm the sovereign of Scotland, And mony a traitor there; Yet here I lie in foreign bands, Avd never-ending care.

Frae woman's pitying e'e.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of wo

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortunes shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee!

And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend, Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave!
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.,

OF FINTRA.

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg, About to beg a pass for leave to beg; Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest. Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest.)

Bloom on my peaceful grave!

Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail? (It soothes poor misery, heark'ning to her tale.) And hear him curse the light he first survey'd. And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign; Of thy caprice maternal I complain. The lion and the bull thy care have found, One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground:

Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell, Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious guards his cell. Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour, In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.— Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure; The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.

Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug, The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug, Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts, Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard. To thy poor, fenceless, naked, child—the Bard! A thing unteachable in world's skill, And half an idiot too, more helpless still. No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun, No claws to dig. his hated sight to shun; No horns but those by luckless Hymen worn, And those, alas! not Analthea's horn;

No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur, Clad in rich dullness' comfortable fur, In naked feeling, and in aching pride, He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side: Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart, And scorpion critics careless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd I venture on the name, Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame, Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes; He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung, By blockheads' daring into madness stung; His well-won bays, than life itself more dear, By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:

Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in the unequal strife, The hapless poet flounders on through life. Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd, And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd, Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age, Dead, even resentment, for his injured page, He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!

So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast; By toil and famine wore to skin and bone, Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dullness! portion of the truly blest! Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest! Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes Of fortune's polar frosts, or torrid beams. If mantling high she fills the golden cup, With sober selfish ease they sip it up: Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve. They only wonder "some folks" do not starve. The grave, sage hern thus easy picks his frog. And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog. When disappointment snaps the clue of hope. And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope, With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear, And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care." So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks. Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train, Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;

In equanimity they never dwell, By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe, With all a poet's, husband's, father's feat 'Afready one strong hold of hope is lost, Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust; (Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, And left us darkling in a world of tears:) O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r! Fintra, my other stay, long bless and spare! Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown; And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down' May bliss domestic smooth his private path; Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath, With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

LAMENT

JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

The wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream;
Beneath a craggy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord.
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with
years;

His locks were bleached white wi' time! His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears! And as he touch'd his trembling harp, And as he tun'd his doleful sang, The winds, lamenting thro' their caves, To echo bore the notes alang.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honors of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e!
But notch in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain.
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hald of earth is gane:
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

'I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last (the sum of a' my greifs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flow'r amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay:
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead.

And hope has left my aged ken, On forward wing forever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp'
The voice of wo and wild despair;
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In poverty's low. barren vale.
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round,
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care.

"O! why has worth so short a date? While villains ripen gray with time! Must thou, the noble, gen'rons, great, Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime! Why did I live to see that day? A day to me so full of wo! O! had I met the mortal shaft Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride Was made his wedded wife yestreen; The monarch may forget the crown That on his head an hour has been; The mother may forget the child That smiles sae sweetly on her knee; But I'll remember thee, Glencairn, And a' that thou hast done for me!"

LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD,

OF WHITEFOORD, BART.

WITH THE FOLLOWING FORM.

Thou, who thy honor as thy God rever'st, Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st.

To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The friend thou valued'st, I the patron lov'd;
His worth, his honor, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world
unknown.

TAM O'SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownyis and of Bogilis full is this Buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS

When chapman billies leave the street, And drouthy neebors, neebors meet, As market-days are wearing late, An' folk begin to tak the gate; While we sit bousing at the nappy, An' gettin fou and unco happy, We think na on the lang Scots miles, The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles, That lie between us and our hame, Whare sits our sulky sullen dame, Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, As he frae Ayr, ae night did canter, (Auld Ayr Whom ne'er a town surpasses, For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise. As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice ! She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum. A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; That frae N vember till October. Ae market-day thou was nae sober. That ilka melder, wi' the miller, Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on. The smith and thee gat roaring fou on, That at the L-d's house, ev'n on Sunday. Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday. She prophesy'd that late or soon, Thou would be found deep drown'd in D_{oon} Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentie dames! it gars me greet, To think how mony counsels sweet, How mony lengthen'd sage advices, The husband frac the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,

Tam had get planted unco right;

Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,

Wi'reanting swats, that drank divinely,

And at his eldow, souter Johnny,

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;

Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;

They had been fou for weeks thegither.

The night drave on wi'sangs an' clatter,

And ay the ale was growing better:

The landlady and Tam grew gracious;

Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious:

The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy, E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy; As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure: Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious, O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread, You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed; Or like the snow-falls in the river, A moment white—then melts forever; Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place; Or like the rainbow's lovely from
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam'maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he tak's the read in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; The rattling show'rs rose on the blast; The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd; Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: That night, a child night understand, The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg, A better never lifted leg,

Tum skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet:
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonner

Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares, Lest bogles catch him unawares; Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh, Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford, Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd: And past the birks and meikle stane, Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane: And thro' the whins, and by the cairn: Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn: And near the thorn, aboon the well, Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.-Before him Doon pours all his floods: The doubling storm roars thro' the woods: The lightnings flash from pole to pole; Near and more near the thunders roll: When glimmering thro' the groaning trees, Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ; Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing; And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn! What dangers thou caust make us scorn! Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil; Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !-The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle. Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle, But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd. Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd, She ventur'd forward on the light; And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! Warlocks and witches in a dance : Nae cotillon brent new frae France, But hornpipes, jigs. strathspeys, and reels. Put life and mettle in their heels. A winnock-bunker in the east, There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast,

A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, To gie them music was his charge: He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.— Coffins stood round like open presses. That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses. And by some devilish cantraip slight, Each in its cauld hand held a light.-By which heroic Tam was able To note upon the halv table. A murderer's banes in gibbet airns; Twa span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns: A thief, new cutted frag a rape. Wi'his last gasp his gab did gape; Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted: Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted; A garter, which a babe had strangled: A knife, a father's throat had mangled, Whom his ain son o' life bereft. The gray hairs yet stack to the heft; Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu'. Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious, The mirth and fun grew fast and furious: The piper loud and louder blew; The dancers quick and quicker flew; They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleeku Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, And coost her duddies to the wark, And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans A' plump and strapping, in their teens; Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen, Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen: Thir brecks o' mine, my only pair, That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,

wad hae gi'en then aff my hurdies, or ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll, Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, Lowping an' flinging on a crummock, I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawle There was ae winsome wench and walie. That night enlisted in the core, (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore! For mony a beast to dead she shot. And perish'd mony a bonnie boat, And shook baith meikle corn and bear, And kept the country-side in fear.) Here cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn, That while a lassie she had worn. In longitude tho' sorely scanty, It was her best, and she was vauntie.-Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie, That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches.) Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wings maun cour; Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r; To sing how Nannie lap and flang, (A souple jade she was and strang) And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd, And thought his very e'en enrich'd; Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain, And hotch'd and blew wi' night and maint Till first ae caper, syne anither, Tam tint his reason a' thegither, And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!" And in an instant all was dark: And scarcely had he Maggie rallied, When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, When plundering herds assail their byke! As open pussie's mortal foes, When, pop! she starts before their nose; As eager runs the market-crowd, When, "Catch the thief;" resounds aloud; So Maggie runs, the witches follow, Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin! In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin! In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin! Kate soon will be a wofu' woman! Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, And win the key-stane* of the brig! There at them thou thy tail may toss. A running stream they dare na cross. But ere the key-stane she could make, The fient a tale she had to shake! For Nannie, far before the rest, Hard upon noble Maggie prest, And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle: But little wist she Maggie's mettle-Ae spring brought off her master hale. But loft behind her ain gray tail: The carlin claught her by the rump, And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son tak heed: Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd, Or cutty-sarks run in your mind, Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear, Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

*It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the nextrunning stream It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveler, that when he falls in with bogles. whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMPBY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art, And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye; May never pity soothe thee with a sigh, Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant
plains,
The base of the wood and field,

To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,

No more of rest, but now thy dying bed! The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head, The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hall the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy
hapless fate.

→***© @ ⊕*****←**

ADDRESS

TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBUGE SHIRE, WITH BAYS.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood. Unfolds her tender mantle green, Or pranks the sod in frohe mood, Or tunes Eolian strains between: While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:
While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed:
While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows;
So long, sweet Poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,

EPITAPHS. ETC.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

IJERE souter**** in death does sleep,
 To h.ll, if he's gane thither,
 Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
 He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
O death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch
Into thy dark dominion!

ON WEE JOHNIE.

Hic jacet wee Johnie.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know, That death has murder'd Johnie! An' here his body lies fu' low—— For saul, he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE, whose check the tear of pity stains, Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend! Here lie the loving husband's dear remains, The tender father, and the gen'rous friend. The pitying heart that felt for human wo; The dauntless heart that fear'd no human

The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."*

FOR R. A. Esq.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame Of this much lov'd, much honor'd name; (For none that knew him need be told) A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

FOR G. H. Esq.

The poor man weeps—here G—n
Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be sav'd or dann'd!

* Goldsmith

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim inspired fool, Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule, Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool, Let him draw near; And owre this grassy hear sing dool.

And owre this grassy heap sing dool, And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song, Who, noteless, steals the crowds among. That weekly this area throng,

O, pass not by!

But with a frater-feeling strong,

Here, heave a sigh,

Is there a man, whose judgment clear, Can others teach the course to steer, Yet runs, himself, life's mad career, Wild as the wave:

Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave.

This poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,

But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name

Reader, attend—whether thy soul Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, Or darkling grubs this earthly hole, In low pursuit;

Know, prudent, cautious, self-control Is wisdom's root.

ON THE LATE

CAPT. GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, Frae Maidenkirk to Johnie Groat's; It there's a hole in a' your coats, I rede you tent it: A chield's amang you taking notes,

And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light

Upon a fine, fat, fodgle wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—

And vow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,*
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in

Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L-d save's! colleaguin
At some black art.-

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer, Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor, And you deep read in hell's black grammar, Warlocks and vitches; Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,

Ye midnight b—es.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred, And ane wad rather fa'n than fled; But now he's quat the spurtle blade, And dog-skin wallet,

*Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.

And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,*
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder; Auld Tubal Cain's fire-shool and fender; That which distinguished the gender O' Balaam's ass;

A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor.
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll snape you aff, fu' gleg, The cut of Adam's philibeg; The knife that nicket Abel's craig He'll prove you fully, It was a faulding jocteleg, Or lang-kail gullie.—

But wad ye see him in his glee, For meikle glee and fun has he, Then set him down, and twa or three Guid fellows wi' him;

And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him:

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shamefa' thee.

^{*} Vide his Treatise on Ancient Armor and Wea

TO MISS CRUIKSHANKS,

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK, PRE-

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay, Blooming on thy early May, Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r, Chilly shrink in sleety show'r! Never Boreas' hoary path, Never Eurus' pois nous breath, Never baleful stellar lights, Taint thee with untimely blights! Never, never reptile thief Riot on thy virgin leaf! Nor even Sol too fierely view Thy bosom, blushing still with dew!

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem, Richly deck thy native stem; Till some ev'ning, sober, calm, Dropping dews, and breathing balm, While all around the woodland rings, And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings; Thou, amid the dirgeful sound, Shed the dying honors round, And resign to parent earth The loveliest form she e'er gave birth,

SONG.

Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, And waste my soul with care, But ah! how bootless to admire, When fated to despair! Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of Heav'n.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LECD, Esq.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

Sap thy tale, thou idle page, And rueful thy alarms: Death tears the brother of her love From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung;
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow, And fear no withering blast; There Isabella's spotless worth Shall happy be at last.

THE

HUMBLE PETITION

O F

BRUAR WATER*

TO

THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLR.

My Lord, I know, your noble ear
Wo ne'er assails in vain;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble Slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly jumping glowrin trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up to shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow,

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, As Poet B**** came by,

Bruar Falls in Athole are exceedingly pictureque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs. That to a Bard I should be seen Wi' half my channel dry:
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shor'd me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength 1 rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well,
As nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees
And bonnie spreading bushes;
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild, Shall to the skies aspire; The gowdspink, music's gayest child, Shall sweetly join the choir: The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear, The mavis mild and mellow; The robin pensive autumn cheer, In all her locks of yellow.

This too, a covert shall ensure, To shield them from the storm;

To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form:
Here shall the shepherd make his seat
To weave his crown of flow'rs;

Or find a sheltering safe retreat. From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth, Shall meet the loving pair, Despising worlds, with all their wealth, As empty, idle care:
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms The hour of heav'n to grace, And birks extend their fragrant arms, To screen the dear embrace.

Here, haply too, at vernal dawn, Some musing bard may stray, And eye the smoking, dewy lawn, And misty mountain, gray; Or, by the reaper's nightly beam, Mild-chequering thro' the trees, Rave to my darkly dashing stream, Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-pending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed!
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honor'd native land!
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
The social flowing glasses,
To grace be—"Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lasses!"

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCK-TURIT.

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OUGHTERTYRE.

Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race, Soon, too soon, your fears I trace; Man, your proud usurping foe, Would be lord of all below: Plumes himself in Freedom's pride, Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow, Marking you his prey below, In his breast no pity dwells, Strong necessity compels. But man, to whom alone is giv'n A ray direct from pitying Heav'n, Glories in his heart humane—And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains, Only known to wand'ring swains, Where the mossy riv'let strays, Far from human haunts and ways; All on Nature you depend, And life's poor season peaceful spend. Or, if man's superior might, Dare invade your native right, On the lofty ether borne, Man with all his pow'rs you scorn; Swiftly seek, on clanging wings, Other lakes and others springs; And the foe you cannot brave, Scorn at least to be his slave.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE,

IN THE PARLOR OF THE INN AT KENMORE, TAY MOUTH.

Admiring Nature, in her wildest grace. These northern scenes with weary feet I trace; O'er many a winding dale and painful steep. Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep, My savage journey, curious, I pursue. Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view. The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides, The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample (hills. sides: Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the The eve with wonder and amazement fills; The Tay meand ring sweet in infant pride, The palace rising on his verdent side; [taste; The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste. The arches striding o'er the new-born-stream; The village glittering in the noontide beam.

Poetic ardors in my bosom swell, Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell; The sweeping theatre of hanging woods; Th'incessant roar of headlong, tumbling floods

Here posey might wake her heav'n-taught lyre, And look through nature with creative fire; Here, too, the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd, Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild; And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds, Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds; Here heart-struck Grief might heav'n-ward stretch her scan,

And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH-NESS.

Amone the heathy hills and ragged woods, The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods; Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds, Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow, As deep recoiling surges foam below. [scends, Prone down the rock the whitening sheet de-And viewless echo's ear, astonish'd, rends. Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs.

The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding low'rs, Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils, And still below the horrid caldron boils—

ON THE BIRTH

OF A

POSTHUMOUS CHILD.

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY
DISTRESS.

Sweet Flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love, And ward o' mony a pray'r, What heart o' stane wad thou na move, Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirples o'er the lea, Chill, on thy lovely form; And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree, Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour, And wings the blast to blaw, Protect thee frae the driving show'r, The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the friend of wo and want, Who heals life's various stounds, Protect and guard the mother plant, And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast, Fair on the summer morn: Now feebly bends she in the blast, Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem, Unscath'd by ruffian hand! And from thee many a parent stem Arise to deck our land!

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

As the authentic prose history of the Whistle is curious. I shall here give it. In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland, with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. - After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table.

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had marred a sister of Sir Walter's. On Friday the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Fergusson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honors of the field.

1 sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth, I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,

Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king. [ring.

And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall

Old Loda,* still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whisile's your challenge—to Scotland
get o'er,
fmore!"

And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, The son of great Loda was conqueror still. What champions ventur'd, what champions fell; And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur.

Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war. He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea, No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert victorious, the trophy has gain'd, Which now in his house for ages remain'd; Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood, The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw:

Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth and law; And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins; And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as

Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil; Or else he would muster the heads of the clan, And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel re-

Before I surrender so glorious a prize,

*See Ossian's Carric-thura

I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,*
And bumper his horn with him twenty times
o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend, But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend, Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the And knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair.
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known
to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet, lovely

A bard was selected to witness the fray, And tell future ages the feats of the day; A bard who detested all sadness and spleen, And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they
were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er; Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core, And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,

Till Cynthia hinted he'd find them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night, When gallant Sir Robert to finish the fight, Turn'd o'er in one bunper a bottle of red, And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage, No longer the warfare, ungodly would wage;

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

A high-ruling Elder to wallow in wine! He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end; But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend?

Though fate said — a hero should perish in light;

So uprose bright Phœbus — and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink:—

"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!

But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme, Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

"Thy line, which has struggled for Freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;

The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES OF POETRY

EXTRACTED FROM THE

CORRESPONDENCE OF BURNS, SONGS,

COMPOSED FOR THE

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS OF MESSRS. THOMSON
AND JOHNSON,

WITH ADDITIONAL PIECES.

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

AULD NEEBOR—
I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,
For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter;
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair;
For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter,
Some less maun sait,

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle; Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle, To cheer you thro' the weary widdle O' war'ly cares, Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle Your auld, gray hairs.

*This is prefixed to the poems of David Siliar, published at Kilmarnock, 1789.

But, Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaiku, I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit; An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
Until ye fyke;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink.
Riven' the words to gar them clink;
Whyles dais't wi' love, whyles dais't wi' drink
Wi' jads or masons;
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man, Commen' me to the Bardie clan: Except it be some idle plan O' rhymin'

O' rhymin' clink,
The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin', Nae cares to give us joy or grievin': But just the pouchie put the nieve in. An' while ought's there,

Then, hiltie skiltie, we gae scrievin',
An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rlyme! it's aye a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie!

Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure, She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie; The warl' may play you monie a shavie; But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye, Tho' e'er sae puir,

Na, even the limpin wi' the spavie

Frae door to door.

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

"Twas eve—the dewy fields were green, On ev'ry blade the pearls hang; The zephyr wanton'd round the bean, And bore its fragrant sweets alang: In every glen the mavis sang,

All nature listening seem'd the while. Except where green-wood echoes rang, Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eve,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whispered, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild;
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild;
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile,
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass of Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose in Scotland's plain!
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass of Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep, Where fame and honors lofty shine; And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And ev'ry day have joys divine,
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget, Can I forget the hallowed grove, Where by the winding Ayr we met, To live one day of parting love! Eternity will not efface.

Those records dear of transports past; Thy image at our last embrace; Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wildwoods, thick'ning green,
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west,
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,

And fondly broods with miser care!

Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear
My Mary dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

LINES ON

AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER

This wot ye all whom it concerns, I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er to be forgotten day,
Sae far I sprackled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drunken writer's feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken;
I've even join'd the honor'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin, A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son, Up higher yet my bonnet; An' sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa, Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a'.

As I look o'er my sonnet.

But oh for Hogarth's magic pow'r,
To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr,

And how he star'd and stammer'd, When goavan, as if led wi' branks, An' stumpan' on his ploughman shanks, He in the parlor hammer'd. I sliding shelter'd in a nook,
An' at his Lordship steal't a look
Like some portentous omen;
Except good-sense and social glee,
An' (what surprised me) modesty,
I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming;
The feint a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman

Then from his Lordship I shall learn, Henceforth to meet with unconcern One rank as well's another; Nae honest worthy man need care, To meet with noble, youthful Daer, For he but meets a brother.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

Residing on the banks of the small river Devon, is Clackmannanshire, but whose infant years were spent in Ayrshire.

Devon, [blooming fair;

With green-spreading bushes, and flowers But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon,

Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower, In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower.
That steals on the evening each teaf to renew

O, spare the dear biossom, ye orient oreezes, With chill hoary wings as ye usher the dawn! And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes. The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies, And England triumphant display her proud rose:

A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering
flows.

CASTLE GORDON

I.

STREAMS that glide in orient plains, Never bound by winter's chains; Glowing here on golden sands, There commix'd with foulest stains From tyranny's empurpled bands; These, their richly-gleaming waves, I leave to tyrants and their slaves; Give me the stream that sweetly laves The banks, by Castle Gordon.

II.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray;
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave;

Give me the groves that lofty brave The storms, by Castle Gordon.

III.

Windry here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober, pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood;
Life's poor day I'll musing rave;
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bounie Castle Gordon.*

NAE-BODY.

I HAE a wife o' my ain, I'll partake wi' nae-body; I'll tak cuckold frae nane. I'll gie cuckold to nae-body. I hae a penny to spend, There-thanks to nae-body: I hae naething to lend. I'll borrow frae nae-body. I am nae-body's lord. I'll be slave to nae-body; I hae a guid braid sword, I'll tak dunts frae nae-body. I'll be merry and free. I'll be sad for nae-body: If nae-body care for me, I'll care for nae-body.

^{*}These verses our Poet composed to be sung to Morag, a Highland air, of which he was extremely fond.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG, NAMED ECHO.

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng, Your heavy loss deplore; Now half-extinct your power of song, Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around, Scream your discordant joys; Now half your din of tuneless sound With Echo silent lies.

SONG.

TUNE-" I am a man unmarried."

O, ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that virtue warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.
Tal lal de ral. &c.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen, And mony full as braw, But for a modest, gracefu' mien, The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess, Is pleasant to the e'e, But without some better qualities She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet, And what is best of a', Her reputation is complete, And fair without a flaw.

* This was our Poet's first attempt.

She dresses av sae clean and neat. Both decent and genteel: And then there's something in her gait Gars onv dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air May slightly touch the heart, But it's innocence and modesty That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me, 'Tis this enchants my soul: For absolutely in my breast She reigns without control.

Tal lal de ral, &c.

INSCRIPTION

TO THE MEMORY OF FURGUSSON.

HERE LIES ROBERT FURGUSSON, POET.

Born, September 5th, 1751 - Died, 16th October, 1774.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay, " No storied urn, nor animated bust," This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way, To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,

'The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale:

The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning, [dale: And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green

But what can give pleasure, or what can sceme fair,

While the lingcring moments are number'd by care? [singing, No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these
valleys.
[find none.
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can

But 'tis not my suff'rings, thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I
mourn:

Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return!

EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, Esq.

When Nature her great master-piece design'd, And fram'd her last best work, the human mind, Her eye intent on all the mazy plan, She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth; Plain plodding industry and sober worth: Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth, And merchandise' whole genus take their birth Each prudent cit a warm existence finds, And all mechanics' many apron'd kinds.

Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net;
The caput mortuum of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow;
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave
designs.

Law, physics, politics, and deep divines:
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well-pleas'd, pronounced it very good;
But e'er she gave creating labor o'er,
Half jest, she try'd one curious labor more:
Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter;
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
With arch-alacrity and conscious glee,
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet.
Creature tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow;
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage
ends:

A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife, Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give, Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan, Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest nature is not quite a Turk, She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work. Pitying the propless climber of mankind, She cast about a standard tree to find;

And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the generous truly great,
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bountcous Graham.

Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landmen on life's stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish, stern, absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung
boon.

The world were blest did bliss on them depend, Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"

Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
Instinct 's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)
Who make poor will do wait upon I should—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're
good?

Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye! God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy! But come, ye who the godlike pleasure know, Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow! Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:

Come, thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes! Prop of my dearest hoqes for future times; Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid, Backward, abash'd, to ask thy friendly aid? I know my need. I know thy giving hand, I crave thy friendship at thy kind command; But there are such who court the tuneful nine-Heavens! should the branded character be mine!

Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,

Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty, independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends.

But groveling on the earth the carol ends. In all the clam'rous cry of starving want, They dun benevolence with shameless front; Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays, They persecute you all your future days! Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain, My horny fist assumes the plough again; The piebald jacket let me patch once more; On eighteen-pence a week I've liv'd before. Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,

I trust meantime my boon is in thy gift:
That plac'd by thee upon the wish'd for height,
Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer
flight.*

• This is our Poet's first epistle to Graham of Finty. It is not equal to the second; but it contains too much of the characteristic vigor of its author to be suppressed. A little more knowledge of natural history, or of chemistry, was wanted to enable him to execute the original conception correctly.

A FRAGMENT.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite; How virtue and vice blend their black and their white:

How genius, the illustrious father of fiction, Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradic-

I sing; If these mortals, the critics, should bustle, I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose

At once may illustrate and honor my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits; Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;

With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so

strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite
right:

A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses, For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L-d, what is man! for as simple he looks,

Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks, With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,

All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labors, [up its neighbors: That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats

Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him? [show him. Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,

What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system, One trifling, particular truth, should have miss'd him:

For, spite of his fine theoretic positions, Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe, And think human nature they truly describe; Have you found this, or t'other? there's more in the wind.

As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.

But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan.
In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd
Man.

No two virtues, whatever relation they claim, Nor even two different shades of the same. Though like as was ever twin brother to brother, Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

TO DR. BLACLOCK.

Ellisland, 21st Oct. 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?
I kenn'd it still your wee bit juntie
Wad bring ye to:
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!

And never drink be near his drouth!

He tald myself by word o' mouth, He'd tak my letter; I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth.

And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron Had at the time some dainty fair one. To ware his theologic care on,

And holv study: And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on.

E'en tried the body.* But what d'ye think, my trusty fier, I'm turn'd a gauger-Peace be here! Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear

Ye'll now disdain me.

And then my fifty pounds a year Will little gain me.

Ye glaikit, gleesome, daintie damies, Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies, Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, Ye ken, ve ken,

That strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies. They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies: Ye ken yoursel, my heart right proud is,

I need na vaunt, But I'll sned besoms-thraw saugh woodies, Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care! I'm weary sick o't late and air! Not but I hae a richer share

Than monv ithers: But why should ae man better fare, And a' men brithers?

[.] Mr. Heron, author of the History of Scotland, and

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o'carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair;
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
And eke the same to honest Lucky,
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
As e'er tread clay!
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I'm yours for ay.

ROBERT BURNS.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE ELLISLAND, ON NEW YEAR-DAY EVENING.

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city,
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the Tho', by the by, abroad why will you roam? Good sense and taste are natives here at home: But not for panegyric I appear, I come to wish you all a good new-year! Old Father Time deputes me here before ye, Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:

The sage, grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
"You're one year older this important day,"
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the

question;
And with a would-be-roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—
"think!"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch
him;
Yot by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing.

That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair, Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care! To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow.

And humbly begs you'll mind the important—now!

Γο crown your happiness he asks your leave, And offers, bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, the haply weak endeavors, With greatful pride we own your many lavors. And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it, Believe our glowing bosons truly feel it.

ELEGY

ON THE LATE MISS BURNET,

OF MONBODDO.

As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid the accomplish'd Burnet low.
I hy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget!
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noble work, the Godhead best is
known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves; Thou crystal streamlet, with thy flowery shore, Ye woodland choir, that chant your idle loves, Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastęs, immix'd with reedy fens; Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd;

Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,

Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail? And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth, And not a muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride, And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres:

But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care'
odeck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
So from it rayish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

IMITATION

OF AN OLD JACOBITE SONG.

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day, I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was gray; And as he was singing, the tears fast down

There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to
hlame—

There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the
yerd: [dame—
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down, Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown; But till my last moment my words are the

There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame

SONG OF DEATH.

Scene—a field of battle; time of the day—evening; the wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following Song.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,

Now gay with the bright setting sun! [ties, Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender Our race of existence is run! Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe.

Go, frighten the coward and slave; [know, Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,

Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious r ark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honor—our swords in our hands.

Our king and our country to save,—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O who would not rest with the brave!

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN,

An Occasional Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle on her Benefit-Night.

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things, The fate of empires and the fall of kings, While quacks of state must each produce his plan, And even children lisp the Rights of Man; Amidst this mighty fuss, just let me mention, The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermixed connection,. One sacred Right of Woman is protection.—
The tender flower that hifts its head, elate, Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate, Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form, Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,

To keep that right inviolate's the fashion, Each man of sense has it so full before him, He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.—There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days, A time, when rough rude man had naughty

ways; [riot; Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet.—

Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet.—
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are
fled;
flored—
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-

Most justly think (and we are much the gainers) Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest.

That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest, Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration.

Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration! In that blest sphere alone we live and move; There taste that life of life—immortal love.—Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs 'Gainst such a host what flinty savage dares—When awful Beauty joins with all her charms, Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let majesty our first attention summon,
Ah! ca ira! the Majesty of Woman!

ADDRESS.

Spoken by Miss Fontenelle, on her Benefit-Night, December 4, 1795, at the Theatre, Dumfries.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favor, And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever. A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter. 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better: So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies. Told him I came to feast my curious eyes; Said, nothing like his works was ever printed: And last my Prologue-business slily hinted. "Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes. "I know your bent -these are no laughing Can you-but Miss. I own I have my fears. Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears— With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence. Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance?

Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand, Waving on high the desolating brand, Calling the storm to bear him o'er a guilty land ?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing, [ing ? D'ye think, said I, this face was made for cry-I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it:

And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet.

Firm as my creed, Sirs. 'tis my fix'd belief, That Misery's another word for Grief: I also think—so may I be a bride! That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive— To make three guineas do the work of five: Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch' Say, you'll be merry, though you can't be rich

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love, Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove; Who, as the boughs all temptingly project, Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy

Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep. Peerest to meditate the healing leap; Wouldst thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself: Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific, And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry I advise; And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

SONGS.

THE LEA-RIG.

When o'er the hill the eastern star,
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
Return sae dowf and weary, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks,
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour, I'd rove and ne'er he eerie, O, If thro' that glen, I gaed to thee, My ain kind dearie, O, Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild, And I were ne'er sae wearie, O, I'd meet thee on the lea-rig, My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo.
Gie me the hour o' gloamin gray,
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

TO MARY.

Tune-" Ewe-bughts, Marion."

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary, And leave auld Scotia's shore? Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary, Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; But a' the charms o' the Indies, Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary, I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true; And sae may the Heavens forget me, When I forget my yow! O plight me your faith, my Mary, And plight me your lily-white hand; O plight me your faith, my Mary, Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary, In mutual affection to join, And curst be the cause that shall part us! The hour, and the moment o' time!*

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing, She is a bonnie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o' mine. I never saw a fairer. I never lo'ed a dearer, And niest my heart I'll wear her, For fear my jewel tine. She is a winsome wee thing. She is a handsome wee thing. She is a bonnie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o' mine. The warld's wrack we share o't, The warstle and the care o't; Wi' her I'll blithly bear it. And think my lot divine.

BONNIE LESLEY.

O saw ye bonnie Lesley, As she gaed o'er the border?

*This song Mr. Thomson has not adopted in his soliection. It deserves, however, to be preserved.—Is

She's gane, like Alexander, To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee,
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee, Or aught that wad belang thee; He'd look into thy bonnie face, And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee; Misfortune sha'na steer thee; Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely, That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley, Return to Caledonie! That we may brag, we hae a lass There's nane again sae bonnie.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune-" Catharine Ogie."

YE banks, and braes, and streams around,
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
YO' my sweet Highland Mary.

Ιt

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk.
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And plcdging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips, I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly! And closed for ay, the sparkling glance, That dwelt on me sae kindly! And mouldering now in silent dust, That heart that lo'ed me dearly' But still within my bosom's core, Shall live my Highland Mary.

AULD ROB MORRIS

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in you glen, He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men; [kine, He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May; She's sweet as the evining among the new hay; As blithe and as artless as the lambs on the lea, And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird.

And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and
yard;

A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed, The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me

The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane: I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist, And I sigh as my heart it would burst in my breast.

O, had she been but of lower degree, I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me' O, how past descriving had then been my bliss. As now my distraction no words can express!

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray came here to woo,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blithe yule night, when we were fou.

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Maggie coost her head fu' high, Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh; Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd; Ha, ha, fc. Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, Ha, ha, fc. Duncan sigh'd baith out and in, Grat his een baith bleer't and blin', Spak o' lowein ower a inn;

Ha, ha, sc.

Time and chance are but a tide, Ha, ha, &c.

Slighted love is sair to bide,

Ha, ha, &c. Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzie die? She may gae to—France for me! Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes, let doctors tell, Ha, ha, &c.

Meg grew sick—as he grew heal, Ha, ha, &c.

Something in her bosom wrings, For relief a sign sne orings;

And O, her een, they spak sic things,

Duncan was a lad o' grace, Ha, ha, &c.

Maggie's was a piteous case,

Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan could na be her death, Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; Now they're crouse and canty baith.

Ha, ha, &c.

SONG.

Tune-"I had a horse."

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love Ye wreck my peace between ye; Yet poordish a' I could forgive, An' 'twere na for my Jeanie. O why should fate sic pleasure have, Life's dearest bands untwining? Or why sae sweet a flower as love Depend on Fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on, Its pride, and a' the lave o't; Fie, fie on silly coward man, That he should be the slave o't.

O why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray, How she repays my passion; But prudence is her o'erword ay, Sne talks of rank and fashion. O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon, And sic a lassie by him? O wha can prudence think upon, And sae in love as I am? O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The sillie bogies, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have, Life's dearest bands untwining? Or why sae sweet a flower as love, Depend on Fortune's shining?

GALLA WATER.

THERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow brace, That wander thro' the blooming heather;

But Yarrow braes, nor Ettric shaws, Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane, Aboon them a' I lo'e him better; And I'il be his, and he'll be mine, The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird, And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher; Yet rich in kindest, truest love, We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure. The bands and bliss o' mutual love, O that's the chiefest warld's treasure'

LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour, And loud the tempest's roar; A wasfu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,— Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha', And a' for loving thee; At least some pity on me shaw, If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove, By bonnie Irwine side, Where first I own'd that virgin-love I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow, Thou wad for ay be mine! And my fond heart, itsel sae true, It me'er mistrusted thine' Hard is thy heart. Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven, that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,

Your willing victim see! But spare, and pardon my fause love, His wrangs to heaven and me!

MARY MORISON

Tune-" Bide ye yet."

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithly wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string, The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha', To thee my fancy took its wing. I sat, but neither heard or saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw And you the toast of a' the town, I sigh'd, and said, amang them a', 'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace, Wha for thy sake wad gladly die? Or canst thou break that heart of his, Whase only fault is loving thee? If love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pity to me shown! A thought ungentle canna be The thought o' Mary Morison.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie, Now tired with wandering, haud awa hame, Come to my bosom my ae only dearie, [same, And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the

Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting; It was na the blast brought the tear to my e'e; Now welcome the simmer, and welcome mv Willie.

The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave o' your slumbers, O how your wild horrors a lover alarms! Awaken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows, And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms

But if he's forgotten his faithfullest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thou wide roaring
main;

May I never see it, may I never trow it, But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

THE SAME.

As altered by Mr. Erskine and Mr. Thomson.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,

Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame,

Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,

Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same

Winter-winds blew loud and caul at our parting Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e; Welcome now sımmer, and welcome my Willie, As simmer to nature, so Willie to me. Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave o' your slumbers,

How your dread howling a lover alarms!

Blow soft, ye breezes! roll gently, ye billows!

And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie, Flow still between us thou dark heaving main! May I never see it, may I never trow it, While duing, I think that my Willie's my ain.

Our Poet, with his usual judgment, adopted some of these alterations, and rejected others. The last edition is as follows:

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting, Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e, Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie, The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slum bers,

How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh! if he's faithless, and .ninds na his Nannie, Flow still between us th at wide-roaring main; May I never see it, may I never trow it, But, dying, believe tast my Willie's my ain.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH:

WITH ALTERATIONS.

OH, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, oh!
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek, But caulder thy love for me, oh! The frost that freezes the life at my heart, Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave, And time is setting with me, oh! False friends, false love, farewell! for mair I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh! My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side,

Never to rise again, oh !-

JESSIE.

Tune-" Bonnie Dundee."

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,

And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr, But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river, Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair: To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over, To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain; Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover, And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning, And sweet is the lily at evening close; But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie, Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring; Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law; And still to her charms she alone is a stranger! Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

AIR-" The Mill Mill O."

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning.
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning,
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast, My hand unstain'd wi' plunder; And for fair Scotia's hame again, I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil, I thought upon my Nancy, I thought upon the witching smile That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!

And turn'd me round to hide the flood That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass, Sweet as you nawthorn's blossom, O! happy, harpy may he be, That's dearest to thy bosom! My parse is light, I've far to gang, And fain wad be thy lodger;

I've serv'd my king and country lang, Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me, And lovelier was than ever: Quo she. a sodger ance I lo'ed, Forget him sna!! I never:

Our humble cot, and namely fare, Ye freely shall partake it, Tha gallant badge, the dear cockade, Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd-she redden'd like a rose-Syne pale nae ony lily;

She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain uear Willie?

By him who made yon sun and sky— By whom true love's regarded. I am the man; and thus may stul True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame, And find thee still true-hearted; Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love, And mair we'se ne'er be parted. Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd, A mailen plenish'd fairly;

And come, my faithfu' sodger lad, Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main, The farmer ploughs the manor; But glory is the sodger's prize;
The sodger's wealth is honor;
The brave. poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

MEG O' THE MILL.

AIR-" O bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack 1"

O KEN ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten ? An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten ? She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller, And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strapping, the miller was ruddy A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady: The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl:—She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her heart leal and loving:
The laird did address her wi' matter mair
moving,

A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle, A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wea on the siller, it is sae prevailing; And wea on the love that is fix'd on a mailen! A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle, But gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!

SONG.

TUNE—" Liggeram Cosh."

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me:

Careless ilka thought and free, As the breeze flew o'er me: Now nae longer sport and play, Mirth or sang can please me; Lesley is sae tair and coy, Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy, is the task,
Hopeless love declaring:
Trembling, I dow notcht but glow'r
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws,
In my bosom swelling;
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

SONG.

TUNE-" Logan Water."

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide, That day I was my Willie's bride; And years sisnyne has o'er us run, Like Logan to the simmer sun. But now thy flow'ry banks appear Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, While my dear lad maun face his faes, Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And ev'ning's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush, Amang her nestlings sits the thrush; Her faithfu' mate will share her toil, Or wi' his song her care beguile; But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here, Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer, Pass widow'd nights and joyless days, While Willie's far frae Logan braes!

O wae upon you, men o' state, That brethren rouse to deadly hate! As ye make mony a fond heart mourn, Sae may it on your heads return! How can your flinty hearts enjoy, The widow's tears, the orphan's cry? But soon may peace bring happy days, And Willie, hame to Logan braes!

FRAGMENT, IN WITHERSPOON'S COLLECTION OF

SCOTS SONGS.

Air-" Hughie Graham."

"O GIN my love were you red rose, That grows upon the castle wa', And I mysel a drop of dew, Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

"Oh, there beyond expression blest, I'd feast on beauty a' the night; Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest, Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light," O were my love yon lilac fair, Wi' purple blossoms to the spring, And I, a bird to shelter there, When wearied on his little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn By autumn wild, and winter rude! But I wad sing on wanton wing, When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

BONNIE JEAN.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair, At kirk and market to be seen, When a' the fairest maids were met, The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And ay she wrought her mammie's wark, And ay she sang sae merrilie: The blithest bird upon the bush Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest,
And frost will blight the fairest flow'rs,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad, The flower and pride o' a' the glen; And he had owsen, sheep and key, And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste, He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down; And lang ere witless Jeanie wist, Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

These stanzas were added by Burns.

As in the bosom o' the stream, The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; So trembling, pure, was tender love, Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark, And ay she sighs wi' care and pain; Ye wist na what her ail might be, Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light, And did na joy blink in her e'e, As Robie tauld a tale o' love, Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear; O canst thou think to fancy me! Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot, And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, Or naething else to trouble thee; But stray amang the heather-bells, And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do? She had nae will to say him na: At length she blush'd a sweet consent, And love was ay between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR

Tune-" Robin Adair."

While larks with little wings, Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high:
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song, Glad did I share;
While yon wild flow'rs among, Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray
Such thy bloom! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare:
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

SONG.

To the same tune.

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing
There would I weep my woes, [roar,

There seek my last repose, Till grief my eyes should close, Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air!
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try,
What peace is there!

SONG

Tune-" Allan Water."

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Bonleddi;*
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready;
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony;
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—
O, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

O, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine forever!"
While mony a kiss the scal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae, The simmer joys the flocks to follow;

^{*} A mountain west of Strath Allan. 3,009 feet high

How cheery thro' her shortening day,
Is autumn, in her weeds o' yellow;
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad: O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad; Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad, O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me, And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee; Syne up the back-stile, and let nae body see, And come as ye were na comin to me, And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me, Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie: But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e, Yet look as ye were na looking at me, Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me, And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee; But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be, For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me, For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

SONG.

TUNE-"The mucking o' Geordie's byre."

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flow'rs as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

Awa wi' your belles and your beauties, They never wi' her can compare; Whaever has met wi' my Phillis, Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy, So artless, so simple, so wild; Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis, For she is simplicity's child. Awa, &c.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer, Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest; How fair and how pure is the lily, But fairer and purer her breast.

Awa. &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbor, They ne'er wi'my Phillis can vie: Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine, Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye. Awa, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa, &c.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting, The bloom of a fine summer's day While worth in the mind o' my Phillis Will flourish without a decay.

Awa. &c.

SONG

AIR-" Cauld Kail."

COME. let me take thee to my breast. And pledge we ne'er shall sunder: And I shall spurn as vilest dust The warld's wealth and grandeur. And do I hear my Jeanie own, That equal transports move her? I ask for dearest life alone That I may live to love her. Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms, I clasp my countless treasure: I'll count nae mair o' heaven to share; Than sic a moment's pleasure: And by thy een, sae bonnie blue. I swear I'm thine forever ! And on thy lips I seal my yow. And break it shall I never.

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green spreading bowers.
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe, Dainty Davie, dainty Davie, There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear dainty Davie. The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scentcd breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west, The curtain draws o' nature's rest, I'll flee to his arms I lo'e best, And that's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
Mu ain dear dainty Davie.

SONG.

Tune-" Oran Gaoil."

Behold the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart's Sever'd from thee, can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
You distant isle will often hail:
E'en here I took the last farewell;
There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.

Along the solitary shore, While flitting sea-fowl round me cry, Across the rolling, dashing roar, I'll westward turn my wistful eye: Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be. While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray. O tell me. does she muse on me?

SONG.

Tune-" Fee him Father."

Гноυ hast left me ever. Jamie. Thou hast left me ever. Ime ever. Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, Thou hast left Aften hast thou vow'd that death, Only should us sever!

Now thou'st left thy lass for av-I maun see thee never, Jamie, I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, Thou hast me forsaken. fforsaken. Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, Thou hast me Thou canst love anither jo, While my heart is breaking. [waken, Jamie. Soon my weary een I'll close-Never mair to Ne'er mair to waken.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should add acquaintance be forgot. And never brought to min'? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

We twa hae ran about the braes. And pu' the gowans fine; But we've wandered mony a weary foot, Sin auld lang syne. For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn. Frae mornin sun till dine: But seas between us braid hae roar'd, Sin auld lang syne. For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier, And gie's a hand o' thine : And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught. For auld lang syne. For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stown, And surely I'll be mine; And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

BANNOCK-BURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY Scors, who hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has aften led. Welcome to your gory bed,

2A Or to glorious victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour, See the front o' battle lower; See approach proud Edward's power, Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law, Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Freeman stand, or freeman fa', Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low 'Tyrants fall in every foe! Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die'

FAIR JENNY,

Tune-"Saw ye my father?"

Where are the joys I have met in the morning, That danc'd to the lark's early song? Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring. At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river, And marking sweet flow rets so fair: No more I trace the light footsteps of pleu-ure But sorrow and sad sighing care. it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover, Yet long, long too well have I known: All that has caus'd this wreck in my bosom, Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal, Nor hope dare a comfort bestow: Come then, enamor'd and fond of my anguish, Enjoyment I'll seek in my wo.

SONG.

TUNE-" The Collier's Dochter."

Deluded swain, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion,
They are but types of woman.

O art thou not ashamed,
To dote upon a feature?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go find an honest fellow;
Good claret set before thee:
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

SONG.

TUNE-" The Quaker's Wife."

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish,
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure:
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life, when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

SONG.

TUNE-"To Janet."

Husband, husband, cease your strife, Nor longer idly rave, Sir; Tho' I am your wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir.

"One of two must still obey, Nancy, Nancy;

Is it man or woman, say, My spouse, Nancy?"

If 'tis still the lordly word, Service and obedience; I'll desert my sov'reign lord, And so, good bye allegiance!

"Sad will I be, so bereft, Nancy, Nancy; Yet I'll try to make a shift, My spouse, Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must, My last hour I'm near it: When you lay me in the dust Think, think how you will bear it.

"I will hope and trust in Heaven, Nancy, Nancy; Strength to bear it will be given, My spouse, Nancy."

Well, Sir, from the silent dead Still I'll try to daunt you; Ever round your midnight bed Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

"Il wed another like my dear Nancy, Nancy; Then all hell will fly for fear, My spouse, Nancy."

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE

These verses were originally in English; Burns has bestowed on them a Scottish dress.

Tune-"The Maid's Complaint."

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face, Nor shape, that I admire, Although thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awake desire. Something, in ilka part o' thee, To praise, to love, I find; But dear as is thy form to me, Still dearer is thy mind.

Na mair ungen'rous wish I hae, Nor stronger in my breast, Than if I canna mak thee sae, At least to see thee blest. Content am I, if heaven shall give But happiness to thee: And as wi' thee I'd wish to live, For thee I'd bear to die.

BANKS OF CREE.

Here is the glen, and here the bower, All underneath the birchen shade; The village-bell has toll'd the hour... O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale.'
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come; and art thou true!
O welcome dear, to love and me!
And let us all their vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal lives, In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd, Accept the' gift; tho' humble he who gives, Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast, Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest, Or love eestatic wake his seraph song.

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears, As modest want the tale of wo reveals; While conscious virtue all the strain endears, And heaven-born piety her sanction seals.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE-" O'er the Hills," &c.

How can my poor heart be glad, When absent from my sailor lad? How can I the thought forego, He's on the seas to meet the foe? Let me wander, let me rove; Still my heart is with my love; Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day, Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away:
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are ay with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint, As weary flocks around me pant,

Haply in this scorching sun My sailor's thund'ring at his gun; Bullets, spare my only joy! Bullets, spare my darling boy! Fate, do with me what you may; Spare but him that's far away!

On the seas. &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with bondless pow'r;
As the storms the forests tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

SONG.

Tune-" Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."
CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, Ca' them whare the heather grows, Ca' them whare the burnie rows, My bonnie dearie.

HARK, the mavis' evening song Sounding Clouden's woods amang;

Then a-faulding let us gang, My bonnie dearie. Ca' the, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side, Thro' the hazels spreading wide, O'er the waves, that sweetly glide To the moon sae clearly.

Ca' the. &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers, Where at moonshine midnight hours, O'er the dewy bending flow'rs, Fairies dance sae cheery. Ca' the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heav'n sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the. &c.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

Tone-" Onagh's Water-fall."

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
18

Her smiling sae wiling,
Wad make a wretch forget his wo;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw;
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ankle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad mak a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form, and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She savs she lo's me best of a'.

Let others love the city,

And gaudy show at sunny noon,
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon;
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes her sang;
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'!

SAW YE MY PHELY!

(Quasi dicat Phillis.)

TUNE-" When she cam ben she bobbit."

O saw ye my dear, my Phely? O saw ye my dear, my Phely? She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love, She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely? What says she, my dearest, my Phely? She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot, And forever disowns thee her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely! O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely! As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair, Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

SONG.

TUNE-" Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."
How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie;
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days I spent wi' thee, my dearie; And now what seas between us roar, How can I be but eerie?

For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours. The joyless day how dreary!
It was nae sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
For oh, &c.

SONG.

Tung-" Duncan Gray,"

Let not woman e'er complain, Of inconstancy in love; Let not woman e'er complain, Fickle man is apt to rove:

Look abroad through Nature's range, Nature's mighty law is change; Ladies, would it not be strange, Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies; Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow: Sun and moon but set to rise, Round and round the seasons go.

Why then ask of silly man,
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant when we can—
You can be no more, you know.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

TUNE-" Deil tak the Wars."

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature; Rosy morn now lifts his eye, Numbering ilka bud which Naturs
Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants freeiv, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day

Phæbus gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me, my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky;
But when, in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart;
"Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

THE AULD MAN.

Bur lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day,
Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled,
On winter blasts awa!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe Shall melt the snaws of age; My trunk of eild, but buss or bield, Sinks in time's wintry rage. Oh, age has weary days, And nights o' sleepless pain! Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime, Why com'st thou not again!

SONG

Tung-"My lodging is on the cold ground."

My Chloris, mark how green the groves, The primrose banks how fair:

The balmy gales awake the flowers, And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,

To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skillfu' string.

In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi'scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours,

Beneath the milk-white thorn?
The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:

The courtier tell's a finer tale, But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine;
The courtiers' gems may witness love—

But 'tis na love like mine.

SONG.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH ONE.

It was the charming month of May, When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay, One morning, by the break of day, The youthful, charming Chloe;

From peaceful slumber she arose, Girt on her mantle and her hose, And o'er the flowery mead she goes, The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people, you might see Perch'd all around on every tree, In notes of sweetest melody, They hail the charming Chloe;

Till, painting gay the eastern skies, The glorious sun began to rise, Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes Of youthful, charming Chloe. Lovely was she. &c.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS

TUNE-" Rothemurchie's Rant."

CHORUS.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, Bonnie tassie, artless lassie, Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks, Wilt thou be my dearte, O? Now nature cleeds the flowery lea, And a' is young and sweet like thee; O wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'lt be my dearie. O?

Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower, Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower, We'll to the breathing woodbine bower, At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi', &c.
When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love. my dearie. O.

Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest:

Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
O wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

SONG.

Tune-" Nancy's to the Greenwood," &c.

FAREWELL thou stream, that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown, I fain my griefs would cover; The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan, Betray the hapiess lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair, Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me; But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer, For pity's sake, forgive me.

The music of thy voice I heard, Nor wist while it enslav'd me; I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd, Till fears no more had sav'd me; Th' unwary sailor thus aghast, The wheeling torrent viewing; 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last In overwhelming ruin.

DUETT.

Tune—" The Sow's Tail."

- HE—O PHILLY, happy be that day
 When roving through the gather'd hay,
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,
 And by thy charms, my Philly.
- SHE—O Willy, ay I bless the grove Where first I own'd my maiden love, Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above To be my ain dear Willy.
- HE—As songsters of the early year
 Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
 So ilka day to me mair dear
 And charming is my Philly.
- Still richer breathes, and fairer blows,

So in my tender bosom grows The love I bear my Willy.

- The milder sun and bluer sky,
 That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
 Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
 As is a sight o' Philly.
- The little swallow's wanton wing,
 Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
 Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
 As meeting o' my Willy.
 - The bee that thro' the sunny hour Sips nectar in the opening flower, Compar'd wi' my delight is poor, Upon the lips o' Philly.
- - HE—Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
 And fools may tine, and knaves may win;
 My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
 And that's my ain dear Philly.
- SHE—What's a' the joys that gowd can gie! I care nae wealth a single flie; The lad I love's the lad for me, And that's my ain dear Willy.

SONG.

Tune-" Lumps o' Pudding."

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair, Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care, I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin alang, Wi'a cog o'guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang. I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought:

But man is a soger, and life is a faught: My mirth and guid humor are coin in my pouch And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa', A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a': When at the blithe end o' our journey at last, What he deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her

Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae: Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure, or pain, lagain!'' My warst word is-" Welcome, and welcome

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS. MY KATY?

Tune-" Roy's Wife."

CHORUS.

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy? Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ? Well thou know'st my aching heart, And canst thou leave me thus for pity ?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard, Thus cruelly to part, my Katy? Is this thy faithful swain's reward-An aching, broken heart, My Katy? Canst thou, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear That fickle heart of thine, my Katy! Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—But not a love like mine, my Katy.

Canst thou, &c.

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

Tune-" There'll never be peace," &c.

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays, And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,

While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw:

But to me it's delightless-my Nannie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,

And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn; They pain my sad bosom, so sweetly they blaw, They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.

Thou lav rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn, [dawn,

The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa', Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come, autumn. sae pensive, in yellow and gray, And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay: The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw, Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that;
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that, Our toil's obscure, and a' that, The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;

For a' that, and a' that, Their tinsel show, and a' that;

The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord, Wha struts, and stares, and a' that; Tho' hundreds worship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that:

For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that; But an honest man's aboon his might, Guid faith he mauna fa' that! For a' that, and a' that,

Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,

That man to man, the warld o'er, Shall brothers be for a' that.

SONG.

TUNE-" Craigie-burn Wood."

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn, And blithe awakes the morrow, But a' the pride o' spring's return Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flow'rs and spreading trees, I hear the wild birds singing; But what a weary wight can please, And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my grief impart, Yet dare na for your anger; But secret love will break my heart, If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When you green leaves fade frae the tree
Around my grave they'll wither.

SONG.

TUNE-" Let me in this ae night."

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet? Or art thou wakin, I would wit? For love has bound me hand and foot, And I would fain be in, io.

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night, This ae. ae, ae night; For pity's sake this night, O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hears't the winter-wind and west, Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet Tak pity on my weary feet, And shield me frae the rain, jo. O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws. Unhecded howls, unheeded fa's; The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain, Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain! Gae back the gate ye cam again, I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night, This ae, ae, ae night; And ance for a' this ae night. I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, That round the pathless wand rer pours, Is nocht to what poor she endures, That's trusted faithless man, jo.

I hat's trusted faithless man, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead, Now trodden like the vilest weed; Let simple maid the lesson read, The weird may be her ain, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say,
How aft her fate's the same, jo,

I tell you now, &c.

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK

TUNE-" Where'll bonnie Ann lie?" Or. " Loch-Eroch Side."

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay Nor quit for me the trembling spray, A hapless lover courts thy lay, Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part, That I may catch thy melting art; For surely that wad touch her heart, Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind, And heard thee as the careless wind? Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd, Sic notes o' we could wanken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care; O' speechless grief, and dark despair; For pity's sake, sweet bird, nac mair! Or my poor heart is broken!

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL

TUNE-" Av wakin O."

CHORUS.

Long, long the night, Heavy comes the morrow. While my soul's delight Is on her bed of sorrow.

CAN I cease to care? Can I cease to languish. While my darling fair Is on the couch of anguish? Long, &c.

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror!
Long, &c.

Hear me, Powr's divine:
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Long, &c.

SONG.

Tune-" Humors of Glen."

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon, [perfume, Where bright-beaming summers exalt the Far dearer to me you lone glen o' green breckan, Wi the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are you humble broom bowers, Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:

For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers, A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys.

And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the
proud palace, [slave!
What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and
2C

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains.

The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain; He wanders ae free as the winds of his mountains, [Jean. Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his

SONG.

Tune-"Laddie, lie near me."

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind
us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o'
Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom forever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest, And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest And thou'rt the angel that never can alter, Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ÉNGLISH SONG.

TUNE-" John Anderson my jo."

How cruel are the parents, Who riches only prize, And to the wealthy booby, Poor woman sacrifice. Meanwhile the hapless daughter, Has but a choice of strife; To shun a tyrant father's hate, Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impending ruin,
A while her pinions tries;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet,

SONG.

Tune-" Deil tak the Wars."

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy. titled bride:
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array;
Shrinking from the gaze of day.
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,

In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown;
Even Avarice would deny
His worship'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein Love's raptures roll

SONG

"Tune-This is no my ain House."

CHORUS.

O this is no my ain lassie, Fair tho' the lassie be; O weel ken I my ain lassie, Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fairest place, It wants, to me, the witching grace, The kind love that's in her e'e. O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall And lang has had my heart in thrall; And ay it charms my very saul,

The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no. &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' eet,
When kind love is in the e'e.
O this is no. &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks, It may escape the learned clerks; But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

SCOTTISH SONG.

Now spring has clad the groves in green, And strew'd the lea wi' flowers; The furrow'd, waving corn is seen Rejoice in fostering showers; While ilka thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, O why thus all alone are mine The weary steps of wo!

The trout within yon wimplin burn Glides swift, a silver dart, And safe beneath the shady thorn Defies the angler's art: My life was ance that careless stream, That wanton trout was I; But love, wi' unrelenting beam, Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joys consume.

The waken'd lav'rock, warbling, springs, And climbs the early sky, Winnowing blithe her dewy wings In morning's rosy eye; As little reckt I sorrow's power, Until the flowery snare O' witching love, in luckless hour, Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows, Or Afric's burning zone, Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes, So Peggy ne'er I'd known! The wretch whase doom is, "hope nae mair, What tongue his woes can tell! Within whase bosom, save despair, Nae kinder spirits dwell.

SCOTTISH SONG.

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man,
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew, How pure amang the leaves sae green; But purer was the lover's vow They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower,
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn, Wi Chloris in my arms, be mine; And I, the world, nor wish, nor scorn, Its joys and griefs alike resign.

WRITTEN on a blank leaf of a copy of his Poems presented to a Lady, whom he had often celebrated under the name of Chloris.

'Tıs friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, Nor thou the gift refuse, Nor with unwilling ear attend The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms, Must bid the world adieu, (A world 'gainst peace in constant arms) 'To join the friendly few:

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast, Chill came the tempest's lower; (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more, Still much is left behind; Still nobler wealth hast thou in store, The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honor's part;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste, With every muse to rove; And doubly were the poet blest, These joys could he improve.

ENGLISH SONG.

Tune-"Let me in this ae night."

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near, Far, far from thee, I wander here,

Far, far from thee, the fate severe At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

O wert thou, love, but near me, But near, near, near me; How kindly thou wouldst cheer me, And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky, That blasts each bud of hope and joy; And shelter, shade, nor home have I, Save in those arms of thine, love.

O wert. &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part, To poison fortune's ruthless dart—Let me not break thy faithful heart, And say that fate is mine, love.

O wert. &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet, O let me think we yet shall meet! That only ray of solace sweet Can on thy Chloris shine, love O wert &c.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

TUNE-" The Lothian Lassie."

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen.

And sair wi' his love he did deave me; I said there was naething I hated like men, Ime, The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me. He spak o the darts in my bonnie black e'en, And vow'd for my love he was dying; said he might die when he liked, for Jean, The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying, The Lord forgie me for lying!

\ weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird, And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers: ! never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd, [offers, But thought I might hae waur offers, waur But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less, The deil tak his taste to gae near her!

He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess, Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her.

Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.
But a' the niest week, as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
I glowyd as I'd cap a warlock a warlock

I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock, I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock. But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,

Lest neebors might say I was saucy; My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink, And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie, And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet, Gin she had recover'd her hearin, [feet

And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't But, heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin, But heavens! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife, Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow: So e'en to preserve the poor body in life, [row,

to e'en to preserve the poor body in life, [row, I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morthink I maun wed him to-morrow.

BURNS' POEMS.

FRAGMENT.

TUNE-" The Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

Why, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy!
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?

O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers, Chloris, Chloris all the theme; Why, why wouldst thou cruel, Wake thy lover from his dream?

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Tune -" Balinamona ora."

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms, The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms, O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms, O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS.

Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, Then hey, for a loss wi' a tocher; the nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows.

And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green
knowes, [yowes.
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white
Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest, [sest; The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when pos-But the sweet yellow darlings, wi Geordie im-

rhe langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.

Then hey, &c.

SONG.

Tunn-" Here s a health to them that's awa, hiney."

CHORUS.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear; [meet, Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine, Altho' even hope is denied; 'Tis sweeter for thee, despairing, Than aught in the world beside—Jessy! Here's a health, &c.

1 mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day, As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms; But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber, For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy! Here's a health, &c.

I guess, by the dear angle smile,
I guess, by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!

Here's a health, &c.

SONG.

Tune-" Rothermurchies' Rant."

chorus.

Fairest maid on Devon banks, Crystal Devon, winding Devon, Wilt thou lay that frown aside, And smile as thou were wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee, dear, Couldst thou to malice lend an ear!

O, did not love exclaim, "Forlear,
Nor use a faithful lover so?"

Fairest maid. &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair.
Those wonted smiles, O, let me share,
And by thy beauteous self, I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go, Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes And o'er the crystal streamlet plays. Come let us spend the lightsome days, In the Birks of Aberfeldy. Bonnie lassie. &c.

While ô'er their heads the hazels hing. The little birdies blithly sing, Or lightly flit on wanton wing, In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers, White o'er the linns the burnie pours, And rising, weets wi' misty showers, The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee, They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me, Supremely blest wi' love and thee, In the Birks of Aberfeldy. Bonnie lassie, &c.

STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME?

Tune-" An Gille dubh ciar-dhubh."

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me? Cruel, cruel to deceive me! Well you know how much you grieve me; Cruel charmer, can you go? Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love, so ill requited;
By the faith you fondly plighted;
By the pangs of lovers slighted;
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not do not leave me so!

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling, Howling tempests o'er me rave! Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets, gently flowing, Busy haunts of base mankind, Western breezes, softly blowing, Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress.
Honor's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens deny'd success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us, Not a hope that dare attend, The wide world is all before us— But a world without a friend!

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER

Tune-" Morag."

Loup blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden;
Return him safe to fair Srathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning, Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging. The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithly singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden,
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

TUNE-" M'Grigor of Ruaro's Lament."

RAVING winds around her blowing, Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, By a river hoarsely roaring, Isabella stray'd deploring. "Farewell, hours that late did measure Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,

Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes,
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
O how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN

Tune-" Druimion dubh."

Musing on the roaring ocean, Which divides my love and me;

Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion, For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow, Yielding late to nature's law; Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded, Ye who never shed a tear, Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded, Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me; Downy sleep, the curtain draw; Spirits kind, again attend me, Talk of him that's far awa!

BLITHE WAS SHE.

Blithe, blithe and merry was she, Blithe was she but and ben: Bithe by the banks of Ern, And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik, On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw; But Phemie was a bonnier lass Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw. Blithe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blithe. &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lee;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blithe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, And o'er the Lowlands I hae been; But Phemie was the blithest lass That ever trod the dewy green. Blithe, &c.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk, Adown a corn-enciosed bawk, Sae gently bent its thorny stalk All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled In a' its crimson glory spread, And drooping rich the dewy head, It scents the carly morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood, The pride, the pleasure o' the wood, Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd, Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair, On trembling string or vocal air, Shall sweetly pay the tender care That tents thy early morning. So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay. Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day, And bless the parent's evening ray That watch'd thy early morning.

WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WIN-TER'S STORMS.

TUNE-" N. Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny."

WHERE braving angry winter's storms, The lofty Ochils rise.

Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes.

As one, beside some savage stream, A lovely gem surveys,

Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam, With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade, And blest the day and hour, Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd When first I felt their pow'r! The tyrant death with grim control May seize my fleeting breath;

But tearing Peggy from my soul Must be a stronger death.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Tune-" Ivercald's Reel."

CHORUS.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, Ye would nae been sae shy; For laik o' gear ye lightly me, But trowth, I care na by.

YESTSEEN I met you on the moor, Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure: Ye geck at me because I'm poor, But feint a hair care I.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but you may think, Because ye hae the name o' clink, That ye can please me at a wink, Whene'er you like to try.

O Tibbie, I hae, &.c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean, Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean, Wha follows ony saucy quean

That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart, If that he want the yellow dirt, Ye'll cast your head anither airt, And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie, I hue, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear, Ye'll fasten to him like a brier, Tho' hardly he for sense, or lear, Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie, I hae, &.c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice, Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice, The deil a ane wad spier your price, Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park, I would na gie her in her sark, For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark Ye need na look sae high. O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night Shall poor Sylvander hie; Depriv'd of thee. his life and light, The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops That fill thy lovely eyes! No other light shall guide my steps Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day:
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

Tune-"Seventh of November."

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;

Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes, Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above, my mind can move,
For thee and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart.

THE LAZY MIST.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Concealing the course of the dark winding rill; How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear.

As antumn to winter resigns the pale year! The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown, And all the gay foppery of summer is flown; Apart let me wander, apart let me muse, How quick time is flying, how keen fate pur-

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd
in vain:

How little of life's scanty span may remain: What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn:

What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn.

How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!

And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd,
how pain'd!

This life's not worth having with all it can give, For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL'

Tune--" My love is lost to me."

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee!
But Nith maun be my muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sel;
On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,

And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay! For a' the lee-lang simmer's day, 1 condna sing, I condna say, How much, how dear I love thee.

The much, now dear I love thee.

I see thee dancing o'er the green.

Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,

Thy tempting lips. thy roguish een—

By heaven and earth, I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And ay I muse and sing thy name,
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I love thee.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Tune—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

Or a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:

There wild woods grow, and rivers flow.
And mony a hill between;
But day and night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'rs,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded grove Maria sang,
Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers, Again ye'll flourish fresh and far; Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers, Again ye'll charm the vocal air. But here, alas! for me nae mair Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile; Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and Allan came to see; Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night, Ye wad na find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're na that fou, But just a drappie in our e'e; The cock may craw, the day may daw, And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou. &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa, A cuckold, coward loon is he! Wha last beside his chair shall fa', He is the king amang us three! We are na fou, &c.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I GAED a waefu' gate, yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright; Her lips like roses wat wi'dew, Her heaving bosom, lily-white;— It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd, She charm'd my soul I wist na how; And ay the stound, the deadly wound, Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue. But spare to speak, and spare to speed; She'll aiblins listen to my vow: Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

THE BANKS OF NITH

Tune-" Robie Dona Gorach."

The Thames flows proudly to the sea, Where royal cities stately stand; But sweeter flows the Nith to me, Where Commins ance had high command. When shall I see that honor'd land, That winding stream I love so dear! Must wayward fortune's adverse hand Forever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales, Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom; How sweetly wind thy sloping dales, Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom! Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom, Far from thy bonnie banks and braes, May there my latest hours consume, Amay the friends of early days!

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John, When we were first acquent; Your locks were like the raven, Your bonnie brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snaw; But blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo. John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand and hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

TAM GLEN.

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie, Some counsel unto me come len', To anger them a' is a pity; But what will 1 do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinkin, wi' sic a braw fellow, In poortith I might mak a fen'; What care I in riches to wallow, If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drummeller,
"Guid day to you, brute," he comes ben i
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen !

My minnie does constantly deave me, And bids me beware of young men, They flatter, she says, to deceive me, But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen!

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him, He'll gie nie guid hunder marks ten: But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him, O wha will I get but 'Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing, My heart to my mou gied a sten; For thrice I drew ane without failing, And thrice it was written, Tam Glen?

The last Halloween I was waukin My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken, His likeness cam up the house staukin, And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry; I'll gre you my bonnie black hen, Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty, And meikle thinks my luve o' my.kin; But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie. My tocher's the jewel has charms for him. It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree; It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee; My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller, He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airl-penny, My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy; But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin, Sae ye wi' anither your fortune may try. Ye're like to the trimmer o' yon rotten wood, Ye're like to the bark of yon rotten tree, Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread, And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

THEN GUIDWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night, But we'll ne'er stay for faute o' light, For ale and brandy's stars and moon, And bluid-red wine 's the rysin sun.

Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin, [coggie mair.

Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen, And semple-folk mann fecht and fen'; But here we're a' in ae accord, For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

Then guidwife count. &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.
Then guidwife count, &c.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DOWN' AN AULD MAN?

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?

Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minned. To sell her poor Jennie for siller an' lan'!

Bad luck on the pennie, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin, He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang; He's doylt and he's dozen, his bluid it is frozen, O, dreary's the night with a crazy auld man! He hums and he hankers, he frets and he can-

kers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fel-

lows:
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man'
My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity.
I'll do my endeavor to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart
break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new

THE BONNIE WEE THING

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing.
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.
Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ac constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess of this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee, &c.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM TUME—"The Moudiewort."

An O, for one and twenty. Tam!

An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam I'll learn my kin a rattlin song, An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down, And gar me look like bluntie, Tam! But three short years will soon wheel roun'. And then comes ane and twenty, Tam, An O. for ane. &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear, Was left me by my auntie, Tam! At kith or kin I needna spier, An I saw ane and twenty, Tam! An O, for ane, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof, Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, 'Tam; But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof, I'm thine at one and twenty, Tam! An O, for ane, &c.

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL

O LEEZE me on my spinning wheel, O leeze me on my rock and reel, Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien, And haps me fiel and warm at e'en! I'll set me down and sing and spin, While laigh descends the simmer sun, Blest wi' content, and milk and meal-O leeze me on my spinning wheel. On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blithe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail, And echo cons the doolfu' tale; The lintwhites in the hazel braes, Delighted, rival ither lays: The craik amang the claver hay, The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley, The swallow jinkin round my shiel, Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi'sma' to sell, and less to buy, Aboon distress, below envy, O wha wad leave this humble state, For a' the pride of a' the great? Amid their flaring, idle toys, Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys, Can they the peace and pleasure feel Of Bessy at her spinning wheel?

COUNTRY LASSIE.

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says, I'll he wed, come o't what will;
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
"O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

"It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken.
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
A routhie but, a routhie ben:
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre:
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the luver's fire."

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae well his craps and kye,
He has no luve to spare for me:
But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

"O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
A hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare
An' willfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye,
But the tender heart o' leesome luve,
The gowd and siller canna buy;
We may be poor—Robie and I.
Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and luve brings peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne!

FAIR ELIZA.

A GAELIC AIR.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rew on thy despairing lover!

Canst thou break his faithfu' heart ?

Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,

For pity hide the cruel sentence, Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear maid, has I offended?
The offence is loving thee:

Canst thou wreck his peace forever,

Wha for thine wad gladly die? While the life beats in my bosom,

Thou shalt mix in ilka throe: Turn again, thou lovely maiden,

Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,

In the pride o' sinny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,

All beneath the simmer moon; Not the poet in the moment

Fancy lightens on his e'e, Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture, That thy presence gies to me.

THE POSIE.

O LUVE will venture in, where it daur na weed be seen, [has been; O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae green.

And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,

And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear, For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer:

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phœbus peeps in view, [mou; For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie The hvacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchang-

ing blue, And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair, And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there; The daisy's for simplicty and unaffected air, And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray, [day, Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near, [sae clear: And the diamond-draps o'dew shall be her een The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa'e

to wear, And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken pand of luve. [a' above.

And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by
That to my latest draught o' life, the band shale
ne'er remove,

And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae weary, fu' o' care! Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird, That wantons thro' the flowering thorn; Thou minds me o' departed joys, Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I p'ud a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree:
But my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

SONG.

Tune-" Catharine Ogie."

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon, How can ye blume sae fair, How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird That sings upon the bough; Thou minds me o' the happy days When my fause luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird That sings beside thy mate; For sae I sat, and sae I sang, And wist na o' my fate. Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Frae aff its thorny tree, And my fause luver staw the rose, But left the thorn wi' me

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
Willie was a wabster guid,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as IVillie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very color;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whisken beard about her mou.
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
She 's twisted right, she 's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter;
She had a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther;
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig.
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like middin-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water,
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.
Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, O farewell forever,
Is anguish unningled and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosout,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone,
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,

Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARJES

Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart!

O wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,

And that's the love I bear thee! I swear and vow, that only thou Shall ever be my dearie. Only thou, I swear and vow, Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me;
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE

She's fair and fause, that causes my smart, I lo'ed her meikle and lang; She's broken her vow, she's broken my hear. And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in wi' rowth o' gear, And I hae tint my dearest dear, But woman is but warld's gear, Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love, To this be never blind, Nae ferlie 'its tho' fickle she prove, A woman has't by kind; O woman lovely, woman fair! An angel's form's faun to thy share, I'w ad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair, I mean an angel mind.

AFTON WATER.

Low gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes.

Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro'the

Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon thorny den, Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming forbear.

I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills, Far mark'd wi' the courses of clear, winding rills; There daily I wander as noon rises high, My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below; [blow; Where wild in the woodlands the primroses There, oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea, The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how softly it glides, And winds by the cot where my Mary resides; thow wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes.

Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my layz, My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

BONNIE BELL.

The smiling spring comes in rejoicing.
And surly winter grimly flies:
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the
morning.

The evining gilds the ocean's swell; All creatures joy in the sun's returning, And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer.
And yellow autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
Till smiling spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging
I adore my bonnie Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea, By mony a flow'r, and spreading tree, There lives a lad, the lad for me, He is a gallant weaver. Oh I had wooers aught or nine, They gied me rings and ribbons fine; And I was fear'd my heart would tine, And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band, To gie the lad that has the land; But to my heart I'll add my hand And gie it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers; While bees rejoice in opening flowers; While corn grows green in simmer showers, I'll love my gallant weaver.

IOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE?

Louis, what reck I by thee, Or Geordie on his ocean? Dyvor, beggar louns to me, I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me:
Kings and nations, swith awa!
Reif randies, I disown ye!

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY

My heart is sair, I dare na tell, My heart is sair for somebody: I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody,
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake of somebody!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake of somebody'

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And ay the saut tear blins her e'e:
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see,
And by them lies the dearcst lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sait,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Tune-" Finlayston House."

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart:
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonor'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake,
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow.
Now fond I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest'

O MAY, THY MORN

O May, thy morn were ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will ay remember.

And dear, &c.

And here's to them, that, like oursel, Can push about the jorum; And here's to them that wish us weel, May a' that's guid watch o'er them; And here's to them we dare na tell, The dearest o' the quorum. And here's to. &c.

O. WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN!

O, wat ye wha's in yon town, Ye see the e'nin sun upon? The fairest dame 's in yon town, That e'enin sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw, She wanders by yon spreading tree: How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw, Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

How blest, ye birds that round her sing, And welcome in the blooming year! And doubly welcome be the spring, The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms O' Paradise could yield me joy; But gie me Lucy in my arms, And welcome Lapland's deary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O, sweet is she in you town,
You sinkin sun's gane down upon *

A fairer than 's in yon town, His setting beam ne'er shone upon. If anger fate is sworn my foe, And suffering I am doom'd to bear: I careless quit aught else below. But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. For while life's dearest blood is warm. Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart, And she—as fairest is her form! She has the truest, kindest heart,

A RED, RED ROSE

O. MY luve's like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June: O. my luve 's like the melodie. That 's sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bonnie lass. So deep in luve am I: And I will luve thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun: I will luve thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run. And fare-thee-weel, my only luve! And fare-thee-weel a-while! And I will come again, my luve, Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

A VISION.

As I stood by you roofless tower, Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower.

And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still, The stars they shot along the sky; The fox was howling on the hill, And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth. Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din; Athort the lift they start and shift, Like fortune's favors, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes, And by the moon-beam, shook, to see A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin look had daunted me:
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—Libertie!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to near;
But oh, it was a tale of wo,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter tines;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

COPY

OF A POETICAL ADDRESS

TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER,

With the present of the Bard's Picture.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart, Of Stuart, a name once respected. [heart, A name, which to love was the mark of a true But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my

Let no one misdeem me disloyal; [sigh A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne; My fathers have fallen to right it; Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son, That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for K—G— I most heartly join, The Q—, and the rest of the gentry, Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine; Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,

But loyalty, truce! we'er on dangerous ground Who knows how the fashions may alter? The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,

To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;

But accept it, good Sir. as a mark of regard, Sincere as a saint's dying prayer. Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your And ushers the long dreary night; [eye But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Your course to the latest is bright.

CALEDONIA.

TUNE-" Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

THERE was once a day, but old Time then was young,

That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)

From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it
good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew:
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter
shall rue!"

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling
corn?

But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort, Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the
land:

Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside; She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly, The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the
shore:

The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore:
O'er countries and kingdoms the fury prevail'd
No arts could appease them, no arms could

repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

The Chameleon-savage disturb'd her repose, With tumult, disquiet, rebellion and strife: Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose, And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his

The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood:

But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance, He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free, Her bright course of glory forever shall run, For brave Caledonia immortal must be; I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun; Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,

The upright is Chance, and old Time is the

But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse;
Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them
always.

THE following Poem was written to a Gentleman who had sent him a Newspaper, and offered to continue it free of Expense.

Kind Sir, I've read your paper through. And faith to me, 'twas really new! How guessed ve. Sir, what maist I wanted? This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted, To ken what French mischief was brewin: Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin: That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph. If Venus yet had got his nose off; Or how the collieshangie works Atween the Russians and the Turks: Or if the Swede, before he halt. Would play anither Charles the twalt: If Denmark, any body spak o't: Or Poland, who had now the tack o't: How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin. How libbet Italy was singin; If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, Were savin or takin anoth amiss: Or how our merry lads at hame, In Britain's court kept up the game : How Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him! Was managing St. Stephen's quorum; If sleekit Chatham Will was liven. Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in; How daddie Burke the plea was cookin. If Warren Hasting's neck was yeakin; How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd. Or it bare a—s vet were tax'd: The news o' princes, dukes, and earls, Pumps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls. If that daft buckie, Geordie W***s. Was threshin still at hizzies' tails. Or if he was grown oughtlins douser, And no a perfect kintra cooser,

A' this and mair I never heard of; And but for you I might despaired of. So gratefu', back your news I send you, And pray, a' guid things may attend you. Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY

Hail, Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd! In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd frae common sense, or sunk ennerv'd 'Mang heaps o' claveis; And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd, 'Mid a' thy favors!

Say, lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock and buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives, Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives; Wee Pope, the knurlin, till him rives Horatian fame; In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches:
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear, Will name the shepherd's whistle mair Blaw sweetly, in its native air And rural grace; And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian, share A rival place?

Yes! there is ane—a Scottish callan!
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou needna jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tantallan,
But thou's forever.

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines, In thy sweet Caledonian lines; Nae gowden stream thro' myrtle twines, Where Philomel, While nightly breezes sweep the vines, Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel;
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin love,
That charm that can the strongest quell;
The sternest move.

ON THE

BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

Between the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Ma:

"O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi me, man?
Or were ye at the sherra-muir,
And did the battle see. man?"
I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart, for fear, gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd.
And mony a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles:
They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-swords
clash'd,

And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd, Till fey-men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
And covenant true blues. man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frighted doos, man.

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true? The chase gaed frae the north, man;

I saw myself, they did pursue The horsemen back to Forth, man; And at Dumblane, in my ain sight, They took the brig wi' a' their might, And stranght to Stirling wing'd their flight; But, cursed lot! the gates were shut, And mony a huntit, poor red-coat, For foar amaist did swarf, man."

My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man;
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' blood to spill;
For fear by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes.

And so it goes you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen, Amang the Highland clans, man; I fear my lord Panmure is slain,

Or fallen in whiggish hands, man; Now wad ye sing this double fight, Some fell for wings, and some for right; But mony bid the world guid-night; Then ye may tell, how pell and mell, By red claymores, and muskets' knell, Wi' dving yell, the tories fell,

And whigs to bell did flee, man.

SKETOH.-NEW-YEAR'S DAY

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

Tais day, Time winds th' exhausted chain, To run the twelvemonth's length again:

I see the old, bald-pated fellow, With ardent eyes, complexion sallow, Adjust the unimpair'd machine, To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir, In vain assail him with their praver. Deaf as my friend, he sees them press. Nor makes the hour one moment less. Will you (the Major's with the hounds, The happy tenants share his rounds: Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day. And blooming Keith's engaged with Grav) From housewife cares a minute borrow— That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow— And join with me a-moralizing, This day's propitious to be wise in. First, what did yesternight deliver? "Another year is gone forever." And what is this day's strong suggestion ? "The passing moment 's all we rest on!" Rest on-for what? what do we here! Or why regard the passing year? Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore, Add to our date one minute more? A few days may-a few years must-Repose us in the silent dust. Then is it wise to damp our bliss? Yes-all such reasonings are amiss! The voice of nature loudly cries. And mony a message from the skies. That something in us never dies: That on this frail, uncertain state, Hang matters of eternal weight: That future life in worlds unknown Must take its hue from this alone: Whether as heavenly glory bright, Or dark as misery's woful night.-

Since then, my honor'd, first of friends, On this poor being all depends; Let us th' important now employ, And live as those that never die. Tho' you, with day and honors crown'd, Witness that filial circle round, (A sight life's sorrows to repulse, A sight pale envy to convulse,) Others now claim your chief regard: Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

EXTEMPORE, on the late Mr. William Smellie. Author of the Philosophy of Natural History, and Member of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies of Edinburgh.

To Crochallan came,
The old cock'd hat, the gray surtout, the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shavingnight,

His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring thatch'd

A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd:

Yet the his caustic wit was bitting, rude, His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

POETICALINSCRIPTION for an Altar to Independence, at Kerroughtry, the Seat of Mr. Heron: written in summer, 1795.

THOU of an independent mind, With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd:

Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave, Who wilt not be, nor have a slave; Virtue alone who dost revere, Thy own reproach alone dost fear, Approach this shrine, and woship here.

SONNET,

ON THE

DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ.

OF GLEN RIDDEL, APRIL, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more, Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul; Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole, More welcome were to me grim Winter's wild-

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend;
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round th' untimely tomb

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of wo, And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier: The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer, Is in his "narrow house" forever darkly low.

where Riddel lies.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet; Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. 2H

моиорч

ON A

LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fir'd!

How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd!

How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tir'd!

How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd!

If serrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fare,
Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unlov'd.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you; So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear: But come, all ye offspring of folly so true, And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower.

We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed; But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower, For none e'er approach'd her but ru'd the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre; [lay; There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey, Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam
Want only of wisdom, denied her respect,
Want only of goodness, denied her esteem.

ANSWER to a Mandate sent by the Surveyer of the Windows, Carriages, &c. to each Farmer, ordering him to send a signed List of he Horses, Servants, Wheel-Carriages, &c. and whether he was a married Man or a Backelor and what Children they had.

Sir, as your mandate did request, I send you here a faithfu' list, My horses, servants, carts, and graith, To which I'm free to tak my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle. I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle. As ever drew before a pettle. My hand a fore, a guid auld has-been, And wight and willfu' a' his days seen . My hand a hin, a guid brown filly. Wha aft hae borne me safe frae Killie, And your old borough mony a time, In days when riding was nae crime: My fur a hin, a guid gray beast, As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd: The fourth, a Highland Donald hasty, A d-mn'd red-wud, Kilburnie blastie. For-by a cowt, of cowts the wale. As ever ran before a tail: An' he be spar'd to be a beast. He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel-carriages I hae but few, Three carts, and twa are feckly new; An auld wheel-barrow, mair for token, Ae leg and baith the trams are broken; I made a poker o' the spindle, And my auld mither brunt the trundle. For men, I've three mischievous boys, Run-deils for rantin and for noise; A gadsman ane, a thrasher t'other, Wee Davoc hands the nowte in fother. I rule them, as I ought, discreetly, And often labor them completely, And ay on Sundays duly nightly, i on the questions tairge them tightly, Till faith wee Davoc's grown sae gleg, (Tho' scarcely langer than my leg.) As fast as ony in the dwalling,

I've nane in female servant station,
Lord keep me ay frae a' temptation!
I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,
And ye hae laid nae tax on misses;
For weans I'm mair than well contented,
Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted;
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddie in her face,
Enough of aught ye like but grace.
But her, my bonnie, sweet, wee lady,
I've said enough for her already,
And if ye tax her or her mither,
By the L—d, ye'se get them a' thegither!

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken, Nae kind of license out I'm taking. Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paddle, Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle; I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thanked! And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it, The day and date is under noted; Then know, all ye whom it concerns, Subscripsi huic,

Robert Bunns.

Mossgiel, 22d Feb. 1786.

SONG.

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair, Shall ever be my muse's care; Their titles a' are empty show; Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O, Aboon the plain sae rushy, O, I set me down wi' right good will; To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine, Yon palace and yon gardens fine! The world then the love should know I bear my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me, And I maun cross the raging sea; But while my crimson currents flow I love my Highland lassie, O. Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range, I know her heart will never change, For her bosom burns with honor's glow, My faithful Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar, For her I'll trace a distant shore, That Indian wealth may lustre throw Around my Highland lassie, O. Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my nand, By sacred truth and honor's band!

Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low, I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

> Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O! Farewell, the plain sae rushy, O! To other lands I now must go, To sing my Highland lassie, O!

I M P R O M P T U, on Mrs. ——'s birthday, povember 4, 1793.

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd,
What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me. and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me.
'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

ADDRESS TO A LADY.

On, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yonder lea, on yonder lea; My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou were there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

MISS JESSY ---, DUMFRIES;

With Books which the Bard presented her.

Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair, And with them take the poet's prayer, That fate may in her fairest page, With every kindliest, best presage Of future bliss, enroll thy name, With native worth and spotless fame, And wakeful caution still aware Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare; All blameless joys on earth we find, And all the treasures of the mind—These be thy guardian and reward; So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

SONNET, written on the 25th of January, 1793 the Birth-day of the Author, on hearing a Thrush sing in a morning Walk.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough: Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain: See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign, At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content, with light unanxious
heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,

Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys, What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care, The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll share.

EXTEMPORE, to Mr. S**E, on refusing to Dine with him, after having been promised the first of Company, and the first of Cookery, 17th December, 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not, And cook'ry the first in the nation; Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit, Is proof to all other temptation. To Mr. S**E, with a Present of a Dozen of Porter.

O. HAD the malt thy strength of mind. Or hops the flavor of thy wit. 'Twere drink for first of human kind, A gift that e'en for S**e were fit. Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS

Tunk-" Push about the Jorum."

April, 1795.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat? Then let the loons beware. Sir. There's wooden walls upon our seas. And volunteers on shore. Sir. The Nith shall run to Corsincon. And Criffel sink in Solway. Ere we permit a foreign foe On British ground to rally! Fall de rall, &c.

O let us not, like snarling tykes. In wrangling be divided: Till slap come in an unco loon. And wi' a rung decide it. Be Britain still to Britain true. Amang oursels united: For never but by British hands Maun British wrangs be righted. Fall de rall, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state. Perhaps a claut may fail in't:

But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it;
By heaven, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
Fall de rall, &c.

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damn'd together!
Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.
Fall de rall. &c.

POEM,

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil
Wi'a' his witches,
Are at it, skelpin, jig and reel,
In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That one pound one, I sairly want it:
If wi' the hizzie down you sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
I'd bear 't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning,
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket:
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
A tentier way;
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye.

Sent to a Gentleman whom he had offended.

The friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send;
(Not moony madness more astray)
Who but deplores that hapless friend t

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part, Ah why should I such scenes outlive! Scenes so abhorrent to my heart! 'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

POEM ON LIFE.

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER, DUMFRIES. 1796.

My honor'd colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it,
And fortune favor worth and merit,
As they deserve:
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;
Syne wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, the fiction out may trick her, And in paste gems and frippery deck her; Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker I've found her still, Ay wavering like the willow wicker 'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan, Watches, like baudrans by a rattan, Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on Wi' felon ire;
Syne whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, He's off like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flie aft bizzes by. And aft as chance he comes thee nigh, Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy, And hellish pleasure.

Already in thy fancy's eye,

Thy sicker treasure.

Soon, heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs, And like a sheep-head on a tangs. Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs And murdering wrestle,

As dangling in the wind, he hangs A gibbet's tassel.

But lest vou think I am uncivil. To plague you with this draunting drivel. Abjuring a' intentions evil.

I quat my pen: The Lord preserve us frae the devil! Amen! amen!

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE

My curse upon thy venom'd stang, That shoots my tortur'd gums alang; And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, Wi' gnawing vengeance: Tearing my nerves wi bitter pang. Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes, Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes: Our neighbor's sympathy may ease us. Wi' pitying moan : But thee-thou hell o' a' diseases. Ay mocks our groan! Adown my beard the slavers trickle! I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle, As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools, Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools, Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools, Sad sight to see! The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools, Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell, And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadfu' raw, Thou, Tooth-ache, surely bear'st the bell Amang them a'!

O thou grim, mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;—
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-ache!

SONG.

Tune-" Morag."

O wha is she that lo'es me And has my heart a-keeping? O sweet is she that lo'es me, As dews o' simmer weeping, In tears the rose-buds steeping.

CHORUS.

O that's the lassie o' my heart, My lassie ever dearer; O that's the queen o' womankind, And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Ere while thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming.
O that's. &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking, And thy attentions plighted, That ilka body talking, But her by thee is slighted, And thou art all delighted. O that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted,—
O that's, &c.

SONG.

JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw, Plashy sleets and beating rain; Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw, Drifting o'er the frozen plain. When the shades of evening creep O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e, Sound and safely may he sleep, Sweetly blithe his waukening be! He will think on her he loves, Fondly he'll repeat her name; For where'er he distant roves, Jocky's heart is still at hame.

SONG

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form, The frost of hermit age might warm: My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind, Might charm the first of human kind. I love my Peggy's angel air, Her face so truly, heavenly fair, Her native grace so void of art: But I adore my Peggy's heart. The lily's hue, the rose's dye, The kindling lustre of an eve: Who but owns their magic sway, Who but knows they all decay! The tender thrill, the pitying tear, The generous purpose, nobly dear. The gentle look, that rage disarms. These are all immortal charms.

WRITTEN in a Wrapper enclosing a Letter to Capt. Grose, to be left with Mr. Cardonnel, Antiquarian.

Tune—"Sir John Malcolm."

Ken ye aught o' Captain Grose?

Ifro, & ago,

If he's among his friends or foes?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North?

Igo. & ago,
Or drowned in the river Forth?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?

Igo. & ago,
And eaten like a weather-haggis?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?

Igo, & ago,
Or haudin Sarah by the wame?

Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him in Igo, f, ago, As for the deil, he daur na steer him. Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter, Igo, & ago, Which will oblige your humble debtor. Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store, lgo, & ago, The very stanes that Adam bore. Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,

Igo, & ago,

The coins o' Satan's coronation!

Iram, coram, dago.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM E.q. OF FINTRA,

ON RECEIVING A FAVOR.

I call no goddess to inspire my strains, A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns; Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns, And all the tribute of my heart returns, For boons accorded, goodness ever new, The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
If aught that giver from my mind efface;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
Then roll to me, along your wandering spherea,
Only to number out a villain's years!

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

An honest man here lies at rest, As e'er God with his image blest; The friend of man, the friend of truth: The friend of age, and guide of youth: Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd, Few heads with knowledge so inform'd: If there's another world, he lives in bliss; If there is none, he made the best of this.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide For every creature's want! We bless thee, God of Nature wide, For all thy goodness lent: And, if it please thee, Heavenly Guide, May never worse be sent;
But whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!
Amen!

L'o my dear and much honored Friend, Mrs.

Dunlop, of Dunlop.

ON SENSIBILI**TY.**

SENSIBILITY, how charming, Thou, my friend, canst truly tell . But distress with horrors arming, Thou hast also known too well! Fairest flower, behold the lily, Blooming in the sunny ray: Let the blast sweep o'er the valley See it prostrate on the clay. Hear the woodlark charms the forest. Telling o'er his little joys; Hapless bird! a prey the surest, To each pirate of the skies. Dearly bought the hidden treasure. Finer feelings can bestow: Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure. Thrill the deepest notes of wo.

A VERSE composed and repeated by Burns to the Master of the House, on taking leave at a Place in the Highlands, where he had been has pitably entertained.

When death's dark stream I ferry o'er, A time that surely shall come; In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more, Than just a Highland welcome.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE

Scenes of wo, and scenes of pleasure, Scenes that former thoughts renew, Scenes of wo, and scenes of pleasure, Now a sad and last adieu!

Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, Fare-thee-weel before I gang! Bonny Doon, whare early roaming, First I weav'd the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu, whare Love, decoying, First inthrall'd this heart o' mine, There, the safest sweets enjoying,— Sweets that Mem'ry ne'er shall tyne!

Friends, so near my bosom ever, Ye hae render'd moments dear; But, alas! when forc'd to sever, Then the stroke, O, how severe!

Friends! that parting tear reserve it, Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me! Could I think I did deserve it, How much happier would I be!

Scenes of wo, and scenes of pleasure, Scenes that former thoughts renew, Scenes of wo, and scenes of pleasure, Now a sad and last adieu!

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

SELECTED FROM THE

RELIQUES OF ROBT. BURNS,

FIRST PUBLISHED BY R. H. CROMEK.

VERSES WRITTEN AT SELKIRK

I.

Auld chuckie Reekie's* sair distrest, Down droops her ance weel burnisht crest, Nae joy her bonnie busket nest

Can yield ava, Her darling bird that she lo'es best, Willie's awa!

II.

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight!
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
And trig and braw:
But now they'll busk her like a fright,
Willie's awa!

III.

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd, The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd; They durst nae mair than he allow'd, That was a law:

We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd, Willie's awa!

IV.

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools, Frae colleges and boarding schools, May sprout like simmer pudduck-stools, In glen or shaw; He wha could brush them down to mools, Willie's awa!

V.

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer* May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamor; He was a dictionar and grammar

A mang them a';
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer,
Willie's awa!

VIIIe's awa:

Nae mair we see his levee door Philosophers and Poets. pour,† And toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! The adjutant o' a' the core, Willie's awa!

VII

Now worthy G*****y's latin face, T****r's and G*********'s modest grace, M'K****e, S****t, such a brace As Rome ne'er saw; They a' maun meet some ither place,

Willie's awa! VIII.

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken,

 The Chamber of Commerce of Edinburgh, of which Mr. C. was Secretary.

† Many literary gentlemen were accustom'd to meet at Mr. C-'s house at breakfast.

Scar'd frac its minnic and the cleckin By hoodie-craw; Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin, Willie's awa!

IX.

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' blellum, And Calvin's fock are fit to fell him; And self-conceited critic skellum His quill may draw; He wha could brawlie ward their bellum, Willie's awa!

X.

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled,
Willie's awa!

XI.

May I be slander's common speech;
A text for infamy to preach;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw;
When I forget thee! Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa!

XII.

May never wicked fortune touzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle him!
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem!
He canty claw!
Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa!

LIBERTY.

A FRAGMENT.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among. Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song. To thee I turn with swimming eves: Where is that soul of freedom fled? Immingled with the mighty dead! Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death! Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep; Disturb not ve the hero's sleep. Nor give the coward secret breath-Is this the power in freedom's war That wont to bid the battle rage? Behold that eve, which shot immortal hate. Crushing the despot's proudest bearing, That arm which, nerved with thundering fate, Braved usurpation's boldest daring! One quench'd in darkness like the sinking star. And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAUX.*

Now Robin lies in his last lair, He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair, Cauld poverty, wi' hungery stare,

Nae mair shall fear him, Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fasht him; Except the moment that they crusht him;

^{*} Ruisseaux-a play on his own name.

For sune as chance or fate had husht 'em Tho' e' er sae short, Then wi' a rhyme or song he lasht 'em, And thought it sport.—

Tho' he was bred to kintra wark,
And counted was baith wight and stark,
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man;
But tell him, he was learn'd and clark,
Ye roos'd him then'

COMIN THRO' THE RYE

Comin thro' the rye, poor body,
Comin thro' the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin thro' the rye.
Oh Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry:
She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry.
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro' the glen;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the warld ken,
2K
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

THE LOYAL NATIVES' VERSES .

YE sons of sedition, give ear to my song, Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell, pervade every throng, [quack, With Craken, the attorney, and Mundell the

Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack.

BURNS-Extempore.

YE true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song, In uproar and riot rejoice the night long; From envy and hatred your corps is exempt; But where is your shield from the dart of contempt?

TO J. LAPRAIK.

Sept. 13th, 1785.

Guin speed an' furder to you, Johnie, Guid health, hale han's, and weather bonnie; Now when ye're nickan down fu' cannie The staff o' bread,

May ye ne'er want a stoup o' brandy To clear your head.

• At this period of our Poet's life, when political animosity was made the ground of private quarrel, the above foolish verses were sent as an attack on Burns and his friends for their political opinions. They were written by some member of a club styling themselves the Loyal Natives of Dumfries, or rather by the united genius of that club, which was more distinguished for drunken loyalty, than either for respectability or poetical talent. The verses were handed over the table to Burns at a convival meeting, and he instantly endorsed the subjoined reply—Reliques, p. 168.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs, Nor kick your rickles aff their legs, Sendin the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs Like drivin wrack; But may the tapmast grain that wags Come to the sack.

I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin at it, But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it, Sae my old stumpie pen I gat it Wi' muckle wark, An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it, Like ony clark.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor, For your braw, nameless, dateless letter, Abusin me for harsh ill nature On holy men, While deil a hair yoursel ye're better, But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
Let's sing about our noble sels;
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills,
To help, or roose us,
But browster wives and whiskie stills,
They are the muses.

Your friendship, Sir, I winna quat it,
An' if ye mak objections at it,
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
An' witness take.

An' when wi' usquebae we've wat it, It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spar'd,
Till kye be gaun without the herd,
An' a' the vittel in the yard,
An' theckit right.

I mean your ingle-side to guard Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspiring aqua-vitæ Shall make us baith sae blithe an' witty, Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,

An' be as canty
As ye were nine years less than thretty,
Sweet ane an' twenty.

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
An' now the sun keeks in the west,
Then I maun rin amang the rest
An' quat my chanter,
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
Yours, Rab the Ranter.

TO THE REV JOHN M'MATH,

ENCLOSING A COPY OF HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER WHICH HE HAD REQUESTED.

Sept. 17th, 1785.

While at the stook the shearers cow'r,
To shun the bitter blaudin show'r,
Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

My musie, tir'd wi mony a sonnet On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bennet, Is grown right eerie now she's done it, I est they should blame her An' rouse their holy thunder on it, And anathem her. I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy, That I, a simple, kintra bardie, Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy, Wha, if they ken me, Can easy, wi' a single wordie,

Lowse h-ll upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighan, cantan, grace-prood faces,
Their three mile prayers, an' hauf-mile graces,
Their raxan conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces

Waur nor their nonsense. There's Gaun,* miska't waur than a beast, Wha has mair honor in his breast,

Than mony scores as guid's the priest

Wha sae abus't him;

An' may a bard no crack his jest

What way they 've use't

See him,† the poor man's friend in need, The gentleman in word an' deed, An' shall his fame an' honor bleed By worthless skellums, An' not a muse erect her head

To cowe the blellums?
O Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
To give the rascals their deserts,

I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts, An' tell aloud

Their jugglin hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I should be, Nor am I even the thing I could be,

* Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

[†] The poet has introduced the two first lines of the stanza into the dedication of his works to Mr. Hamilton

But twenty times, I rather would be An' Atheist clean, Than under gospel colors hid be, Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass, An honest man may like a lass, But mean revenge, an' malice fause, He'll still disdain, An' then cry zeal for gospel laws, Like some we ken

They take religion in their mouth;
They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth,
For what? to gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
To ruin streight.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee;
To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne're defame thee.

Tho' blotcht an' foul wi' mony a stain,
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain
To join with those,
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite of undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit,
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
But hellish spirit.

O Ayr, my dear, my native ground, Within thy presbytereal bound A candid, lib'ral band is found Of public teachers, As men, as christians too renown'd,

An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd; Sir, in that circle you are fam'd; An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd, (Which gies you honor) Even, Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
An' if impertinent I've been,
Impute it not, good Sir, in ane
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq.

(RECOMMENDING A BOY.)

Mosgaville, May 3, 1786.

An' winning manner.

I подр it, Sir, my bounden duty, To warn you how that Master Tootie, Alias, Laird M'Gaun,*

*Master Tootie then lived in Mauchline; a dealer in cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age.—He was an artful, trick-contriving character; hence he is called a Snick-drawer. In the Poet's "Address to the Deil," he styles that august personage an audd, snick-drawing dog!—Reliques, p. 397.

Was here to hire yon lad away
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
An' wad hae don't aff han':
But lest he learn the callan tricks,
As faith I muckle doubt him,
Like scrapin out auld crummie's nicks
An' tellin lies about them;
As lieve then, I'd have then,
Your clerkship he should sair,
If sae be, ye may be
Not fitted otherwhere.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,
An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,
The boy might learn to swear;
But then wi' you, he'll sae be taught,
An' get sic fair example straught,
I hae na ony fear.
Ye'll catechize him every quirk,
An' shore him well wi' hell;
An' gar him follow to the kirk—
—Ay when ye gang yoursel,
If ye then, maun be then
Frae hame this comin Friday,
Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honor I hae gien,
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
To meet the Warld's worm,
To try to get the twa to gree,
An' name the airles an' the fee,
In legal mode an' form;
I ken he weel a Snick can draw,
When simple bodies let him;
An' if a Devil be at a',
In faith he's sure to get him.

To phrase you, an' praise you, Ye ken your Laureat scorns; The prayer still, you share still, Of grateful Minstrel Burns.

TO MR. M'ADAM,

OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN,

In answer to an obliging Letter he sent in the commencement of my Poetic Career.

Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card, I trow it made me proud; See wha taks notice o' the bard! I lap and cry'd fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw, The senseless, gawky million; I'll cock my nose aboon them a', I'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan!

'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel, To grant your high protection: A great man's smile ye ken fu' well, Is ay a blest infection.

Tho', by his banes, wha in a tub Match'd Macedonian Sandy! On my ain legs, thro' dirt an' dub, I independent stand ay.—

And when those legs to guid, warm kail, Wi' welcome canna bear me; A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail, And barley-scone shall cheer me. Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath O' mony flow'ry simmers!

And bless your bonnie lasses baith,—
I'm taid the're loosome kimmers!

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird, The blossom of our gentry! And may he wear an auld man's beard A credit to his country.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, GLENRIDDEL.

(Extempore Lines on returning a Newspaper.)

Ellisland, Monday Evening.

Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, With little admiring or blaming;

The papers are barren of home news or foreign
No murder or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,

Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir; But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabric complete, I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is, to tell all your goodness.

Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet; Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun, And then all the world, Sir, should know it! то

TERRAUGHTY.*

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran chief! Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief: Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf, This natal morn,

I see thy life is stuff o' prief,

Scarce quite half worn.—

This day thou metes threescore eleven, And I can tell that bounteous Heaven, (The second sight, ye ken is given To ilka Poet)

On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow, Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, May desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,

Nine miles an hour, Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah, In brunstane stoure.—

But for thy friends, and they are mony, Baith honest men and lasses bonnie, May couthie fortune, kind and cannie, In social glee,

Wi' morning blithe and e'enings funny, Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye, And then the Deil he daur na steer ye: Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye; For me, shame fa' me,

If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
While Burns they ca' me.

Mr. Maxwell, of Terraughty, near Dumfries.

TO A LADY.

With a Present of a Pair of Drinking Glasses.

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
And Queen of Poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses,—
And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
"The whole of human kind!"
"To those who love us!"—second fill;
But not to those whom we love;
Lest we love those who love not us!

A third-" to thee and me, love!"

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her darkening vapor throws,
And cruelty directs the thickening blows;
Upon a time. Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount.

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! His twisted head look'd backward on his way And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted, ai

And call the trembling vowels to account.

Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous grace The justling tears ran down his honest face: That name, that well-worn name, and all his

Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne! The pedant stitles keen the Roman sound, Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound: And next, the title following close behind, He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assing'd.

The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y! In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply: The pedant swung his felon cudgel round, And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing wo;
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art:
So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering U,
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew

As trembling U stood staring all aghast, The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, In helpless infant's tears he dipp'd his right, Baptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight.

SKETCH.*

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, And still his precious self his dear delight;

• This sketch seems to be one of a series, intended for a projected work, under the tittle of "The Poets Progress." This character was sent as a specimen, accompanied by a letter, to Professor Dugald Stewart, in which it is thus noticed: "The fragment beginning A little, upright, pert, tart. §c., I have not shown to any man living, till I now send it to you. It forms the postulata, the axioms, the definition of a character, which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait sketching."

Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets Better than e'er the fairest she he meets.—
A man of fashion too, he made his tour,
Learn'd vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour;
So travel'd monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
Much specious lore, but little understood;
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
His solid sense—by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell;
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend

SCOTS PROLOGUE,

For Mr. Sutherland's Benefit Night, Dumfries

What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on, How this new play an' that new sang is comin? Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted? Does nonsense mend like whisky, when imported?

Is there not poet, burning keen for fame, Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame? For comedy abroad he need na toil, A fool and knave are plants of every soil; Nor need he hunt as far as Room and Greece To gather matter for a serious piece; There's themes enough in Caledonian story, Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.—

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell How glorious Wallace stood, how, hapless, fell t Where are the muses fled that could produce A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce t How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword.

'Gainst mighty' England and her guilty lord; And after mony a bloody, deathless doing, Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws or

O for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene. To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen! Vain all th'omnipotence of female charms 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.

She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:
A woman, tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,
As able and as cruel as the devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglases were heroes every age:
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of hie,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land Would take the muses' servants by the hand; Not only here, but patronise, befriend them, And where ye justly can commend, commend them.

And aiblins when they winna stand the test, Wink hard and say, the folks hae done their hest!

Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution Ye'll soon has poets o' the Scottish nation, Will gar fame blaw until her trumpet crack, And warsle time au' lay him on his back!

For us and for our stage should ony spier,
"Whose aught that chiels make a this bustle
here?"

My best leg toremost, I'll set up my brow. We have the honor to belong to you! We're your own bairns, e'en guide us as ye like But like good mithers, shore before ye strike,—And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us, For a' the patronage and meikle kindness We've got frae a' professions, sets and ranks: God help us! we're but poor—ys'se get but thanks.

EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION ON BEING

APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

Searching auld wives' barrels
Och, ho! the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels
But—what'll ye say!
These muvin' things ca'd wives and weaus,
Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes!

On seeing the beautiful Seat of Lord G.

What dost thou in that mansion fair?
Flit G—, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

On the Same.

No Stewart art thou G——, The Stewarts all were brave, Besides, the Stewarts were but fools, Not one of them a knave.

On the Same.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O G——,
Thro' many a far fam'd sire!
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
So ended in a mire.

To the Same, on the Author being threatened with his Resentment.

SPARE me thy vengeance, G—,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

Tune—"The Dragon of Wantley."

Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw,
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job—
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.—

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore, Among the first was number'd; But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store, Commandment tenth remember'd. Yet simple Bob the victory got, And wen his heart's desire; 21, 25

Which shows that heaven can boil the pot.

Though the devil p—s in the fire.—

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case,
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy;
So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of Merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Rob's purblind, mental vision:
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet, Till for eloquence you hail him, And swear he has the Angel met That met the Ass of Balaam.—

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

Tune-- Gillicrankie."

LORD A-TE.

HE clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it:
He gaped for 'i, he graped for 't,
He fand it was awa, man;
But what his common sense came short,
He eked out wi' law, man.

MR. ER-NE.

Collected Harry stood awee,
Then open'd out his arm, man;
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm. man;
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,
Or torrents owre a lin, man;
The Bench sae wise, lift up their eyes
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

VERSES TO J. RANKEN.

[The Person to whom his Poem on shooting the Patridge is addressed, while Ranken occupied the Farm of Adamhill, in Ayrshire.]

AE day, as Death, that gruesome carl, Was driving to the tither warl A mixtie-maxtie motley squad. And mony a guilt-bespotted lad; Black gowns of each denomination, And thieves of every rank and station, From him that wears the star and garter, To him that wintles* in a halter: Asham'd himself to see the wretches. He mutters, glow'rin at the bitches, "By G-d, I'll not be seen behint them, Nor 'mang the sp'rtual core present them. Without, at least ae honest man, To grace this d-d infernal clan." By Adamhill a glance he threw, "L-d G-d!" quoth he, "I have it now, There's just the man I want, in faith," And quickly stoppet Ranken's breath.

The word winds, denotes sudden and involuntary motion. In the ludicrous sense in which it is here applied, it may be admirably translated by the vulgas London expression of Dancing upon nothing.

On hearing that there was Falsehood in the Rev Dr. B——'s very Looks.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks,
I must and will deny:
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

On a Schoolmaster in Cleish Parish, Fifeshire.

HERE lie Willie M—hie's banes, O Satan, when ye tak him, Gie him the schulin of your weans; For clever Deils he'll mak em!

ADDRESS TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

(A PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.)

You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier,
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier;
How does Dampiere do?
Ay, and Bournonville too? [ourier?
Why did they not come along with you, DumI will fight France with you, Dumourier,—
I will fight France with you,
I will fight France with you,
I will tak my chance with you;
By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

The second of the s

Then let us fight about, Dumourier,
Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about,
Till freedom's spark is out,
Then we'll be d-mned no doubt—Dumourier.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

A SKETCH.

For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn, E'en let them die—for that they're born: But oh! prodigious to reflect!
A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space,
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyment thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire 's tint a head, An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead, The tulzie 's teugh' tween Pitt an' Fox, And 'tween our Maggie's twa wee cocks; The tane is game, a bluidie devil, But to the hen-birds unco civil; The tither's something dour o' treadin, But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden.—

Ye ministers, come mount the poupet, An' cry till ye be haerse an' roupit, For Eighty-eight, he wish'd you weel, An' gied you a' baith gear and meal; E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck, Ye ken yoursels, for little feck!

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een, For some o' you hae tin a frien'; In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep, Now dowf and dowie now they creep, Nay, even the yirth itself does cry, For E'nbrugh wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn An' no o'er auld, I hope, to learn!

Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care, Thou now hast got thy daddy's chair.

Nae hand-cuff'd, mizzl'd, hap-shackl'd Regent, But, like himsel, a full, free agent, Be sure ye follow out the plan Nae waur than he did, honest man; As muckle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.

VERSES

Written under the Portrait of Fergusson, the Poet, in a copy of that author's works presented to a young Lady in Edinburgh, March 19, 1787.

Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd, And yet can starve the author of the pleasure? O thou, my elder brother in misfortune, By far my elder brother in the muses, With tears I pity thy unhappy fate! Why is the bard unpitted by the world, Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

SONGS.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Up in the morning's no for me, Up in the morning early; When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw, I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cold blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

SONG.

I DREAM & I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING. T

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing, Gaily in the sunny beam; List'ning to the wild birds singing, By a falling, crystal stream;

* The chorus is old.

† These two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen, and are among the oldest of my printed pieces.— Burns' Reliques, p. 242 Straight the sky grew black and daring; Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave; Trees with aged arms were warring O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning, Such the pleasures I enjoy'd; But lang e'er noon, loud tempests storming, A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd. T'ao' fickle fortune has deceived me, She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill, Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me, I bear a heart shall support me still.

SONG.*

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

YE gallants bright, I red you right, Beware o' bonnie Ann; Her comely face, sae fu' o' grace, You heart she will trepan.

Her een sae bright, like stars by night, Her skin is like the swan; Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist, That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move, And pleasure leads the van:

 I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend Allan Masterton, the author of the air of Strathallan's Lament, and two or three others in this work.—Burns' Reliques. p. 296. In a' their charms, and conquering arms, They wait on bonnie Ann.

The captive bands may chain the hands, But love enslaves the man; Ye gallants braw, I red ye a', Beware o' bonnie Ann.

SONG

MY BONNIE MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun lea'e my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

 $[\]bullet$ This air is Oswald's; the first half-stanza of the song is old 2M

SONG

THERE'S A VOUTH IN THIS CITY."

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a great pity,

That he from our lasses should wander awa';
For he's bonnie and braw, weel-favor'd with a',
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.

His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue;

His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw, His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae.

And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a',
His coat is the hue, &c.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin; Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted and braw:

But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her, The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.— There's Meg wi' the mailen, that fain wad a haen him.

And Susy whase daddy was Laird o' the ha'; There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy.

But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

SONG

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS. T

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;

• This air is claimed by Niel Gow, who calls it his noment for his brother. The first half-stanza of the song is old.

† The first half-stanza is old.

Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go. Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North, The birth-place of valor, the country of worth; Wherever I wander, wherever I rove, The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow:

Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here.

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer, Chasing the wild deer, and following the roo, My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

SONG.*

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy? Wha will tent me when I cry? Wha will kiss me whare I lie? The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will own he did the faut?
Wha will buy my groanin-maut?
Wha will tell me how to ca't?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

When I mount the creepie-chair, Wha will sit beside me there?

^{*}I composed this song pretty early in life, and sert to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud.—Burns' Raligues, p. 278.

Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair, The rantin dog the daddie o't.-

Wha will crack to me my lane? Wha will mak me fidgin fain? Wha will kiss me o'er again? The rantin dog the daddie o't.

SONG.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.*

I no confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve;
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, thy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet; but find Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, Thy favors are the silly wind That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy,
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy'

Sic fate e'er lang shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.

This song is altered from a poem by Sir Rob. Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland The poem is to be found in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, the earliest collection printed in Scotland. I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress.—

Burns' Reliques, p. 202.

SONG.*

TUNE-" Craigie-burn Wood."

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie, And O to be lying beyond thee, O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep, That's laid in the bed beyond thee.

Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burnwood.

And blithly awakens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burawood

Can yield to me nothing but sorrow. Beyond thee, &c.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers, I hear the wild birds singing; But pleasure they hae nane for me, While care my heart is wringing.

Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

Bewond thee. &c.

* It is remarkable of this place, that it is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our Lowland music (so far as from the title, words, &c. we can localize it) has been composed. From Craigie-burn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of any antiquity.

The song was composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards a Mrs. Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Cralgie-burn-wood. The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad.—Burns' Reliques, p. 2-4. † The chorus is ald.—Auster cony of his will be

† The chorus is old.—Another copy of this will be found, ante p. 101.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie,
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie!
Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

Bewond thee. &c.

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine, Say thou lo'es nane before me; And a' my days o' life to come I'll gratefully adore thee. Beyond thee, &c.

SONG.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

You wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyle Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' he heather to feed,

And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipus ou Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores, [moors;

To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy For there, by a lanely, and sequester'd stream, Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and mv dream.

Amang the wild mountains shall still be my path, [strath; Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow

or there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove, While o'er us unheeded fly the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair; O' nice education but sma' is her share: Her parentage humble as humble can be; But I lo'e the dear lassie, because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize, In her amor of glances, and blushes, and sighs; And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,

They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e.

Has lustre outshining the diamond to me; And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms.

O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

SONG

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR ?

Wha is that at my bower door?
O wha is it but Findlay;
Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here!
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in? Let me in quo' Findlay; Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din; Indeed will I, quo Findlay. In my bower if ye should stay? Let me stay, quo' Findlay; I fear ye'll bide till break o' day; Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,
I'll remain, quo' Findlay;
I dread ye'll learn the gate again;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay;
What may pass within this bower,
Let it pass, quo' Findlay;
Ye maun conceal to your last hour;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay!

SONG.*

TUNE-" The Weaver and his Shuttle, O."

My Father was a Farmer upon the Carrick border, O,

And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O;

He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing, O,

For without an honest, manly heart, no man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world my course I did determine, O,

Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great was charming, O;

*This song is wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification; but as the sentiments are the genaine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in coming it over.—Eurns' Reliques, p. 326.

My talents they were not the worst; nor yet my education, O;

Resolv'd was I, at least to try, to mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune's favor. O:

Some cause unseen, still stept between, to frustrate each endeavor, O;

Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd; sometimes by friends forsaken, O,

And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst mistaken. O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, with fortune's vain delusion, O,

I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came to this conclusion, O.

The past was bad, and the future hid; its good or ill untried, O;

But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view, had I, nor person to befriend me. O,

So I must toil, and sweat, and broil, and labor to sustain me. O:

To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father bred me early, O:

For one, he said, to labor bred, was a match for fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O,

Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slumber, O;

No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed me pain and sorrow, O.

I live to-day, as well's I may, regardless of temorrow, O. But cheerful still, I am as well, as a monarch in a palace, O,

The fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all her wonted malice, O;

I make, indeed, my daily bread, but ne'er can make it farther. O:

But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labor I earn a little money, O,

Some unforeseen misfortune comes generally upon me, O;

Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my goodnatur'd folly. O:

But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you, who follow wealth and power with unremitting ardor, O,

The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your view the farther, O;
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations

to adore you, O,

A cheerful, honest-hearted clown, I will prefer
before you. O.

SONG

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,
As far's the pole and line;
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

Tho' mountains frown, and deserts howl, And oceans roar between; Yet, dearer than my deathless soul, I still would love my Jean.

SONG.

AE fond kiss and then we sever,
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy, Naething could resist my Nancy: But to see her, was to love her; Love but her, and love forever. Had we never lov'd sae kindly, Had we never lov'd sae blindly, Never met—or never parted, We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
Warring sigh and groans I'll wage thee.

SONG.

NOW BANK AN' BRAE ARE CLAITH'D IN GREEN.

Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green, An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring; By Girvan's fairy haunted stream, 'The birdies flit on wanton wing. To Cassillis' banks, when e'ening fa's, There wi' my Mary let me flee, There catch her ilka glance of love The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The child wha boasts o' warld's wealth, Is aften laird o' meikle care; But Mary she is a' my ain, Ah, fortune canna gie me mair! Then let me range by Cassillis' banks, Wi' her the lassie dear to me, And catch her ilka glance o' love, The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e'

SONG.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

O ноw can I be blithe and glad, Or how can I gang brisk and braw, When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best, Is o'er the hills and far awa?

L. s no the frosty winter wind, It's no the driving drift and snaw; But ay the tear comes in my e'e, To think on him that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door, My friends they hae disown'd me a' But I hae ane will tak my part, The bonnie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me, And silken snoods he gave me twa, And I will wear them for his sake, The bonnie lad that's far awa. 1 he weary winter soon will pass, And spring will cleed the birker shaw; And my sweet babie will be born, And he'll come hame that's far awa.

SWEETEST MAY.

Altered from Allan Ramsay's song:—
"Here's my thumb, I'll ne'er begulle ye."

Tea Table Miscellany, vol. i. p. 70

Sweetest May, let love inspire thee; Take a heart which he desires thee; As thy constant slave regard it; For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money, Not the wealthy, but the bonnie;
Not high-born, but noble-minded, In love's silken band can bind it.

SONG.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I'LL ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall green. What brings me back the gate again, But she, my fairest, faithfu' lass, And stowlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree, When trystin-time* draws near again; And when her lovely form I see, O haith, she's doubly dear again!

^{*} Trystin-time-the time of appointment.

SONG.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

First when Maggy was my care, Heav'n, I thought, was in her air; Now we're married—spier nae mair—Whistle o'er the lave o't.— Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, Bonnie Meg was nature's child—Wiser men than me's beguil'd: Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me, How we love, and how we 'gree, I care na how few may see; Whistle o'er the lave o't.— What I wish, were maggot's meat, Dish'd up in her winding sheet, I could write—but Meg maun see't— Whistle o'er the lave o't.

SONG.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

Young Jockey was the blithest lad In a' our town or here awa; Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud, Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'! He roos'd my e'en sae bonnie blue, He roos'd my waist sae gently sma; An' ay my heart came to my mou, When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain, Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw And o'er the lee I leuk fu' fain
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca',
An' ay the night comes round again,
When in his arms he taks me a':
And ay he vows he'll be my ain,
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

SONG

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

TUNE-" M'Pherson's Lament"

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong, The wretch's destinie! M'Pherson's time will not be long, On yonder gallows tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, Sae dauntingly goed he; He play'd a spring and danc'd it round, Below the gallows tree.

9h, what is death but parting breath ?—
On mony a bloody plain

I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands, And bring to me my sword; And there's no a man in all Scotland, But I'll brave him at a word. See rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:

It burns my heart, I must depart, And not avenged be. Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright, And all beneath the sky! May coward shame distain his name, The wretch that dares not die! Sae rantingly, &c.

SONG.

HERE's a bottle and an honest friend '
What wad ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man?
Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man:—
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not ay when sought, man

SONG.

TUNE—" Braes o' Balquhidder."

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

ILK care and fear, when thou art near, I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their hansel throne,
Are no sae blest as I am, O!
I'll kiss thee, &c.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms, I clasp my countless treasure, O; I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share, Than sic a moment's pleasure, O.

I'll kiss thee, &c.

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue, I swear I'm thine forever, O; And on thy lips I seal my vow, And break it shall I never, O.

I'll kiss thee, &c.

SONG.

TUNE-" If he be a Butcher neat and trim."

On Cessnock banks there lives a lass, Could I describe her shape and mien; The graces of her weelfar'd face, And the glancin of her sparklin een.

She's fresher than the morning dawn, When rising Phæbus first is seen, When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn; An' she's twa glancin sparklin een,

She's stately like yon youthful ash, That grows the cowslip braes between, And shoots its head above each bush; An' she's twa glancin sparklin een.

She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn, With flow'rs so white and leaves so green, When purest in the dewy morn; An' she's twa glancin sparklin een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
2N

That wantons round its bleating dam, An' she's twa glancin sparklin een.

Her hair is like the curling mist That shades the mountain side at e'en, When flow'r-reviving rains are past; An' she's twa glancin sparklin een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow, When shining sunbeams intervene And gild the distant mountain's brow; An' she's twa glancin sparklin een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she's twa glancin sparklin een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight
An'she's twa glancin sparklin een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep, With fleeces newly washen clean, That slowly mount the rising steep; An' she's twa glancin sparklin een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
An' she's twa glancin sparklin een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face, Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen, But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, An' chiefly in her sparklin een.

WAE IS MY HEART

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e; Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me: Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear, [ear. And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my

Love, thon hast pleasure; and deep hae I loved Love, thou hast sorrows; and sair hae I proved:

But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,

I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.

O if I were, where happy I hae been; [green: Down by you stream and you bonnie castle For there he is wand'ring and musing on me, Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

SONG.

TUNE-" Banks of Banna."

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na';
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hiney bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savanna!
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An Empress of Sultana.

While dying raptures in her arras
I give and take with Anna!
Awa thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night,
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a',
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

SONG.*

THE Deil cam fiddling thro' the town,

And danc'd awa wi the exciseman;
And ilka wife cry'd, "Auld Mahoun,
We wish you luck o' the prize, man.
"We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man.
And mony thanks to the muckle black Deil,
That danc'd awa wi the exciseman.

"There's threesome reels, and foursome reels, There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man; But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan', Was—the Deil's awa wi' the exciseman.

We'll mak our maut, &c.

SONG.

Powers celestiat, whose protection Ever guards the virtuous fair,

 At a meeting of his brother Excisemen in Dumfries, Burns, being called upon for a song, handed these verses extempore to the President, written on the back of a letter. While in distant climes I wander, Let my Mary be your care: Let her form, sae fair and faultless, Fair and faultless as your own; Let my Mary's kindred spirit, Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her, Soft and peaceful as her breast; Breathing in the breeze that fans her, Soothe her bosom into rest: Guardian angels, O protect her, When in distant lands I roam; To realms unknown while fate exiles me, Make her bosom still my home.*

HUNTING SONG.

I RED YOU BEWARE AT THE HUNTING.

The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting, as day at the dawn,

Our lads gaed a-hunting, as day at the dawn, O'er moors and o'er mosses, and mony a glen, At length they discovered a bonnie moor-hen.

I red you beware at the hunting, young men; I red you beware at the hunting, young men; Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring, But cannily steal on the bonnie moor-hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells, Her colors betrav'd her on yon mossy fells;

*Probably written on Highland Mary, on the eve of the Poet's departure to the West Indies.

Her plumage outlustred the pride o the spring, And O: as she wantoned gay on the wing.

I red. &c.

Auld Phæbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill, In spite at her plumage he tried his skill; He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the

His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.

I red, \$\cdot c\cdot c\cdot

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill; The best of our lads wi'the best o' their skill; But still as the fairest she sat in their sight, Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.

I red, &c.

YOUNG PEGGY

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning.
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With early gems adorning:
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips were more than cherry bright,
A richer die has grac'd them,
They charm the admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them:
Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe, Such sweetness would relent her, As blooming Spring unbends the brow Of surly, savage Winter. Detraction's eyes no aim can gain Her winning powers to lessen: And fretful envy grins in vain, The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye pow'rs of Honor, Love, and Truth,
From ev'ry ill defend her;
Inspire the highly favor'd youth
The destinies intend her;
Still fan the sweet commubial flame
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.*

SONG.

Tune—"The King of France, he rade a Race."

Amang the trees where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hanging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O;
'Twas pibroch, sang. strathspey, or reels,
She dirl'd them aff, fu' clearly, O,
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's, They made our lugs grow eeric, O, The hungry bike did scrape an pike Till we were wae and weary, O:

X-

^{*}This was one of the Poet's earliest compositions. It is copied from a MS. book, which he had before his farst publication.

But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd A prisoner aughteen year awa, He fir'd a fiddler in the North, That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

SONG.

TUNE-" John Anderson my Jo."

One night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree root:
Auld Aire ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas;
A cushat crowded o'er me
That echoed thro' the braes.

SONG.

TUNE-" Dainty Davie."

THERE was a lad was born at Kyle,*
But what na day o' what na style
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

To be sae nice wi' Robin. Robin was a rovin' boy,

Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin'; Robin was a rovin' boy, Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five and twenty days begun,

* Kyle-a district of Ayrshire

Twas then a blast o' Janwar Win' Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof, Quo'scho wha lives will see the proof, This waly boy will be nae coof, I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma', But ay a heart aboon them a'; He'll be a credit till us a',

We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three times three mak nine, I see by ilka score and line, This chap will dearly like our kin', So leeze me on thee, Robin.

Good faith quo' scho I doubt you, Sir, Ye gar the lasses * * * *

But twenty fauts ye may hae waur, So blessin's on thee, Robin!

Robin was a rovin' boy, Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin'; Robin was a rovin' boy, Rantin' rovin' Robin.

SONG.

Tune—"I had a Horse, and I had nae mair?

When first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was nae steady,
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had ay:
But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
Not dreadin' any body,
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

20

SONG

Tune-"Galla Water."

Altho' my bed were in yon muir.

Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet happy, happy would I be.
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.—

When o'er the hill beat surly storms, And winter nights were dark and rainy; I'll seek some dell, and in my arms I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a Baron proud and high, And horse and servants waiting ready, Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me, The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy

SONG.

O RAGING fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O;
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O;
But luckless fortune's nothern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

SONG.

PATRIOT infinished.

HERE'S a health to them that's awa, Here's a health to them the Arwa; And wha winna wisa guid no ho our cause, May never guid luck be their 19'. It's guid to be merry and wing lit's guid to be honest and the 'I's guid to suppose Cabdona's cause, And bide by the buff and the Llue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
Here's a health to Charlie,* the chief o'the clan,
Altho' that his band be but sma'.
May liberty meet wi' success!
May prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa, Here's a health to them that's awa, Here's a health to Tammie,† the Norland laddie, That lives at the lug o' the law! Here's freedom to him that wad read, Here's freedom to him that wad write! [heard, There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be But they wham the truth wad indict.

Here's a health to them that's awa, Here's a health to them that's awa, Here's chieftain M'Leod. a chieftain worth Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!

* C. Fox.

t Lord Erskine.

SONG.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

As I was a-wand'ring ae morning in spring, I heard a young ploughman sae sweetly to sing And as he was singin' thir words he did say, There's nae life like the ploughman's, in the month o' sweet May.—

The lav'rock in the morning, she'll rise frae her nest,
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her
And wi' the merry ploughman she'll whistle

and sing, And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

SONG.

Her flowing locks, the raven's wing, Adown her neck and bosom hing; How sweet unto that breast to cling, And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
O, what a feast, her bonnie mou!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner.

BALLAD.

To THEE, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains, Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd, Though prest wi' care, and sunk in wo, To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes, Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear; For there he rov'd that brake my heart, Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear!

SONG

THE winter it is past, and the simmer comes at last.

And the small birds sing on every 'ree:
Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad.
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear.

May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts
at rest.

But my true love is parted from me.

THE

GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE

TO

ROBERT BURNS.

February, 1787.

Mr canty, witty, rhyming ploughman, I hafflins doubt, it is na true, man, That ye between the stilts were bred, Wi' ploughmen school'd, wi' ploughmen fed. I doubt it sair, ye've drawn your knowledge Either frae grammar-school, or college. Guid troth, your saul and body baith War' better fed, I'd gie my aith, Than theirs, who sup sour-milk and pairitch, An' bummil thro' the single caritch. Wha ever heard the ploughman speak, Could tell gif Homer was a Greek? He'd flee as soon upon a cudgel. As get a single line of Virgil. An' then sac slee ye crack your jokes O' Willie P-t and Charlie F-x: Our great men a' sae weel descrive, An' how to gar the nation thrive, Ane maist wad swear ye dwalt amang them, An' as ye saw them, sae ye sang them. But be ve ploughman, be ve peer. Ye are a funny blade, I swear; An' though the cauld I ill can bide. Yet twenty miles, an' mair, I'd ride, O'er moss, an' muir, an' never grumble. Tho' my auld vad shou'd gie a stumble, To crack a winter-night wi' thee, And hear thy sangs and sonnets slee. A guid saut herring, an' a cake, Wir sic a chiel, a feast wad make, I'd rather scour your reaming vill, Or eat o' cheese and bread my fill, Than wi' dull lairds on turtle dine. An' ferlie at their wit and wine. O, gif I kenn'd but where ye baide, I'd send to you a marled plaid: 'Twad haud your shoulders warm and braw, An' douse at kirk, or market shaw. For south, as weel as north, my lad, A' honest Scotchmen lo'e the maud, Right wae that we're sae far frae ither; Yet proud I am to ca' ye brither. Your most obed't.

E. 8.

THE ANSWER

Guidwife, .

I mind it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn;
Or haud a yokin at the pleugh,
An' tho' forfoughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn;
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing
The tither stooked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers.

E'n then a wish, (I mind its power)
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast;
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan, or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least;
The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
I turn'd my weeding-heuk aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear;
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae highe praise.

Wearing the day awa.—

But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that har'st I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain;

I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up her jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky e'en,
That gart my heart-strings tingle;
I fired, inspired.

At ev'ry kindling keek, But bashing, and dashing, I feared ay to speak.

Hale to the set, each guid chiel says, Wi' merry dance in winter-days, An' we to share in common:
The gust o' joy, the balm of wo,
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,

Be mindfa' o' your mither: She, honest woman, may think shame, That ye're connected with her.

Ye're wae men, ye're nae men, That slight the lovely dears; To shame ye, disclaim ye, Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, na bred to barn and byre, Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre Thanks to you for your line.

The marled plaid ye kindly spare, By me should gratefully be ware; 'Twad please me to the Nine.

I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douse hingin o'er my curple
Than ony ermine ever lap,

Or proud imperial purple.

Fareweel then, lang hale then,
An' plenty be your fa':

May losses and crosses Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

ROBERT BURN.

March, 1787.

SONG.

TUNE-" The tither morn, as I forlorn."

You wand'ring rill, that marks the hill, And glances o'er the brae, Sir: Slides by a bower where mony a flower, Sheds fragrance on the day. Sir.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay:
To love they thought nae crime, Sir;
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.

SONG.

As I cam in by our gate-end, As day was waxen weary; O wha cam tripping down the street, But bonnie Peg, my dearie.

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete, Wi' nae proportion wanting; The queen of love, did never move, Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linked hands, we took the sands, Adown yon winding river, And, oh! that hour, an' broomy bower, Can I forget it ever?

POLLY STEWART.

Tune-" Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart."

O LOVELY Polly Stewart, O charming Polly Stewart, There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May. That's half so fair as thou art.

The flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's, And art can ne'er renew it; But worth and truth, eternal youth Will gie to Polly Stewart.

May he, whase arms shall fauld thy charms, Possess a leal and true heart; To him be given to ken the heaven He grasps in Polly Stewart!

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

THERE was a bonnie lass, and a bonnie, bonnie lass,

And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear; [arms, Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her Wi' mony a sigh and a tear. [roar.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly He still was a stranger to fear;

And notcht could him quell, or his bosom assail, But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

TUNE-" Johnny M'Gill."

O WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar; O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar; Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car, Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money, I carena thy kin, sae high and sae lordig:

But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur, And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

Robin shure in hairst, I shure wi' him, Fient a heuk had I, Yet I stack by him.

I GAED up to Dunse,
To warp a wad o' plaiden,
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin!
Robin shure, &c.

Was na Robin bauld,
Tho' I was a cotter,
Play'd me sic a trick,
And me the eller's dochter?
Robin shure, &c.

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Goose feathers and a whittle.
Robin shure, &c.

MY LADY S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

My lady's gown there s gairs upon't, And gowden flowers sae rare upon't; But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet, My lord thinks muckle mair upon't. My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane,
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.
My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's white, my lady's red.
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude,
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid,
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.
Mu ladu's gown. &c.

Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss, Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass, There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass, A lily in a wilderness.

My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs, Like music notes o' lover's hynns; The diamond dew in her een sae blue, Where laughing love sae wanton swims. My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest, The flower and fancy o' the west; But the lassie that a man lo'es best, O that's the lass to make him blest. My lady's gown, &c.

WEE WILLIE GRAY

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;
Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket:
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and
doublet,
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet; Twice a lily flower will be in his sark and cravat: Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet, Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE.

Tune-" Bonnie Dundee."

In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,

The pride of the place and its neighborhood a', Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess, In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a':

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is
braw;
[ton,

There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Nor-But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The muse should tell, in labor'd strains,
O Mary, how I love thee.
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the type to languish;
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish.

Then let the sudden bursting sigh The heart-felt pang discover; And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover. For well I know thy gentle mind Disdains art's gay disguising; Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd, The voice of nature prizing.

O GUID ALE COMES.

O GUID ale comes, and guid ale goes Guid ale gars me sell my hose, Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon, Guid ale keeps my heart aboon. I had sax owsen in a pleugh, They drew a' weel enough, I sell'd them a' just ane by ane; Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy, Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie, Stand i' the stool when I hae done, Guid ale keeps my heart aboon. O guid ale comes and guid ale goes, Guid ale gars me sell my hose, Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon; Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

O LEAVE NOVELS.

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles, Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel; Such witching books, are baited hooks For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel. Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons, They make your youthful fancies ree, They heat your brains, and fire your veins. And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel. Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung:
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part,
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.
The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poisoned darts of steel;
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

C AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME

O ay my wife she dang me, An' aft my wife she bang'd me; If ye gie a woman a' her will, Guid faith she'll soon o'ergang ye. On peace and rest my mind was bent,

And fool I was, I marry'd;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarry'd.
O ay my wife, &c.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
When a' thir days are done, man,
My pains o' hell on earth is past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
O ay my wife, &c.

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!
The fient ma care, quo' the feirie auld wife.
He was but a paidlin body, O!
He paidles out, and he paidles in,
An' he paidles late and earlie, O;

This seven lang years I hae lien by his side An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O.

O haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,
O haud your tongue now, Nansie, O:
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie, O:
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddl'd me late and earlie, O;
But downa do's come o'er me now,
And, oh, I find it sairly, O'

DELIA.

AN ODE.

FAIR the face of orient day, Fair the tints of op'ning rose; But fairer still my Delia dawns, More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay, Sweet the tinkling rill to hear; But, Delia, more delightful still, Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamor'd busy bee, The rosy banquet loves to sip; Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip.

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips Let me, no vagrant insect, rove! O let me steal one liquid kiss, For oh! my soul is parch'd with love!

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

On a bank of flowers one summer's day,
For summer lightly dress'd,
The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep oppress'd;
When Willy, wand'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favor oft had su'd,
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose,
Her lips still as they fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose.
The springing lilies sweetly press'd,
Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs enibrace,
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace.
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A flattering, ardent kiss he stole:
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd
And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear inspired wings;
So Nelly startling, half awake,
Away affrighted springs.
But Willy follow'd as he should,
He overtook her in the wood,
the vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

28

EVAN BANKS.

Show spreads the gloom my soul desires. The sun from India's shore retires;
To Evan's banks with temperate ray,
Home of my youth, it leads the day.
Oh! banks to me forever dear;
Oh! stream whose murmurs still I her!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside,
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest, Whose image lives within my breast; Who trembling heard my parting sigh, And long pursued me with her eye! Does she with heart unchang'd as mine, Oft in thy vocal bowers recline? Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide, Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde.

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound!
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below;
What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
All that on Evan's border springs?
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side;
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost?
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasure bless my sight!
Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart!
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

THE FIVE CARLINS.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

Tune-"Chevy Chace."

THERE were five Carlins in the south,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to Lon'on town
To bring us tidings hame.

Not only bring us tidings hame, But do our errands there, And aiblins gowd and honor baith Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggie by the banks o' Nith,*
A dame wi' pride enough;
And Marjorie o' the monie Loch,†
A Carlin auld an' teugh.

And blinkin Bess o' Annandale, †
That dwells near Solway side,
And whisky Jean, that took her gills
In Galloway so wide.

And auld black Joan frae Creighton peel, A O' gipsy kith an' kin, Five weightier Carlins were na found, The south kintra within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town,
They met upon a day,
And monie a Knight and monie a Laird
That errand fain would gae.

O! monie a Knight and monie a Laird This errand fain would gae; But nae ane could their fancy please, O! ne'er a ane but twae.

* Dumfries. † Lochmaben. ‡ Annan. § Kirkeudbright | Sanquhar The first ane was a belted Knight, Bred o' a border band, An' he wad gae to Lon'on town, Might nae man him withstand.

And he wad do their errands weel, And meikle he wad say, And ilka ane at Lon'on court, Wad bid to him guid day.

Then niest came in a sodger youth, And spak wi' modest grace, An' he wad gae to Lon'on town, If sae their pleasure was.

He wad na hecht them courtly gift, Nor meikle speech pretend; But he wad hecht an honest heart Wad ne'er desert his friend

Now whom to choose and whom refuse.
To strife thae Carlins fell;
For some had gentle folks to please,
And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith, An' she spak out wi' pride, An' she wad send the sodger youth, Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court She did not care a pin, But she wad send the sodger youth To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale: A deadly aith she's ta'en, That she wad vote the border Knight, Tho' she should vote her lane. For far off fowls hae feathers fair, An' fools o' change are fain: But I hae tried the border Knight, I'll try him yet again.

Says auld black Joan frae Creighton peel, A Carlin stout and grim, The auld guidman or young guidman, For me to sink or swim!

For fools may prate o' right and wrang, While knaves laugh them to scorn; But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best, Sae he shall bear the horn.

Then whisky Jean spak o'er her drink, Ye weel ken, kimmers a', The auld guid man o' Lon'on court, His back's been at the wa'.

And monie a friend that kiss'd his caup, Is now a frammit wight; But it's ne'er sae wi' whisky Jean, We'll send the border Knight.

Then slow rose Majorie o' the Lochs, And wrinkled was her brow; Her ancient weed was russet gray, Her auld Scots heart was true.

There's some great folks set light by me I set as light by them; But I will send to Lon'on town Wha I lo'e best at hame.

So how this weighty plea will end, Nae mortal wight can tell; G-d grant the King and ilka man May look weel to himsel.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

WHEN January winds were blawing cauld. As to the north I bent my way. The mirksome night did me enfauld, I kenn'd na whare to lodge till day: **By** my guid luck a lass I met, Just in the middle of my care. And kindly she did me invite. To walk into a chamber fair. I bow'd fu' low unto this maid. And thank'd her for her courtesie: I bow'd fu' low unto this maid. And bade her make a bed for me: She made the bed both large and wide, Wi' two white hands she spread it down: She put the cup to her rosy lips, Isound." And drank, "Young man, now sleep ve She snatch'd the candle in her hand. And frae my chamber went wi' speed: But I call'd her quickly back again, To lay some mair below my head. A cod she laid below my head, And served me with due respect: And to salute her with a kiss. I put my arms about her neck. "Hand aff your hands, young man," says she, " And dinna sae uncivil be; Gif ye hae ony love for me, O wrang na my virginity!"

Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.
Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,

Her hair was like the links o' gowd, Her teeth were like the ivory, Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And ay she wistna what to say;
I laid her 'tween me and the wa';
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow, when we raise, I thank'd her for her courtesie; But ay she blush'd, and ay she sigh'd, And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me." I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,

While the tear stood twinkling in her 3'e, I said, my lassie, diana cry.

For ye ay shall mak the bed to me."
She took her mither's Holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me;
Blithe and merry may she be.

The lass that made the bed to me.
The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I'll ne'er forget, till the day that I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

Октновох, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,

Let me sound an alarm to your conscience; There's a heretic blast, has been blawn in the wast,

That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac. † Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a To strike evil doers wi' terror; frack.

*This Poem was written a short time after the publication of Dr. M'Gill's Essay.

† Dr. M'Gill.

To join faith and sense upon ony pretence. Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Avr. town of Avr. it was mad I declare.

To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing:

Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief. And orator Bob * is it's ruin.

D'rymple mild, † D'rymple mild, tho' vous heart's like a child.

And your life like the new driven snaw. [ve. Yet that winna save ve, auld Satan must have For preaching that's three's ane and twa.

Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi a groan.

Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd: laddle. Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like And roar every note of the damn'd.

Simper James. Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames.

There's a holier chase in your view: [lead. I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawny, || Singet Sawny, are ye hording the penny.

Unconscious what evils await?

Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul, For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld, T Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld.

A tod meikle waur than the Clerk; [death. Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the And gif you canna bite, ye may bark.

• R----t A-k-n. † D-m-le. ‡ Mr. R-ss-11. Mr. M'K-y. | Mr. M--y ¶ Mr. A-d. Davie Bluster,* Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do muster,

The corps is no nice of recruits: fboast. Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamie Groose,† Jamie Groose, ye hae made but toom roose.

In hunting the wicked Lieutenant; But the Doctor's your mark, for the L-d's haly He has cooper'd and caw'd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,

Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit;

O'er Pegasus's side ye ne'er lade a stride, Ye but smelt, man, the place where he s-t.

Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,

And the book nane the waur let me tell ye! Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig.

And ye'll hae a calf head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie, Il Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what mean ye?

If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,

Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense Wi' the people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine Slide, Irvine Slide, wi' your turkey cock pride.

Of manhood but sma' is your share;

Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow, fmair.

And your friends they dare grant you nae

* Mr. G——t of O——e. † Mr. Y—g of C—n—k † Mr. P—b—s of A—r. † Dr. A. M—II. || Mr. 8 ——n Y——g of B——r. ¶ Mr. S——b of G ZQ n. ¶ Mr. S----b

Muirland Jock,* Muirland Jock, when the

To crush common sense for her sins, [fit If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will, † Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull.

When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a sant, Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, your sp'ritual guns, Ammunition you never can need; [enough, Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther And your skulls are the storehouse o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelp ing turns,

Why desert ye your auld native shire? Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie, She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.

THE TWA HERDS.

O A' ye pious, godly flocks, Well fed on pastures orthodox, Wha now will keep you frae the fox, Or worrying tykes? Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast, That e'er gae gospel horn a blast, These five and twenty summers past, O! dool to tell.

*Mr. S † An Elder in M d.

Hae had a bitter black out-cast, Atween themsel.

O, M—y, man, and wordy R—II,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'l! see how new-light herds will whistle,
And think it fine!
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I hae min'.

O, Sirs! whae'er wad hae expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' M—y's flock could rank, Sae hale and hearty every shank, Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, He let them taste, Frae Calvin's well, ay clear, they drank,

O sic a feast!

And sell their skin.

The thummart, wil'-cat, brock and tod, Weel kenn'd his voice thro' a' the wood, He smell'd their ilka hole and road, Baith out and in, And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid.

What herd like R——Il tell'd his tale !
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub, Or nobly fling the gospel club, And new-light herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin,
Could shake them o'er the burning dub;
Or heave them in.

Sic twa—O! do I live to see't—
Sic famous twa should disagreet,
An' names, like villain. hypocrite,
Ilk ither gi'en,
While new-light herds wi' laughin spite,
Say neither's lien'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's D—n, deep, and P—s, shaul
But chiefly thou, apostle A—d,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset, There's scarce a new herd that we get, But comes frae 'mang that cursed set, I winna name, I hope frae heav'n to see them yet In fierv flame.

D—e has been lang our fae,
M'—ll has wrought us meikle wae,
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'—e,
And baith the S—s,
That aft hae made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld W—w lang has hatch'd mischief, We thought ay death wad bring relief, But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chiel wha'll soundly buff our beef;

I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forby turn-coats among oursel,
There S—h for ane,
I doubt he's but a gray nick quill,
And that ve'll fin'

O! a' ye flocks. o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors and fells,
Come join your counsel and your skills,
To cowe the lairds,
And get the brutes the power themselves,
To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And Learning, in a woody dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France:
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
M'—ll's close, nervous excellence,
M'Q—'s pathetic, manly sense,
And guid M'—h,
Wi' S—th, wha thro' the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff.

EPISTLE FROM A TAILOR

TO

ROBERT BURNS.

What waefu' news is this I hear, Frae greeting I can scarce forhear, Folks tell me, ye're gawn aff this year, Out o'en the sea, And lasses wham ye lo'e sae dear Will greet for thee

Weel wad I like, war ye to stay,
But, Robin, since ye will away,
I hae a word yet mair to say,
And maybe twa;
May he protect us night an' day,
That made us a'.

Whaur thou art gaun, keep mind frae me, Seek him to bear thee companie, And, Robin, whan ye come to die,
Ye'll won aboon,

An' live at peace an' unity

Ayont the moon.

Some tell me, Rab, ye dinna fear To get a wean, an' curse an' swear, I'm unco wae, my lad, to hear O' sic a trade, Cou'd I persuade ye to forbear, I wad be glad.

Fu' weel ye ken ye'll gang to hell, Gin ye persist in doing iil— Waes me: ye're hurlin down the hill Withouten dread, An' ye'll get leave to swear your fill After ye're dead.

There walth o' women ye'll get near,
But gettin weans ye will forbear,
Ye'll never say, my bonnie dear,
Come, gie's a kiss—
Nae kissing there—ye'll grin an' sneer,
An' ither hiss.

O Rab! lay by thy foolish tricks, An' steer nae mair the female sex, Or some day ye'll come through the pricks, An' that ye'll see; Ye'll find hard living wi' Auld Nicks; I'm wae for thee.

But what's this comes wi' sic a knell,
Amaist as loud as ony bell?
While it does mak my conscience tell
Me what is true,
I'm but a ragget cowt mysel,
Owre sib to you!

We're owre like those wha think it fit,
To stuff their noddles fu' o' wit,
An' yet content in darkness sit,
Wha shun the light,
To let them see down to the pit,
That lang, dark night.

But farewell, Rab, I maun awa',
May he that made us, keep us a',
For that would be a dreadfu' fa',
And hurt us sair,
Lad, ye wad never mend ava,
Sae, Rab, tak care.



THE ANSWER.

What ails ye now, ye lousy b—h,
To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
Losh, man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkin's bauld,
I did na suffer ha'f sae much,
Fra Daddie Auld.

What the at times when I grow crouse, I gie their wames a random pouse,

Is that enough for you to souse,
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick 'he louse,
An' jag the flae.

King David o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As fill'd his after life wi' grief
An' bloody rants,
An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants, My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants, I'll gie auld cloven Clouty's haunts,
An unco slip yet,

An' snugly sit among the saunts
At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs, the Session says I maun Gae fa' upo' anither plan, Than garran lassies cowp the cran Clean heels owre body, And sairly thole their mither's ban, Afore the howdy.

This leads me on, to tell for sport.

How much I did with the Session sort— Auld Clinkum at the Inner port Cry'd three times, "Robin Come hither lad, an answer for't,

ome hither lad, an answer for't, Ye're blam'd for jobbin."

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
An' snoov'd awa' before the Session—
I made an open, fair comfession,
I scorn'd to lie:
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

A tornicator lown he call'd me, An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me ; I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me, "But what the matter?" Quo' I, "I fear, unless ye geld me,

I'll ne'er be better."

"Geld you," quo' he, "and what for no! If that your right hand, leg or toe, Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe, You shou'd remember To cut it aff, an' what for no Your dearest member?"

"Na, na," quo' I, "I'm not for that, Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't. I'd rather suffer for my fau't, A hearty flewit. As sair owre hip as ye can draw't! Tho' I should rue it.

Or gin ye like to end the bother, To please us a', I've just ae ither, When next wi' you lass I forgather. Whate'er betide it. I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither, An' let her guide it."

But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst ava, An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw, I said, "Guid night," and cam awa', And left the Session . I saw they were resolved a' On my oppression. 29

LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK.

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

O GOUDIE! terror o' the Whigs,
Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs,
Soor Bigotry, on her last legs.
Girnin looks back,
Wishin the ten Experien playage.

Wishin the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin, glowrin Superstition,
Waes me! she's in a sad condition;
Fly, bring Black Jock, her state physician,
To see her w—ter;
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion

She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she's got an unco ripple,
Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,
Nigh unto death;
See how she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm's past redemption, Gaen in a galloping consumption, Not a' the quacks wi' a' their gumption, Will ever mend her.

Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption, Death will soon end her.

'Tis you and Taylor' are the chief
Wha are to blame for this mischief:
But gin the L—d's ain folks gat leave,
A toom tar barrel

And twa red peats wad send relief, An' end the quarrel.

Dr Taylor of Norwich.

LETTER TO J --- S T-T GL-NO-R

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner, How's a' the folk about Gl-nc-r. How do you this blae eastlin wind, That's like to blaw a body blind: For me, my faculties are frozen. My dearest member nearly dozen'd: I've sent you here by Johnie Simpson, Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on; Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling. An' Reid, to common sense appealing, Philosophers have fought an' wrangled, An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled. Till wi' their logic jargon tir'd, An' in the depth of science mir'd, To common sense they now appeal, What wives an' wabsters see an' feel; But hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly, Peruse them an' return them quickly; For now I'm grown sae cursed douse, I pray an' ponder butt the house, My shins, my lane, I there set roastin. Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston; Till by an' by, if I haud on, I'll grunt a real Gospel groan: Already I begin to try it, To cast my een up like a pyet, When by the gun she tumbles o'er, Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore; Sae shortly you shall see me bright, A burning an' a shining light,

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen, The ace an' wale of honest men; When bending down with auld gray hairs Beneath the load of years and cares, May he who made him, still support him, An' views beyond the grave contort hun, His worthy fam'ly far and near, God bless them a' wi' grace and gear.



ON THE DEATH OF

SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR

The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening

And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell, Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;* Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd, well.†

Or moldering ruins mark the sacred fane.\$

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks, [sky; The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry

The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startling
eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east, And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form, In weeds of wo, that frantic beat her breast, And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow, 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:

The King's Park, at Holyrood-house, † St. Anthony's Well. ‡St. Anthony's Chapel.

der form majestic droop'd in pensive wo, The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war;
Reclin'd that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the
world—

"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to
save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest

"A weeping country joins a widow's tears,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt
sigh.—

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire; I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow; But ah! how hope is born but to expire! Relentless fate has laid this guardian low.—

"My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung, While empty greatness saves a worthless name?

No; every muse shall join her tuneful tongue, And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Thro' future times to make his virtues last,
That distant years may boast of other Blairs"—
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast,

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

When lyart leaves bestrew the yird, Or, wavering like the bauckie* bird, Bedim cauld Boreas' blast:
When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte, And infant frost begin to bite,
In hoary cranreugh drest;
Ae night at e'en, a merry core

O' randic-gangrel bodies, In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore, To drink their ora duddies:

Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang;
Wi' jumping and thumping
The vera girdle rang.

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags, Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' nealy bags, And kanpsack a' in order; His doxy lay within his arm, Wi' usquebae and blankets warm, She blinket on her sodger; And aye he gies the tousie drab The tither skelpin kiss. While she held up her greedy gab, Just like an a'mous dish;

Ilk smack still, did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whup,
Then staggering, and swaggering,
He roar'd this ditty up—

*The old Scottish name for the Bat.

AIR.

Tune-" Soldier's Joy."

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,

And show my cuts and scars wherever I come; This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench.

When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd
his last, [of Abram;

When the bloody die was cast on the heights I serv'd out my trade where the gallant game was play'd,

And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,

And there I left for witness an arm and a limb; Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me.

I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

And now, tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,

And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum, I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,

As when I us'd in scarlet to follow the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

What the windy shocks, I must stand the windy shocks, [a home; Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for

When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bot tle tell, [drum. I could meet a troop of h-ll, at the sound of the Lal de daudle. &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk Aboon the chorus roar; While frighted rattans backward leuk, And seek the benmost bore:

A fairy fiddler frae the neuk, He skirl'd out encore! But up arose the martial's chuck, And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

Tune-" Soldier Laddie."

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when, And still my delight is in proper young men; Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie, No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie. Sing lat de lat. &c.

The first of my lovers was a swaggering blade, To rattle the thundering drum was his trade; His leg was so tight, and his check was so ruddy, Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

Sing lal de lal, &c.

But the goodly old chaplain left him in the lurch, So the sword I forsook for the sake of the church;

He ventur'd the soul, I risked the body, 'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.

Sing lal de lal. &c.

Full soon I grew sick of the sanctified sot, The regiment at large for a husband I got; From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready, I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

Sing lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair, Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair, His rags regimental they flutter'd sae gaudy, My heart it rejoic'd at my sodger laddie.

Sing lad de lal, &c.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long, And still I can join in a cup or a song; But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady.

Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie. Sing lal de lat, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
They mind't na what the chorus took,
Between themselves they were sae bizzy:
At length, wi' drink an' courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up and made a face;
Then turn'd and laid a smack on Grizzy,
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

Tune-" Auld Sir Symon."

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou, Sir Knave is a fool in a session; He's there but a 'prentice I trow, But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk.
And I held awa to the school;

I fear I my talent misteuk; But what will ye hae of a fool?

For drink I would venture my neck; A hizzie's the half o' my craft; But what could ye other expect Of ane that's avowedly daft.

I ance was ty'd up like a stirk, For civilly swearing and quaffing; I ance was abus'd i' the kirk, For towzling a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport, Let naebody name wi' a jeer; There's ev'n, I'm tauld, i' the court, A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye, yon reverend lad Maks faces to tickle the mob; He rails at our mountebank squad, It's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
Gude L—d, is far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest out spak a raucle carlin, Wha kent fu' weel to cleck the sterlin, For monie a pursie she had hooked, And had in monie a well been ducket; Her dove had been a Highland laddie, But wearty fa' the warfu' woode! Wi' sighs and sabs, she thus began To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

TUNE-"O an' ye were dead, guidman."

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born, The Lawlan' laws he held in scorn; But he still was faithfu' to his clan, My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman, Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman; There's not a lad in all the lan' Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg and tartan plaid, And guid claymore down by his side, The ladies' hearts he did trepan, My gallant, braw John Highlandman. Sing hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey, And liv'd like lords and ladies gay; For a Lallan face he feared nane, My gallant, braw John Highlandman. Sing hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea, But ere the bud was on the tree, Adown my cheeks the pearls ran, Embracing my John Highlandman. Sing hev. &c.

But oh! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My carse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn The pleasure that will ne'er return;

No comfort but a hearty can, When I think on John Highlandman. Sing hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy Scraper, wi' his fiddle, Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to driddle, Her strappin limb and gaucy middle (He reach'd nae higher,) Had hol't his heartie like a riddle, And blawn't on fre

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward e'e, He eroon'd his gamut ane, twa, three, Then, in an Arioso key, The wee Apollo

Set aff, wi' Allegretto glee, His giga solo.

AIR.

Tune-" Whistle o'er the lave o't."

Let me ryke up to dight that tear, And go wi' me and be my dear, And then your every care and fear May whistle o'er the lave o't.

CHORUS.

1 am a fiddler to my trade, And a' the tunes that e'er 1 play'd, The sweetest still to wife or maid, Was whistle o'er the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there, And oh! sae nicely's we will fare; We'll bouse about, till Daddie Care Sings whistle o'er the lave o't.

I am, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke, And sun oursels about the dyke, And at our leisure, when we like, We'll whistle o'er the lave o't. I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms, And while I kittle hair on thairms, Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms, May whistle o'er the lave o't. I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird As weel as poor Gut-scraper; He taks the fiddler by the beard, And draws a roosty rapier— He swoor, by a' was swearing worth, To spit him like a pliver. Unless he wad from that time forth Relinquish her forever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee Upon his hunkers bended, And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face, And sae the quarrel ended. But tho' his little heart did grieve When round the tinkler prest her, He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve, When thus the Caird address'd her;

AIR.

TUNE -- "Clout the Cauldron."

My bonnie lass, I work in brass, A tinkler is my station; I've travel'd round all Christian ground, In this my occupation; I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd In many a noble squadron; But vain they search'd, when off I march'd To go and clout the cauldron.

I've taen the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
Wi' a' his noise and caprin,
And tak a share wi' those that bear
The budget and the apron;
And by that stowp, my faith and houp,
And by that dear Kilbadgie,*
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er want my craigie.

And by that stoup, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae fair,
And partly she was drunk.
Sir Violina, with an air
That show'd a man o' spunk,
Wish'd unison between the pair,
And made the bottle clunk
To their health that night

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd the dame a shavie,
The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
Behint the chicken cavie.
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,
Tho' limping wi' the spavie.
He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
And shor'd them Dainty Davie
O boot that night.

^{*} A peculiar sort of whisky, so called; a great favorite with Posic Nansie's clubs.

He was a care defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it.
He had nae wish, but—to be glad,
Nor want—but when he thirsted;
He hated nought but—to be sad,
And thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night.

AIR.

Tune-" For a' that, and a' that."

I AM a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentlefolks, and a' that:
But Homer-like, the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that, And twice as meikle's a' that; I've lost but ane, I've twa' behin', I've wife enough, for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank, Castalia's burn, and a' that; But there it streams, and richly reams, My Helicon I ca' that. For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet, Wi' mutual love, and a' that; But for how lang the flie may stang, Let inclination law that.

For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft, They've ta'en me in, and a' that; But clear your decks, and "Here's the sex!" I like the jade for a' that.

> For a' that, and a' that, And twice as meikle's a' that, My dearest bluid, to do them guid, They're welcome till't, for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard-and Nansie's wa's Shook with a thunder of applause, Re-echo'd from each mouth: They toom'd their pocks, and pawn'd their duds, They scarcely left to co'er their fuds. To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again the jovial thrang. The poet did request, To lowse his pack, and wale a sang, A ballad o' the best; He, rising, rojoicing, Between his twa Deborahs. Looks round him, and found them Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE-" Jolly mortals, fill your glasses."

SEE the smoking bowl before us. Mark our jovial ragged ring;

Round and round take up the chorus, And in raptures let us sing:

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected! Liberty's a glorious feast! Courts for cowards were erected, Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure? What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter, how or where!

A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable, Round we wander all the day; And at night, in barn or stable, Hug our doxies on the hay.

Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig. &c.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.
A fig. &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets! Here's to all the wandering train! Here's our ragged brats and callets! One and all cry out, Amen!

EXTEMPORE.

April, 1782.

O why the deuce should I repine, And be an ill foreboder? I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine— I'll go and be a sodger.

I gat some gear wi' meikle care, I held it weel thegither; But now it's gane, and something mair,— I'll go and be a sodger.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

EXTRACTED FROM THE

LATE EDITION OF BURNS' WORKS,

EDITED BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell, Wha, as it pleases best thysel', Sends ane to heaven, and ten to hell,

A' for thy glory, And no for ony gude or ill

They've done afore thee '

I bless and praise thy matchless might, Whan thousands thou hast left in night, That I am here afore thy sight,

For gifts and grace, A burnin' and a shinin' light

To a' this place. What was I, or my generation,

That I should get sic exaltation, I wha deserve sic just damnation, For broken laws,

Five thousand years 'fore my creation, Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell, Thou might hae plunged me in hell, To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,

In burnin lake, Whar dainned devils roar and yell, Chain'd to a stake. Yet I am here a chosen sample; To show thy grace is great and ample; I'm here a pillar in thy temple, Strong as a rock,

A guide, a buckler, an example, To a' thy flock.

But yet, O L—d! confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust;
And sometimes, too, wi' warldly trust,
Vile self gets in;
But thou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd in sin

Besides, I farther maun allow,
Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow—
But L—d, that Friday I was fou,
When I came near her,
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true

Or else, thou kens, thy servant true Wad ne'er hae steer'd her

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
'Cause he's sae gifted;
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,
Until thou lift it.

L—d, bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race:
But G—d confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace
And public shame.

L—d, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts, He drinks, and swears, and plays at carts, Yet has sae mony takin' arts, Wi' grit and sma'. Frae G—d's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefor,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us;
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kall and potatoes.

L—d, hear my earnest cry and pray'r,
Against the presbyt'ry of Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, L—d, mak it bare Upo' their heads,
L—d, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O L—d my G—d, that glib-tongu'd Aiken, My very heart and saul are quakin', To think how we stood groanin, shakin', And swat wi' dread, While he wi' hingin lips and snakin', Held up his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him, L—d, visit them wha did employ him, And pass not in thy mercy by 'em, Nor hear their pray'r; But for thy people's sake destroy 'em, And dinna spare.

But, L—d, remember me and mine,
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
And a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen!

THE FAREWELL.

"The valiant, in himself, what can he suffer? Or what does he regard his single woes? But when, alas! he multiplies himself, To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair, To those whose bilss, whose beings hang upon him, To helpless children! then, O then! he feels The point of misery fest ring in his heart, And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward. Such, such am 1! undone!"

Thomson's Edward and Eleaners.

T

Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains,
Far dearer than the torrid plains
Where rich ananas blow!
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear!
A brother's sigh! a sister's tear!
My Pan's heart-rending throe!
Farewell, my Bess! tho' thou'rt bereft
Of my parental care;
A faithful brother I have left,
My part in him thou'lt share!
Adieu too, to you too,
My Smith, my bosom frien';
When kindly you mind me,

O then befriend my Jean!
II.

What bursting anguish tears my heart!
From thee, my Jeany, must I part!
Thou weeping answ'rest no!
Alas! misfortune stares my face,
And points to ruin and disgrace;
I for thy sake must go!
Thee, Hamilton, and Aiken dear,
A grateful, warm adieu!
I, with a much indebted tear,
Shall still remember you!

All-hail then, the gale then,
Wafts me from thee, dear shore!
It rustles, and whistles,
I'll ne'er see thee more!

WILLIE CHALMERS.

•

Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride, And eke a braw new brechan, My Pegasus I'm got astride, And up Parnassus pechin; Wniles owre a bush wi' downward crush, The doited beastie stammers; Then up he gets, and off he sets, For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

11.

I doubt na, lass, that weel kenn'd name
May cost a pair o' blushes;
I am nae stranger to your fame,
Nor his warm urged wishes.
Your bonnie face sae mild and sweet,
His honest heart enamors,
And faith, ye'll no be lost a whit,
Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers.

III.

Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair,
And honor safely back her,
And modesty assume your air,
And ne'er a ane mistak' her:
And sic twa love-inspiring een
Might fire even holy Palmers;
Nae wonder then they've fatal been
To honest Willie Chalmers.

IV.

I doubt, na fortune may you shore
Some mim-mou'd pouther'd priestie,
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
And band upon his breastie:
But oh! what signifies to you
His lexicons and grammars;
The feeling hearts' the royal blue,
And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

V.

Some gapin', glowrin', countra laird,
May warsle for your favor;
May claw his lug, and straik his beara
And host up some palaver.
My bonnie maid, before ye wed
Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

VI.

Forgive the Bard! my fond regard For ane that shares my bosom, Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues, For de'il a hair I roose him.

May powers aboon unite you soon, And fructify your amors,—
And every year come in mair dear To you and Willie Chalmers.

LINES.

WRITTEN ON A BANK NOTE.

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf, Fell source o' a' my woe and grief;

For tack o' thee I've lost my lass,
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, through thy cursed restriction.
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
Amid his hapless victim's spoil:
And for thy potence vainly wish'd,
To crush the villain in the dust.
For lack o' thee, I leave this much lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is THERE a whim-inspiring fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;

And owre this grassy heap sing dool, And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song, Who, noteless, steals the crowds among, That weekly this area throng,

O, pass not by!

But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear, Can others teach the course to steer, Yet runs, himself, life's mad career.

Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below,
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,

But thoughtless follies laid him low, And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, Or darkling grubs this earthly hole, In low pursuit;

Know, prudent, cautious self-control, Is wisdom's root.

EPISTLE TO MAJOR LOGAN.

HAIL, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly To every fiddling, rhyming billie, We never heed,

But take it like the unbacked filly, Proud o' her speed.

When idly groavan whyles we saunter, Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter,

Some black bog-hole,
Arrests us, the then scathe an' banter
We're forced to thole.

Hale be your heart! hale be your fiddle!
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle,
O'this wild war!,

Until you on a crummock driddle
A gray-hair'd carl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon, Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune, And screw your temper pins aboon

A fifth or mair,
The melancholious, lazie croon
O' cankrie care.

May still your life, from day to day, Nae "lente largo" in the play, But "allegretto forte" gay

Harmonious flow,
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
Encore! brayo!

A blessing on the cherry gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
An' never think o' right an' wrang
By square an' rule.

But as the clegs o' feeling stang Are wise or fool.

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase The harpy, hoodock, purse proud race, Wha count on poortith as disgrace— Their tuneless hearts!

May fireside discords jar a base
To a' their parts!

But come, your hand, my careless bruher, I' th' ither warl', if there's anither, An' that there is I've little swither

About the matter; We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
Eve's bonnie squad priests wyte them sheerly
For our grand fa':

But still, but still, I like them dearly—God bless them a'!

Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers, When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, The witching, curs'd, delicious blinkers Hae put me lyte,

And gart me sweet my waukrife winkers, Wi' girnan spite. But by you moon!—and that's high swearin'— An' every star within my hearin'! An' by her een wha was a dear ane!

I'll ne'er forget;

I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it, I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it, Ance to the Indies I were winted.

Some cantraip hour, By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted, Then, vive l'amour

Faites mes baissemains respectueuse, To sentimental sister Susie, An' honest Lucky; no to roose you, Ye may be proud, That sic a couple fate allows ye

To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,
An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure
But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
Be't light, be't dark,

Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure To call at Park.

Mossgiel, 30th October, 1786.

ON

THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, Esq. OF ARNISTON.

LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering
rocks:

Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains, The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains:

Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan; The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves, Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves! Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye, Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly; Where to the whistling blast and waters' roar, Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear! A loss these evil days can ne'er repair! Justice, the high vicegerent of her God, Her doubtful balance ey'd, and sway'd her rod; Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, She sunk, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den, Now gay in hope, explore the paths of men: See from his cavern grim Oppression rise, And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes; Keen on the helpless victim see him fly, And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry:

Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times,
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
While subtile Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied
wail!

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains, To you I sing my grief-inspired strains: Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll! Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul. Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign, Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine, To mourn the woes my country must endure, That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

EPISTLE

TO HUGH PARKER

In this strange land, this uncouth clime, A land unknown to prose or rhyme: Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles, Nor limpet in poetic shackles; A land that prose did never view it, Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it; Here, ambush'd by the chimla check, Hid in an atmosphere of reek, I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk, I hear it—for in vain I leuk.— The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel, Enhusked by a fog infernal: Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures, I sit and count my sins by chapters; For life and spunk, like ither Christians I'm dwindled down to mere existence, Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies, Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes'.* Jenny, my Pegasean pride! Dowie she saunters down Nithside. And ay a westlin leuk she throws, While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose! Was it for this, wi' canny care, Thou bure the Bard through many a shire ?

[•] His mare

At howes or hillocks never stumbled. And late or early never grumbled ?-O. had I power like inclination. I'd heeze thee up a constellation, To canter with the Sagitarre. Or loup the ecliptic like a bar: Or turn the pole like any arrow: Or when auld Phæbus bids good-morrow. Down the zodiac urge the race. And cast dirt on his godship's face: For I could lay my bread and kail He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail .-Wi' a' this care and a' this grief, And sma', sma' prospect of relief, And nought but peat reek i' my head How can I write what ve can read?-Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June, Ye'll find me in a better tune : But till we meet and weet our whistle. Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, Esq

O, COULD I give thee India's wealth, As I this trifle send! Because thy joy in both would be To share them wi' a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream;
Then tak what gold could never buy—
An honest Bard's esteem.

EPISTLE

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq

OF FINTRAY:

ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELECTION BETWEED SIR JAMES JOHNSTON AND CAPTAIN MILLER, FOR THE DUMFRIES DISTRICT OF BOROUGHS.

FINTRAY, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life,
Are ye as idle 's I am?
Come then, wi' uncount, kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears, Who left the all-important cares Of princes and their darlings, And, bent on winning borough towns, Came shaking hands wi' wabster lowns, And kissing barefit carlins.

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad
Of mad unmuzzled lions;
As Queensberry buff and blue unfurled,
And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled
To every Whig defiance.

But cautious Queensberry left the war,
Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star,
Besides, he hated bleeding:
But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cæsarean fight,
Or Ciceronian pleading.

O! for a throat like some huge Mons-meg, To muster o'er each ardent Whig Beneath Drumlanrig's banner Heroes and heroines commix,
All in a field of politics,

To win immortal honor.

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse,
(Th' enamor'd laurels kiss her brows!)

Led on the loves and graces:
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, all-conquering, play'd his part

Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd corps,
Tropes, metaphors and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder:
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
And bar'd the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought,
Redoubted Staig,* who set at naught
The wildest savage 'Tory:
And Welsh,† who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopeian fury.

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless desolation '
While Maxwelton, that baron bold,
'Mid Lawson'st port entrench'd his hold,
And threaten'd worse damnation.

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd,
With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
Surpasses my descriving:
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rush to the charge,
Like raging devils driving.

<sup>Provost Starg of Dumfries.
Lawson, a wine merchant in Dumfries.
21</sup>

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody fate
Amid this mighty tulzie!
Grim Horror girn'd—pale Terror roar'd,
As Murther at his thrapple shor'd,
And hell mix'd in the brulzie.

As highland craigs by thunder cleft, When light nings fire the stormy lift.

Hurl down with crashing rattle:

As flames among a hundred woods;

As headlong foam a hundred floods,

Such is the rare of battle!

The stubborn Tories dare to die;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers:
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers.

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night, Departed Whigs enjoy the fight, And think on former daring:

The muffled murtherer* of Charles
The Magna Charta flag unfurls,

All deadly gules it's bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,

Bold Scrimgeour† follows gallant Graham, 1 Auld Covenanters shiver. (Forgive, forgive, much wrong'd Montrose! Now death and hell engulph thy foes,

Thou liv'st on high forever!)

Still o'er the field the combat burns, The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns; But Fate the word has spoken.

[•] The executioner of Charles I. was maske t. † Scrimgeour, Lord Dundee.

Graham, Marquis of Montrose.

For woman's wit, and strength o'man, Alas! can do but what they can! The Tory ranks are broken.

O that my een were flowing burns, My voice a lioness that mourns

Her darling cubs' undoing!
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,

And furious Whigs pursuing!

What Whig but melts for good Sir James? Dear to his country by the names

Friend, patron, benefactor!
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save!
And Hopeton falls, the generous brave!

And Stewart,* bold as Hector.
Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow:

And Thurlow growl a curse of woe;

And Melville melt in wailing!

How Fox and Sheridan rejoice!

And Burke shall sing, O Prince, arise,

Thy power is all-prevailing!

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar He only hears and sees the war,

A cool spectator purely : So, when the storm the forest rends, The robin in the hedge descends, And sober chirps securely.

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

Long life, my Lord, an' health be yours, Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors; Lord grant nae duddie desperate beggar, Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,

* Stewart of Hillside

May twin auld Scotland o' a life She likes—as lambkins like a knife. Faith, you and A -----s were right To keep the Highland hounds in sight. I doubt na'! they wad bid nae better Than let them ance out owre the water: Then up amang thae lakes and seas They'll mak' what rules and laws they please, Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin. May set their Highland bluid a ranklin'; Some Washington again may head them. Or some Montgomery fearless lead them, Till God knows what may be effected, When by such heads and hearts directed-Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire May to Patrician rights aspire! Nae sage North, nor sager Sackville, To watch and premier o'er the pack vile, An' whare will ye get Howes or Clintons To bring them to a right repentance, To cowe the rebel generation, An' save the honor of the nation? They an' be d---d! what right hae they To meat, or sleep, or light o' day? Far less to riches. pow'r, or freedom, But what your lordship likes to gie them? But hear, my lord! Glengarry, hear! Your hand's owre light on them, I fear; Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies, I canna' say but they do gaylies: They lay aside a' tender mercies. An' tirl the hallions to the birses; Yet while they're only poind't and herriet, They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit; But smash them! crash them a' to spails! An' rot the dyvors i' the jails! The young dogs, swinge them to the labor. Let wark an' hunger mak' them sober!

The hizzies, if they're aughtlins fawsont. Let them in Drury-lane be lesson'd! An' if the wives an' dirty brats E'en thigger at your doors and vetts. Flaffan wi' duds an' gray wi' beas', Frightin' away your deucks an' geese. Get out a horsewhip or a jowler, The langest thong, the fiercest growler, An gar the tattered gypsies pack Wi'a' their bastarts at their back ! Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you, An' in my house at hame to greet you: Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle. The benmost neuk beside the ingle, At my right han' assign'd your seat 'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate,-Or if you on your station tarrow, Between Almagro and Pizarro. A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't: An' till ye come-Your humble servant, BEELZEBUB.

June 1st, Anno Mundi, 1790.

TO JOHN TAYLOR

WITH Pegasus upon a day, Apollo weary flying, Through frosty hills the journey lay,— On foot the way was plying,

Poor slip-shod, giddy Pegasus, Was but a sorry walker; To Vulcan then Apollo goes, To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work, Threw by his coat and bonnet, And did Sol's business in a crack; Sol paid him with a sonnet. Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead, Pity my sad disaster; My Pegasus is poorly shod— I'll pay you like my master.

ON

SEEING MISS FONTENELLE IN A FAVORITE CHARACTER.

Sweet naïvetè of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.
Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art;
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou d'st act a part.

THE BOOK-WORMS.

Through and through the inspired leaves, Ye maggots, make your windings; But, oh! respect his lordship's taste, And spare his golden bindings.

THE REPROOF.

RASH mortal, and slanderous Poet, thy name Shall no longer appear in the records of fame; Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible, [libel? Says, the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a

THE REPLY.

LIKE Esop's lion, Burns' says, sore I feel All others scorn-but damn that ass's heel.

THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON.

As cauld a wind as ever blew, A caulder kirk, and in't but few; As cauld a minister's e'er spak, Ye'se a' be het ere I come back.

THE LEAGUE AND COVENANT

The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears:
But it seal'd freedom's sacred cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

THERE'S death in the cup—sae beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching:
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and the wine sae bewitching!

THE TOAD-EATER

What of earls with whom you have supt, And of dukes that you dined with yestreen ! Lord! a louse, Sir, is still but a louse, Though it crawl on the curls of a queen.

THE SELKIRK GRACE

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it.
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thanket.

ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER.

HERE lies a rose, a budding rose, Blasted before its bloom; Whose innocence did sweets disclose Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her loss are griev'd,
This consolation's given—
She's from a world of wo reliev'd,
And blooms a rose in heaven.

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

Tune-" Shawnboy."

Ī.

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation; [other
Your thrifty auld mother has scarce such anTo sit in that honored station.

To sit in that honored station.

I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the ton of your fashion;
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,

'Tis seldom her favorite passion.

II.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,

Who marked each element's border;
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order; [tention
Within this dear mansion may wayward conOr wither'd envy ne'er enter;
May secresy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre.

ON A SUICIDE.

EARTH'D up here lies an imp o' hell, Planted by Satan's dibble— Poor silly wretch, he's damn'd himsel'. To save the Lord the trouble.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER

Tune-" Maggy Lauder."

I.

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

H.

We liv'd full one and twenty years
A man and wife together;
At length from me her course sha steer'd,
And gone I know not whither:
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

III.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave does hide her,
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil would ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder!
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

THERE WAS A LASS Tune—"Duncan Davison."

I.

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin,
There was a lad that follow'd her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
Her favor Duncan could na win;
For wi' the roke she wad him knock,
And ay she shook the temper-pin.

II.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,

Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks, And ay she set the wheel between: But Duncan swore a haly aith, That Meg should be a bride the more, Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith, And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

III.

We'll big a house—a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen,
Sae blithe and merry we will be
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And ay be welcome back again.

THENIEL MENZIE'S BONNIE MARY.

TUNE-" The Ruffian's Rant."

T.

In coming by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
As day was dawnin' in the sky,
We drank a health to bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

П

Her een sae bright, her orow sae white, Her haffet locks as brown's a berry; And ay, they dimpl't wi' a smile, The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.

III.

We lap and danced the lee lang day,
Till piper lads were wae and weary
But Charlie got the spring to pay,
For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary,

PRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

AIR-" Carron Side."

I.

Frame the friends and land I love,
Driv'n by fortune's felly spite,
Frame my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight;
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease from toil, relief frame care;
When remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unvail despair.

II.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace restore;
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
Bring our banish'd hame again;
And ilk loyal bonnie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain.

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY

Tune-" Duncan Gray."

Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray— Ha, ha, the girdin o't! Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray— Ha, ha, the girdin o't! When a' the lave gae to their play, Then I maun sit the lee lang day, And jog the cradle wi' my tae, And a' for girdin o't.

II.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon— Ha, ha, the girdin o't! Glowrin' a' the hills aboon— Ha, ha, the girdin o't! The girdin brak, the beast came down, I tint my curch, and baith my shoon; Ah! Duncan ye're an unco loon— Wae on tha bad girdin o't!

III.

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
Ise bless you wi' my hindmost breath—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
The beast again can bear us baith,
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
And clout the bad girden o't.

THE BLUDE RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW

Tune-"To daunton me."

T

The blude red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, and me so young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

II.

For a' his meal and a' his maut, For a' his fresh beef and his saut, For a' his gold and white monie, An auld man shall never daunton me.

III.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes, His gear may buy him glens and knowes, But me he shall not buy nor fee, For an auld man shall never daunton me.

IV.

He hirples twa fauld as he dow,
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain rains down frae his red bleer'd

That auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE-"Up wi' the Ploughman."

I.

The ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
His mind is ever true, Jo;
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, Jo.
Then up wi' the ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman!
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

11.

My ploughman he comes hame at e en, He's aften wat and weary; Cast of the wat, put on the dry, And gae to bed, my dearie!

III.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 And I will dress his o'erlay;
 I will mak my ploughman's bed,
 And cheer him late and early.

IV.

I hae been east, I hae been west, I hae been at Saint Johnston; The bonniest sight that e'er I saw Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.

v.

Snaw-white stockins on his legs, And siller buckles glancin'; A gude blue bonnet on his head— And O, but he was handsome!

V١

Commend me to the barn-yard,
And the corn-mou, man;
I never gat my coggie fou,
Till I met wi' the ploughman.
Up wi' my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman!
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

RATTLIN' ROARIN' WILLIE

Tune-" Rattlin', Roarin' Willie."

I.

O RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
O, he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle,
An' buy some other ware;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his ee,
And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome home to me!

II.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine!
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' would think I was mad,
For mony a rantin' day,
My fidd'e and I hae had

III.

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben—
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon board en';
Sitting at yon board en',
And amang good companie;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me'

AS I WAS A-WAND'RING.

Tung-" Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh."

T

As I was a wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',
The pipers and youngsters were making their
game:

Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover, Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolor again. Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him;

I may be distress'd, but I winna complain; I flatter my fancy I may get anither, My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

Η.

I couldna get sleeping till dawnin' for greetin',
The tears trickled down like the hail and the
rain:

Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken, For, oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

TIT

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller, I dinna envy him the gains he can win; I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him. Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' hi~1.

I may be distress'd, but I winna complain; I flatter my fancy I may get anither, My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY

Tune-" Highlander's Lament."

Ŧ.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain;
But now he's banished far away,
I'll never see him back again.
O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land,

For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed, I wander dowie up the glen; I set me down and greet my fill, And ay I wish him back again.

III.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain;
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Highland Harry back again.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

Tune-" A waukin o'. "

I.

SIMMER'S a pleasant time, Flow'rs of ev'ry color; The water rins o'er the heugh, And I long for my true lover.

ه ه

Ay waukin Ö, Waukin still and wearie: Sleep I can get nane For thinking on my dearie.

11

When I sleep I dream, When I wauk I'm eerie; Sleep I can get nane For thinking on my dearie.

III.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleeping;
I think on my bonnie lad,
And I bleer my een with greetin'.
Ay waukin O,
Waukin still and wearie:
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

WHEN ROSY MAY.

TUNE-" The gardener wi' his paidle."

I.

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers, To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers, Then busy, busy are his hours— The gard'ner wi' his paidle. The crystal waters gently fa',
The merry birds are lovers a';
The scented breezes round him blaw—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

II.

When purple morning starts the hare To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews he maun repair—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of nature's rest,
He flies to her arms, he lo'es best—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

LADY MARY ANN.

Tune-" Craigtown's growing."

I.

O, Lady Mary Ann
Looks o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys
Playing at the ba';
The youngest he was
The flower amang them a',
My bonnie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet.

Π.

An' ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year
To the college yet;
We'll sew a green ribbon
Round about his hat,
And that will let them ken
He's to marry yet.

O father! O father!

III.

Lady Mary Ann
Was a flower i' the dew,
Sweet was its smell,
And bonnie was its hue;
And the langer it blossom'd,
The sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud
Will be bonnier vet.

IV.

Young Charlie Cochran
Was the sprout of an aik;
Bonnie and bloomin',
And straught was its make:
The sun took delight
To shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag
O' the forest yet.

v.

The simmer is gane
When the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa
That we hae seen;
But far better days
I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet.

MYLOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

Tune-" Lady Badinscoth's Reel."

I.

My love she's but a lassie yet, My love she's but a lassie vet; We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
I rue the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O;
Wha gets her, needs na say she's woo'd
But he may say he's bought her. O!

II.

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.

SENSIBILITY HOW CHARMING

TUNE-" Cornwallis' Lament for Colonel Muirnead."

I.

Sensibility how charming.
Dearest Nancy! thou can'st tell,
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well.
Fairest flower, behold the hily,
Blooming in the sunny ray—
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

П.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest, Telling o'er his little joys: Hapless bird! a prey the surest To each pirate of the skres. Dearly bought the hidden treasure, Finer feelings can bestow; Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure, Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

OUT OVER THE FORTH Tunn-"Charlie Gordon's welcome hame."

T

OUT over the Forth I look to the north, [me f But what is the north and its Highlands to The south nor the east gie ease to my breast, The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

II.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest, [be; That happy my dreams and my slumbers may For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,

The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland Air.

I.

The tither morn,
When I forlorn,
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow,
I'd see my Jo,
Beside me, gain the gloaming.
But he sae trig,
Lap o'er the rig,

And dawtingly did cheer me.
When I, what reck,
Did least expec',
To see my lad sae near me.

II.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat,
Wi' faintness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me.
Deil tak' the war!
I late and air,
Hae wish'd since Jock departed;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,

III.

Fu' aft at e'en
Wi' dancm' keen,
When a' were blithe and merry,
I car'd na by,
Sae sad was I
In abscence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest,
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny;
At kirk and fair,
I'se ay be there,
And be as canty 's eny.

As short syne broken-hearted.

THE CARDIN' O'T

TUNE—" Salt-fish and dumplings."

Ι.

I coft a stane o' haslock woo', To make a wat to Johnny o't; For Johnny is my only jo,

I lo'e him best of ony yet.

The cardin o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin o't.

II.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
And tho' his brow be held aboon;
Yet I hae seen him on a day,
The pride of a' the parishen.
The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o ';
When ilk ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin o't.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW

Tune-" The weary Pund o' Tow."

I.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.
I bought my wife a stane o' lint
As gude as e'er did grow;
And a' that she has made o' that,
o' Is ae poor pund o' tow.

II.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle low,
And ay she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stowrie tow.

III.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame, Gae spin your tap o' tow! She took the rock, and wi' a knock She brak it o'er my pow.

IV.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow,
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

SAE FAR AWA.

Tune-" Dalkeith Maiden Bridge."

T.

O, SAD and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa;
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far awa.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this fair sae far awa,
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start

At this my way sae far awa.

II.

How true is love to pure desert, So love to her that's far awa: And nocht can heal my bosom's smart. While, oh! she is sae awa. Vane other love, nane other dart, I feel but her's, sae far awa; But fairer never touch'd a heart Than her's, the fair sae far awa.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

Tune-" A parcel of rogues in a nation."

I.

Fareweel to a' the Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory,
Fareweel e'en to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story,
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogoes in a nation.

II.

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valor's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

III.

O would, or I had seen the day,
That treason thus could fell us,
My auld gray head had lien in elay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, to my last hour
I'll mak' this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold,—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER

TUNE-" The Job of Journey-work."

ALTHO' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor;
Altho' my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water!
O! wae gae by his wanton sides,
Sae brawlie he could flatter;
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
And dree the kintra clatter.
But tho' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor;
But tho' my back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water!

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAR

Tune-" Jacky Latin."

I.

Gar ye me, O gat ye me O gat ye me wi' naething? Rock and reel, and spinnin' wheel, A mickle quarter basin. Bye attour. my gutcher has A hich house and a laigh ane, A' for bye, my bonnie sel', The toss of Ecclefechan.

II

O haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing
O haud your tongue and jauner;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing
Wad airt me to my treasure.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE-" If thou'lt play me fair play."

T.

The bonniest lad that e'er I saw, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie, Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw, Bonnie Highland laddie. On his head his bonnet blue, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie; His royal heart was firm and true, Bonnie Highland laddie.

II.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar, Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie; And a' the hills wi' echo roar, Bonnie Lowland lassie. Glory, honor, now invite, Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie, For freedom and my king to fight, Bonnie Lowland lassie.

III.

The sun a backward course shall take Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie, Ere aught thy manly courage shake, Bonnie Highland laddie.
Go, for yourself procure renown, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie; And for your lawful king, his crown, Bonnie Highland laddie.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

Tune-" Laggan Burn."

I.

Here's to thy health, my bonnie lass, Gude night, and joy be wi' thee; I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door, To tell thee that I lo'e thee. O dinna think, my pretty pink, But I can live without thee; I vow and swear I dinna care How lang ye look about ye.

II.

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me Thou hast nae mind to marry; I'll be as free informing thee Nae time hae I to tarry. I ken thy friends try ilka means, Frae wedlock to delay thee; Depending on some higher chance— But fortune may betray thee.

Ш

I ken they scorn thy low estate,
But that does never grieve me;
But I'm as free as any he,
Sma' siller will relieve me.
I count my health my greatest wealth,
Sae long as I enjoy it:
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment.

IV.

But far off lowls hae feathers fair,
And ay until ye try them:
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,
They may prove waur than I am.
But at twal at night, when the moon shines
bright,

My dear, I'll come and see thee; For the man who lo'es his mistress weel, Nae travel makes him weary.

ADDRESS TO A YOUNG LADY.

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal lives, In sacred strains and tuneful members joined Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives, Rich is the tribute of a grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest, Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song: Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears, As modest want the tale of woe reveals; While conscious virtue all the strain endears And heaven-born piety her sanction scals.

SONG.

As pown the burn they took their way, And through the flowery dale; His cheek to hers he aft did lay, And love was ay the tale. With "Mary, when shall we return, Sie pleasure to renew?" Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn, And ay shall follow you."

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS

Tune-" Cordwainer's March."

I.

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass, In mine, lass, in mine, lass; And swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt be my ain. A slave to love's unbounded sway, He aft has wrought me meikle wae, But now he is my deadly fae, Unless thou be my ain.

H.

There's monie a lass has broke my rest. That for a blink I hae lo'ed best; But thou art queen within my breast, Forever to remain. O lay thy loof in mine, lass, In mine, lass, is mine, lass; And swear on thy white hand, lass, And thou wilt be my ain.

TO CHLORIS.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, Nor thou the gift refuse, Nor with unwilling ear attend The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms, Must bid the world adieu, (A world 'gainst peace in constant arms), To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast, Chill came the tempest's lower; (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast Did nip a fairer flower).

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow
On conscious honor's part;
And—dearest gift of heaven below—
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste,
With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve.
2W
33

PEG-A-RAMSEY.

Tung-" Cauld is the e'enin' blast."

I.

CAULD is the e'enin' blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
And dawnin' it is dreary,
When birks are bare at Yule.

H.

O bitter blaws the winter blast When bitter bites the frost, And in the mirk and dreary drift The hills and glens are lost.

III.

Ne'er sae murky blew the night That drifted o'er the hill, But a bonnie Peg-a-Ramsey Gat grist to her mill.

GLOSSARY.

The ch and gh have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong oo, is commonly spelled ou. The French u, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked oo, or ui. The a in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an e mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English a in wall. The Scottish diphthong a, always, and ea, very often, sound like the French e masculine. The Scottish diphthong ey, sounds like the Latin ei.

A A', All. Aback, away, aloof. Abeigh, at a shy distance. Aboon, above, up. Abread, abroad, in sight. Abreed, in breadth. Addle, putrid water, &c. Ae. one. Aff, oif; Aff loof, unpremeditated. Afore, before. Aft, oft. Aften, often. Agley, off the right line; wrong Aiblins, perhaps. Ain, own. Airle-penny, Airles, earnest-money. Airn, iron. Aith, an oath, Aits, oats. Aiver, an old horse Aizie, a hot cinder

Alake, alas. Atane, alone. Akwart, awkward. Amaist, almost, Amang, among. An', and; if. Ance, once. Ane, one; and. Anent, over against Anither, another. Ase. ashes. Asklent, asquint ; aslant. Asteer, abroad; stirring, Athart, athwart. Aught, possession; as, in a' my aught, in all my possession. Auld lang sune, olden time, days of other years. Auld. old. Auldfarran, or auld farrant, sagacious, cunning, prudent. Ava. at all. Awa', away. Awfu', awful. Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c Awnie, bearded Auont, beyond R

BA, Ball. Backets, ash boards. Backlins, coming; coming back, returning. Back, returning. Bad, did bid. Baide, endured, did stay Baggie, the belly. Bainie, having large bones, stout. Bairn, a child. Bairntime, a family of children, a brood. Baith, both. Ban, to swear. Bane, bone. Bang, to beat; to strive. Bardie, diminutive of bard. Barefit, barefooted. Barmie, of, or like barm.

Batch, a crew, a gang.

Batts, bots.

Baudrons, a cat. Bauld, bold.

Banck, bank.

Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face

Be, to let be : to give over : to cease.

Bear, barley.

Beastie, diminutive of beast.

Beet, to add fuel to fire.

Beld, bald.

Belyve, by and by.

Ben, into the spence or parlor; a spence.

Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.

Bethankit, grace after meat.

Beuk, a book.

Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race.

Bie, or Bield, shelter. Bion, wealthy, plentiful.

Big. to build.

Biggin, building: a house.

Biggit, built. Bill, a bull.

Billie, a brother; a young fellow.

Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c

Birk, birch.

Birken-shaw, Birchen-wood-shaw, a small wood. Birkie, a clever fellow.

Birring, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring

Bit, crisis, nick of time.

Bizz, a bustle, to buzz. Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf; a term of contempt.

Blastit, blasted.

Blate, bashful, sheepish.

Blather, bladder. Bland, a flat piece of any thing; to slap.

Blaw, to blow, to boast.

Bleerif, bleared, sore with rheum.

Bleert and blin', bleared and blind.

Bleezing, blazing. Blellum, an idle talking fellow.

Blether, to talk idly; nonsense.

Bleth'rin, talking idly.

Blink, a little while; a smiling look; to look kindly; to shine by fits.

Blinker, a term of contempt.

Blinkin, smirking.

Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge.

Bluid, blood.

Bluntie, a sniveller, a stupid person.

Blune, a shred, a large piece.

Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently Bocked, gushed, vomited.

Bodle, a small gold coin.

Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.

Bonnie, or bonny, handsome, beautiful.

Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannock, or loaf made of oatmeal.

Boord, a board.

Boortree, the shrub elder; planted much of old me hedges of barn-yards, &c.

Boost, behoved, must needs

Bore, a hole in the wall.

Botch, an angry tumor.

Bousing, drinking.

Bow-kail, cabbage. Bowt, bended, crooked.

Brackens, fern.

Brae, a declivity; a precipice; the slope of a hill.

Braid, broad.

Brainda't, reeled forward.

Braik, a kind of harrow. Braindge, to run rashly forward.

Brak, broke, made insolvent. Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.

Brash, a sudden illness.

Brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c. Brattle, a short race; hurry; fury.

Braw, fine, handsome.

Brawly, or brawlie, very well; finely; heartily.

Brazie, a morbid sheep.

Breastie, diminutive of breast. Breastit, did spring up or forward.

Breckan, fern.

Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell

Breeks, breeches. Brent, smooth.

Brewin, brewing

Brie, juice, liquid.

Brunstane, brimstone

Brisket, the breast, the bosom.

Inther. a brother.

I rock, a badger.

Brogue, a hum; a trick.

Broo, broth; liquid; water.

Broose, broth; a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on recurning from church.

Browster-wives, ale-house wives.

Brugh, a burgh.

Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion.

Brunt, did burn, burnt.

Brust, to burst; burst.
Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks
on the coast of Buchan.

Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.

Bught, a pen.

Bughtin-time, the time of collecting the sheep in the news to be milked.

Buirdly, stout-made; broad-made.

Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summe:

evenings.

Bumming, humming as bees.

Bummle, to blunder.

Bummler, a blunderer.
Bunker, a window-seat.

Burdies, diminutive of birds.

Bure, did bear.

Burn, water; a rivulet.

Burnewin, i. e. burn the wind, a black-smith.

Burnie, diminutive of burn.

Buskie, bushy.

Euskit, dressed. .
Eusks. dresses.

Bussle, a bustle; to bustle.

Buss, shelter.

But, bot, with; without

But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlor.

By himsel, lunatic, distracted.

Byke, a bee-hive.

Byre, a cow-stable; a sheep-pen.

C.

CA', To call, to name; to drive. Ca't, or ca'd, called, driven; calved.

Ca't, or ca'd, called, driven; calved Cadger, a carrier.

Cadie, or caddie, a person; a young fellow Caff, chaff.

Caird, a tinker.

Cairn, a loose heap of stones.

Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.

Callan, a boy. Caller, fresh; sound; refreshing.

Canie, or cannie, gentle, mild; dexterous

Cannilie, dexterously; gently.
Cantie, or canty, cheerful, merry.

Cantraip, a charm, a spell.

Cap-stane, cope-stone; key-stone. Careerin, cheerfully.

Carlenn, cheeriung

Carlin, a stout old woman.

Cartes, cards.

Caudron, a caldron.

Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.

Cauld, cold.
Caup, a wooden drinking-vessel.

Cesses, taxes.

Chanter, a part of a bag-pipe.

Chap, a person, a fellow; a blow

Chaup, a stroke, a blow. Cheekit, cheeked.

Cheep, a chirp; to chirp.

Chiel, or cheel, a young fellow.

Chimla, or chimlie, a fire-grate, a fire-place.

Chimla-lug, the fireside. Chittering, shivering, trembling.

Chockin, choking.

Chow, to chew; cheek for chow, side by side. Chuffie, fat-faced.

Clachan, a small village about a church; a hamlet. Claise, or class, clothes.

Claith, cloth.

Claithing, clothing.

Claivers, nonsense; not speaking sense.

Clap, clapper of a mill.

Clarkit, wrote.

Clash, an idle tale, the story of the lay

Clatter, to tell idle stories; an idle story Claught, snatched at, laid hold of.

Claut, to clean; to scrape.

Clauted, scraped.

Clavers, idle stories. Claw, to scratch.

Cleed, to clothe.

Cleeds, clothes.

Cleekit, having caught.

Clinkin, jerking; clinking.

Clinkumbell, he who rings the church bell.

Clips, shears.

Clishmaclaver, idle conversation

Clock, to hatch; a beetle.

Clockin, hatching.

Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.

Clootie, an old name for the Devil. Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.

Cluds, clouds.

Coaxin, wheedling.

Coble, a fishing-boat

Corkernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap. Coft, bought.

Cog, a wooden dish.

Coggie, diminutive of cog.

Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.

Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs.

Collieshangie, quarrelling, an uproar.

Commaun, command.

Cood, the cud.

Coof, a blockhead; a ninny.

Cookil, appeared, and disappeared, by fits.

Coost, did cast.

Coot, the ancle or foot.

Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish:-also, those forols whose legs are clad with feathers, are said to be cootie.

Corbies, a species of the crow.

Core, corps; party; clan.

Corn't, fed with oats.

Cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottage.

Couthie, kind, loving.

Core, a cave.

Cowe, to terrify; to keep under, to lop; a fright;

branch of furze, broom, &c.

Cowp, to barter; to tumble over; a gang.

Cowpit, tumbled.

Cowin, cowering. Cowt, a colt.

Cozie, snug.

Cozily, snugly.

Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.

Crack, conversation; to converse.

Crackin, conversing,

Craft. or croft, a field near a house (in old husbandry).

Craiks, cries or calls incessantly; a bird.

Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggrel verses. Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.

Crankous, fretful, captious.

Cranreuch, the hoar-frost.

Craw, a crow of a cock; a rook.

Creel, a basket; to have one's wits in a creel, to be crazed; to be fascinated.

Creepie-stool, the same as cutty-stool.

Creeshie, greasy.

Crood, or croud, to coo as a dove.

Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune.

Crooning, humming. Crouchie, crook-backed.

Crouse, cheerful; courageous.

Crousely, cheerfully; courageously.

Crowdie, a composition of oat-meal and hotled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton. &c.

Crowdie-time, breakfast time.

Crowlin, crawling,

Crummock, a cow with crooked horns.

Crump, hard and brittle; spoken of bread.

Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.

Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny.

Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head

Curchie, a courtesy

Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practiced in Scotland, called curling.

Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets

Curling, a well known game on the ice.

Curmurring, murmuring; a slight rumbling noise.

Curpin, the crupper.

Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon.

Cutty, short; a spoon broken in the middle.

Cutty-stool, the stool of repentance.

D

DADDIE, a father.

Daffin, mérriment : foolishness.

Daft, merry, giddy; foolish. Daimen, rare, now and then; daimenicker, an ear of

corn now and then. Dainty, pleasant, good humored, agreeable.

Daise, daez, to stupify.

Dales, plains, valleys.

Darklins, darkling.

Daud, to thrash, to abuse. Daur, to dare.

Daurt, dared.

Daurg, or daurk, a day's labor.

Davoc. David.

Dawd, a large piece.

Dawtit, or dawtet, fondled, caressed

Dearies, diminutive of dears.

Dearthfu', dear.

Deare, to deafen.

Deil-ma-care! no matter; for all that. Delegrit, delirious.

Descrive, to describe,

Dight, to wipe; to clean corn from chaff.

Dight, cleaned from chaff. Ding, to worst, to push.

Dink, neat, tidy, trim.

Dinna, do not.

Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain.

Dizen, or dizz'n, a dozen.

Doited. stupified, hebetated Dolt, stupified, crazed.

Donsie, unlucky.

Dool, sorrow; to sing dool, to lament, to mourn.

Doos, doves. Dorty, saucy, nice. Douce, or douse, soher, wise, prudent Doucely, soberly, prudently. Dought, was or were able Doup, backside. Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail. Dour and din, sullen and sallow. Doure, stout, durable; sullen, stubborn. Dow, nm or are able, can. Dowff, pithless, wanting force. Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c., half asleep. Downa, am or are not able, cannot, Doult, stupid. Dozen't. stupified, impotent. Drap, a drop; to drop. Draigle, to soil by trailing, to draggle among wet, &c Dravning, dropping. Draunting, drawling; of a slow enunciation. Dreep, to ooze, to drop. Dreigh, tedious, long about it. Dribble, drizzling; slaver. Drift, a drove. Droddum, the breech. Drone, part of a bagpipe. Droop-rumpl't, that drops at the crupper Droukit, wet. Drounting, drawling. Drouth, thirst, drought. Drucken, drunken. Drumly, muddy. Drummock, meal and water mixed in a raw state. Drunt, pet, sour humor. Dub, a small pond. Duds, rags, clothes. Duddie, ragged. Dung, worsted; pushed, driven. Dunted, beaten, boxed. Dush, to push as a ram, &c. Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c

e-rie, frighted, dreading spirits.

Elbuck, the elbow.

Eldritch, ghastly, frightful.

Eller, an elder, or church officer.

En', end.

Enbrugh, Edinburgh.

Especial, especially.

Ettle, to try, to attempt.

Eydent, diligent.

F

FA, fall; lot; to fall. Fa's, does fall; water-falls. Faddom't, fathorned. Fae, a foe. Faem, foam. Faiket, unknown. Fairin, a fairing; a present. Fallow, fellow. Fand, did find. Farl, a cake of oaten bread, &c. Fash, trouble, care; to trouble; to care for. Fasht, troubled. Fasteren e'en, Fasten's Even. Fauld, a fold; to fold. Faulding, folding. Faut, fault. Faute, want, lack. Fawsont, decent, seemly Feat, a field; smooth. Fearfu', frightful. Fear't, frighted. Feat, neat, spruce. Fecht, to fight. Fechtin, fighting. Feck, many, plenty. Fecket, an under waistcoat with sleeves. Feckfu', large, brawny, stout. Feckless, puny, weak, silly. Feckly, weakly. Feg, a fig. Feide, feud, enmity. Feirrie, stout, vigorous, healthy.

Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level, on the side or top of a hill. Fen. successful struggle; fight.

Fend, to live comfortably.

Ferlie, or ferley, to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt.

Fetch, to pull by fits.

Fetch't, pulled intermittently.

Fidge, to fidget.

Fiel, soft, smooth

Fient, fiend, a petry oath.

Fier, sound, healthy; a brother; a friend.

Fissle, to make a rustling noise; to fidget; a bustle.

Fit. a foot. Fittie-lan', the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the

plough. Fizz, to make a hissing noise like fermentation.

Flainen, flannel.

Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner.

Fleech'd, supplicated.

Fleechin, supplicating.

Fleesh, a fleece. Fleg, a kick, a random

Flether, to decoy by fair words.

Fletherin, flattering. Fley, to scare, to frighten.

Flichter, to flutter, as young nestlings when their dam approaches.

Flinders, shreds, broken pieces, splinters.

Flinging-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail.

Flisk, to fret at the yoke. Fliskit, fretted.

Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.

Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.

Flunkie, a servant in livery Fodgel, squat and plump.

Foord, a ford.

Forbears, forefathers.

Forbue, besides.

Forfairn, distressed; worn out, jaded Forfoughten, fatigued.

Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.

Forgie, to forgive. Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.

Fother, fodder.

Fou. full; drunk. Foughten, troubled, harassed. Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough Fow, a bushel, &c.; also a pitch-fork. Frae, from : off. Frammit, strange, estranged from, at enmity with. Freath, froth. Frien', friend. Fu', full. Fud, the scut, or tail of the hare, cony, &c. Fuff. to blow intermittently. Fuff't, did blow. Funnie, full of merriment. Fur. a furrow. Furm, a form, bench. Fuke, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuse about trifles. Fule, to soil, to dirty

Full, soiled, dirtied G. GAB, the mouth; to speak boldly, or pertly. Gaber-lunzie, an old man. Gadsman, a ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough. Gae, to go; gaed, went; gaen, or gane, gone; gaun, going. Gaet, or gate, way, manner; road. Gairs, triangular pieces of cloth sewed on the bottom of a gown, &c. Gang, to go, to walk. Gar, to make, to force to. Gar't, forced to. Garten, a garter. Gash, wise, sagacious; talkative; to converse Gashin, conversing. Gaucy, jolly, large. Gaud, a plough. Gear, riches; goods of any kind. Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn. Ged, a pike. Gentles, great folks, gentry. Genty, elegantly formed, neat. Geordie, a guinea. Ga, a child, a young one.

Ghaist, a ghost,

Gie, to give; gied, gave; gien, given.

Giftie, diminutive of gift. Giglets, playful girls.

Gillie, diminutive of gill.

Gilpey, a half grown, half informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoiden.

Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old.

Gin, if; against.

Gipsey, a young girl.

Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c

Girning, grinning. Gizz, a periwig.

Glaikit, inattentive, foolish.

Glaive, a sword. Gawku, half-witted, foolish, romping.

Glaizie, glittering; smooth like glass.

Glaum, to snatch greedily.

Glaum'd, aimed, snatched. Gleck, sharp, ready.

Gleg, sharp, ready.

Gleib, glebe.

Glen, a dale, a deep valley.

Gley, a squint; to squint; a-gley, off at a side, wrong Glib-gabbet, smooth and ready in speech.

Glint, to peep.

Glinted, peeped.

Glintin, peeping. Gloamin, the twilight.

Glowr, to stare, to look : a stare, a look

Glowred, looked, stared.

Glunsh, a frown, a sour look.

Goavan, looking round with a strange, inquiring gaze; staring stupidly.

Gowan, the flower of the wild daisy, hawk-weed, &c. Gowany, daisied, abounding with daisies.

Gowd, gold.

Gowff, the game of Golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf.

Gowff'd, struck. Gowk, a cuckoo; a term of contempt.

Gowl, to howl.

Grane, or grain, a groan; to groan. Grain'd and grunted, grouned and granted.

Graining, groaning.

```
Fraip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.
Graith, accourrements, furniture, dress, gear.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grape, to grope.
Gravit, groped.
Grat, wept, shed tears
Great, intimate, familiar.
Gree, to agree; to bear the gree, to be decided'y victor
Gree't, agreed.
Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
Greetin, crying, weeping.
Grippet, catched, seized.
Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing
  game.
Gronsome, loathsomely, grim.
Grozet, a gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt; to grunt.
Grumphie, a sow.
Grun', ground.
Grunstane, a grindstone
Gruntle, the phiz; a grunting noise.
Grunzie, mouth.
Grushie, thick; of thriving growth.
Gude, the Supreme Being; good.
Guid, good.
Guid morning, good morrow.
Guid-e'en, good evening.
Guidman and guidwife, the master and mistress of the
  house; young guidman, a man newly married.
Guid-willie, liberal : cordial.
Guid father, guid-mother, father-in-law, and mother
 in-law.
Gully, or gullie, a large knife.
Gumlie, muddy.
Gusty, tasteful.
```

H.

HA', hall.

Ha'-Bible, the great Bible that lies in the hall.

Hae, to have.

Haen, had, the participle.

Haet, fient haet, a petty oath of negation; nothing Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.

Hafflins, nearly half, parity.

2X

Hag, a scar or gulf in mosses, and moors, Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a ow or sheen. Hain, to spare, to save. Hain'd, spared. Hairst, harvest. Haith, a petty oath. Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought. Hal', or hald, an abiding place. Hale, whole, tight, healthy. Halu, holv. Hame, home. Hallan, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside. Hallownas, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October. Hamely, homely, affable. Han', or haun', hand. Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c., to wrap. to cover; to hop. Havver, a bopper, Happing, hopping. Hap step an' loup, hop skip and lean. Harkit, hearkened. Harn, very coarse linen. Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress aor act with propriety. Hastit, hastened. Hand, to hold. Haughs, low lying, rich lands; valleys. Haurl, to drag; to peel. Haurlin, peeling. Haverel, a half-witted person; half-witted. Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense. Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face Heapit, heaped. Healsome, healthful, wholesome.

Hear't, hear it.

Heather, heath.

Heeh! oh! strange

Heeht, promised; to foretell something that is to be got
or given; forefold; the thing forefold; offered.

Heekle, a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp
pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.

Hezz, to elevate, to raise

Hearse, hoarse.

```
Helm the tudder or helm.
Herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks.
Herrin, a herring.
Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds
  nests.
Herryment, plundering, devastation.
Hersel, herself; also a herd of cattle, of any sort.
Het. hot.
Heugh, a crag, a coalpit.
Hilch, a hobble; to halt.
Hilchin, halting.
Himsel, himself.
Hiney, honey.
Hing, to hang.
Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep.
Hissel, so many cattle as one person can accend.
Histie, dry; chapped; barren.
Hitch, a loop, a knot,
Hizzie, a hussy, a young girl.
Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a
  cart-horse; humble.
Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn
  across the rink.
Hog-shouther, a kind of horse play, by justling with
  the shoulder; to justle.
Hool, outer skin or case, a nut-shell; a peas-cod.
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely.
Hoolie! take leisure, stop.
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard.
Hoordit, hoarded.
Horn, a spoon made of horn,
Hornie, one of the many names of the devil.
Host, or hoast, to cough: a cough.
Hostin, coughing.
Hosts, coughs.
Hotch'd, turned topsyturyy a blended, mixed.
Houghmagandie, fornication.
Houlet, an owl.
Housie, diminutive of house.
Hore. to heave, to swell.
Hov'd, heaved, swelled.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, hollow; a hollow or aell.
Howebackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c
Howff, a tippling house; a house of resort.
```

Howk, to dig.
Howkit, digged.
Howkit, digging.
Howket, an owl.
Hoy, to urge.
Hoy't, urged.
Hoyse, to pull upwards.
Hoyte, to amble crazily.
Hughoe, diminutive of Hugh.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the loins; the crupper.
Hushion, a cushion.

I. in,
Icker, an ear of corn
Ieroe, a great-grandchild.
Ilk, or ilka, each, every.
Ilk-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly
Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
Ingit, fire; fire-place
Ise, I shall or will.
Ilber, other; one another.

JAD, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl. Jauk, to dally, to trifle. Jaukin, trifling, dallying. Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water. Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out; to shut, to jerk as water. Jerkinet. a jerkin, or short gown. Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl. Jimp, to jump; slender in the waist; handsome. Jimps, easy stays. Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning; a corner. Jinker, that turns quickly; a gay, sprightly girl; a wag. Jinkin, dodging Jirk, a jerk. Jocteleg, a kind of knife. Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head. Jow, to jow, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell

Jundie. to justle.

К.

KAE, a daw.

Kail, colewort; a kind of broth.

Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.

Kain, fowls. &c., paid as rent by & tarmer

Kebbuck, a cheese.

Keckle, to giggle; to titter.

Keek, a peep, to peep.

Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haun: fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.

Ken, to know; kend or kenn'd, knew.

Kennin, a small matter.

Kenspeckle, well known, easily known.

Ket, matted, hairy; a fleece of wool

Kill, to truss up the clothes.

Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip. Kin, kindred; kin', kind, adj.

King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c

Kintra, country.

Kintra cooser, country stallion.

Kirn, the harvest supper; a churn.

Kirsen, to christen, or baptize. Kist, a chest; a shop counter.

Kitchen, anything that eats with bread; to serve for soup, gravy, &c.

Kith, kindred.

Kittle, to tickle; ticklish; lively, apt.

Kittlin, a young cat.
Kiuttle, to cuddle.

Kiuttlin. cuddling.

Knaggie, like knags, or points of rocks.

Knap, to strike smartly, a smart blow

Knappin-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.

Knowe, a small round hillock

Knurl, a dwarf.

Kye, cows.

Kyle, a district in Ayrshire

Kyte, the belly.

Kythe, to discover; to show one's self.

LADDIE, diminutive of lad.

Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.

Laigh, low.

Lowin, flaming.

Lairing, wading, and slinking in snow, mud. &c Laith, loath. Lauthfu', bashful, sheepish. Lallans, the Scottish dialect of the English language Lambie, diminutive of lamb. Lampit, a kind of shell-fish, a limpit. Lan', land; estate. Lane, lone; my lane thy lane, &c., myself alone, &c. Lanely, lonely, Lang, long; w think lang, to long, to weary. Lap, did leap. Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others. Laverock, the lark. Lawin, shot, reckoning, bill. Lawlan, lowland. Lea'e, to leave. Leal, loyal, true, faithful. Lea-rig, grassy ridge. Lear, (pronounce lare,) learning. Lee-lang, live-long. Leesome, pleasant. Leeze-me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee, or proud of thee. Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish. Leugh, did laugh. Leuk, a look; to look. Libbet, gelded. Lift, the sky. Lightly, sneeringly; to sneer at. Lilt, a ballad; a tune; to sing. Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet. Limp't, limped, hobbled. Link, to trip along. Linkin, tripping. Linn, a water-fall; a precipico. Lint, flax ; lint i' the bell, flax in flower Linuwhite, a linnet. Loan, or loanin, the place of milking. Loof, the palm of the hand. Loot, did let. Looves, plural of loof. Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin; a woman of easy virtue. Loup, jump, leap. Lowe, a flame.

Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence. Lowse, to loose. Lows'd. loosed. Lug. the ear; a handle. Lugget, having a handle. Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle. Lum, the chimney. Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c. Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke. Luntin, smooking. Lyant, of a mixed color, gray

M

MAE, more. Mair, more. Maist, most, almost. Maistly, mostly. Mak, to make. Makin, making. Mailen, a farm. Mallie, Molly. Mang, among. Manse, the parsonage house, where the minister lives. Manteele, a mantle. Mark, marks, (This and several other nouns which is English require an s, to form the plural, are in Secure, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.) Marled, variegated; spotted. Mar's year, the year 1715. Mashlum, meslin, mixed corn. Mask, to mash, as malt, &c. Maskin-pat, a tea-pot. Maud, maad, a plaid worn by shepherds, &c. Maukin, a hare. Maun, must. Mavis, the thrush. Maw, to mow. Mawin, mowing. Meere, a mare. Meikle, meickle, much. Melancholious, mournful.

Melder, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground. Mell, to meddle. Also a maller for pounding barley

n a stone trough.

Melvie, to soil w th meal. Men', to mend. Mense, good manners, decorum. Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent. Messin, a small dog. Midden, a dunghill. Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill. Mim. prim. affectedly meek. Min', mind; resemblance. Mind't, mind it; resolved, intending. Minnie, mother, dam. Mirk, mirkest, dark, darkest. Misca', to abuse, to call names. Misca'd, abused. Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly Misteuk, mistook. Mither, a mother. Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed. Moistifu, to mo sten. Mony, or monie, many. Mools, dust, earth, the earth of the grave. Z. the mools; to lay in the dust Moop, to nibble as a sheep Moorlan', of or belonging to moors. Morn, the next day, to-morrow Mou, the mouth. Moudiwort, a mole Mousie, diminutive of mouse. Muckle, or mickle, great, big, much Music, diminutive of muse. Muslin-kail, broth, composed simply of water shelled barley, and greens
Mutchkin, an English pint.

N

NA, no, not, nor.
Nas, no, not any.
Nasthing, or naithing, nothing.
Naig, a horse.
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale; to be tipsy.
Neglekit, neglected.
Neuk, a nook.
Niest, next.

Mysel, myself.

Nieve, the fint. Nievefu', handful'. Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to parter. Niger, a negro. Nine-tail'd-cat, a hangman's whip. Nit. a nut. Norland, of or belonging to the north. Notic't, noticed. Nowte. black cattle.

O

O', of, Ochels, name of mountains. O haith. O faith! an oath. Onu, or onie, any. Or, is often used for ere, before, Ora, or orra, supernumerary, that can be spared O't, of it. Ourie, shivering; drooping. Oursel, or oursels, ourselves. Outlers, cattle not housed. Ower, over; too.

Ower-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the harmon over the arm.

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wock Painch, paunch. Paitrick, a partridge. Pang, to cram. Parle, speech. Parritch, oatmeal pudging, a well known Scotch a sh Pat. did put; a pot. Pattle, or pettle, a plough-staff. Paughty, proud, haughty. Pauky, or parckie, cunning, sly. Pay't, paid; beat, Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma. Pechan, the crop, the stomach. Peelin, peeling, the rind of fruit. Pet. a domesticated sheep, &c. Pettle. to cherish; a plough-staff. Philibegs, short petticoats worn by the Highlandmen Phraise, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter. Phraisin, flattery. Pibroch, Highland war music adapted to the Lagr. pe

2V

Pickle, a small quantity. Pine, pain, uneasiness. Put, to put. Placad, a public proclamation. Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny. Plackless, pennyless, without money. Place, diminutive of plate. Plete, or pleugh, a plough. Pliskie, a trick. Poind, to seize cattle or goods for rent, as the laws on Scotland allow Poortith, poverty Pou, to pull. Pouk, to pluck. Poussie, a hare, or cat. Pout, a poult, a chick. Pou't, did pull. Powthery, like powder. Pow, the head, the skull. Pownie, a little horse. Powther, or pouther, powder. Preen, a pin. Prent, to print; print. Prie, to taste. Pried, tasted. Prief, proof. Prig. to cheapen; to dispute. Priggin, cheapening. Primsie, demure, precise. Propone, to lay down, to propose. Provoses, provosts.

Q

QUAT, to quit. Quak, to quake. Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

Puddock-stool, a mushroom, fungus
Pund, pound; pounds.
Pyle,—a pyle o' caff, a single grain of chaff

R.

RAGWEED, the herb ragwort.
Raible, to rattle nonsense.
Rair, to roar.

Ruize, o madden, to inflame. Ram-feezl'd, fatigued ; overspread. Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward. Raploch. (properly) a coarse cloth; but used as an ad noun for coarse. Rarely, excellently, very weal. Rash. a rush; rash-buss, a bush of rushes. Ratton, a rat Raucle, rash; stout; fearless. Raught, reached. Raw, a row. Rar 'n etreich Ream, cream; to cream. Reaming, brimfull, frothing Reave, rove. Reck, to heed. Rede, counsel; to counsel. Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops Red-wud, stark mad. Ree, half-drunk, fuddled. Reek, smoke. Reekin, smoking. Reekit, smoked; smoky. Remead, remedy. Require, required. Rest, to stand restive. Restit, stood restive; stunted; withered. Restricked, restricted. Rew, to repent, to compassionate. Rief, reef, plenty. Rief randies, sturdy beggars. Rig. a ridge. Rigwiddie, rigwoodie, the rope or chain that c. peses the saddle of a horse to support the spokes of a cart; spare, withered, sapless. Rin, to run, to melt; rinnin, running. Rink, the course of the stones; a term in curling on 100. Rip, a handfull of unthreshed corn. Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots. Rockin, spinning on the rock or distaff. Rood, stands likewise for the plural roods. Roon a shred, a border or selvage. Roose, to praise, to commend.

Roun', round, in the circle of neighborhood.

Roosty, rusty.

R nupet, hoarse, as with a cold. Routhie, plentiful. Row, to roll, to wrap. Row't, rolled, wrapped. Rowte, to low, to bellow Rowth, or with, plenty. Rowtin, lowing. Rozet, rosin. Rung, a cudgel. Runkled, wrinkled. Runt, the stern of colewort or cabbage. Ruth, a woman's name; the book so canca, sono Ruke, to reach.

8

SAE, 80.

Saft, soft. Sair, to serve : a sore. Sairly, or sairlie, sorely.

Sair't, served. Sark, a shirt; a shift.

Sarkit, provided in shirts.

Saugh, the willow. Saul soul.

Saumont, salmon. Saunt, a saint.

Saut, salt, adj. salt Saw, to saw.

Sawin, sowing. Sax, six.

Scaith, to damage, to injure; injury. Scar, a cliff.

Scaud, to scald.

Scauld, to scold. Scaur, apt to be scared

Scawl, a seold; a term/gant.

Scon, a cake of bread. Sconner, a loathing; to loathe.

Scraich, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.

Screed, to tear; a rent.

Scrieve, to glide swiftly along, Scrievin, gleesomely; swiftly.

Scrimp, to scant.

Serimuet, did scant; scanty. See'd, did see.

Seizin, seizing.

Sel, self; a body's sel, one's self alone.

Sell's, did sell.

Sen', to send.

Sen't, I, &c., sent, or did send it; send it.

Servan', servant.

Settlin, settling; to get a settlin, to be frighted intequietness.

Seis, sets off, goes away.

Shachled, distorted; shapeless.

Shaird, a shred, a shard.

Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to fright en him away.

Shaver, a humorous wag; a barber.

Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow.

Sheen, bright, shining.

Sheep-shank; to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be

conceited.

Sherra-moor, sheriff-moor, the famous battle fought in the rebellion, A. D. 1715.

Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.

Shiel, a shed.

Shill, shrill.

Shog, a shook; a push off at one side.

Shool, a shovel.

Shoon shoes.

Shore, to offer, to threaten.

Shor'd, offered.

Shouther, the shoulder.

Shure, did shear, shore.

Sic, such.

Sicker, sure, steady.

Siddins, sidelong, slanting.

Siller, silver; money.

Simmer, summer.

Sin, a son.

Sin', since.

Skaith, see scaith.

Skellum, a worthless fellow.

Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke.

Skelpie-lummer, a reproachful term in female scolding Skelpin, stepping, walking.

Skiegh, or Skeigh proud, nice, highmettled.

Skinklin, a small portion.

Ekirl, to shrick, to cry shrilly.

Skirling, shricking, crying.

Skirl's, shrieked.

Sklent, slant; to run aslant, to deviate from truth.

Sklented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction

Skouth, freedom to converse without restraint; range scone.

Skriegh, a scream; to scream.

Skyrin, shining; making a great show

Skyte, force, very forcible motion.

Slae, a sloe.

Slade, did slied.

Slap, a gate; a breach in a fence.

Slaver, saliva; to emit saliva.

Slaw, slow.

Slee, sly; sleest, sliest.

Sleekit, sleek ; sly. Slutdery, slippery.

Slupe, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough

Slupet, fell.

Sma', small.

Smeddum, dust, powder; mettle, sense.

Smiddy, a smithy.

Smoor, to smother,

Smoor'd, smothered.

Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.

Smutrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.

Snapper, to stumble, a stumble.

Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.

Snaw, snow; to snow.

Snaw-broo, melted snow.

Snawie, snowy.

Sneck, snick, the latch of a door.

Sned, to lop, to cut off.

Sneeshin, snuff.

Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box.

Snell, bitter, biting.

Snick-drawing, trick-contriving, crafty.

Snirtle, to laugh restrainedly. Snood, a ribbon for binding the hair.

Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive

slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.

Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.

Snowk, to scent or snuff, as a dog. &c.

Snowkit, scented, snuffed.

```
Sersie, having sweet engaging looks; lucky, folly.
 Scom, to swim
 Sooth, truth, a pretty oath.
 Sough, a heavy sigh, a sound dying on the ear
Souple, flexible; swift.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Sowens, a dish made of oatmeal; the seeds or oatmen
   soured, &c., flummery.
Sowp, a spoonfull, a small quantity of any thing liquid.
Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whisile.
Sowther, solder; to solder, to cement.
Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
Spaul, a limb.
Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire.
Spaviet, having the spavin.
Spean, spane, to wean.
Speat, or spate, a sweeping torrent, after rain or taaw.
Speel, to climb.
Spence, the country parlor.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spier't, inquired.
Splatter, a splutter, to splutter.
Spleughan, a tobacco-pouch.
Splore, a frolie; a noise, riot.
Sprackle, sprachle, to clamber.
Sprattie, to scramble.
Spreckled, spotted, speckled.
Spring, a quick air in music; a Scottish reel.
Sprit, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes.
Sprittie, full of spirit.
Spunk, fire, mettle; wit.
Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o'-wisp, or ignis fasteur
Spurtle, a stick used in making oatmeal pudding or
  porridge.
Squad, a crew, a party.
Squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
Squattle, to sprawl.
Squeel, a scream, a screech; to scream.
Stacher, to stagger.
Stack, a rick of corn. hav, &c.
staggie, the diminutive of stag.
Stalwart, strong, stout.
```

Stant, to stand; stan't, did stand.

Stang, an scute pain; a twinge; to stang

Stane, a stone.

Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water. Stap, stop.

Stark, stout.

Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gad-fiv.

"taumrel, a blockhead; half-witted.

Staw, did steal; to surfeit.

Stech, to cram the belly.

Stechin, cramming. Suck, to shut; a stitch.

Steer, to molest; to stir.

Steere, firm, compacted. Stell, a still.

Sten, to rear as a horse.

Sten't, reared.

Stents, tribute; dues of any kind.

Steu. steep; stevest, steepest.

Stibble, stumble; stibble-rig, the reaper in harvest whe takes the lead.

Stick an' stow, totally, altogether,

Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp.

Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel

Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old. Stock. a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.

Stockin, a stocking; throwing the stockin, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the

next that will be married.

Stoiter, to stagger, to stammer. Stooked, made up in shocks, as corn.

Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.

Stot. an ox.

Stoup, or stoup, a kind of jug or dish with a handle. Stoure, dust, more particularly dust in motion.

Swoolins, by stealth.

Stown, stolen.

Stoute, to stumble. Strack, did strike.

Strae, straw; to die a fair strae death, to die in bed

Straik, did strike.

Straikit, stroked.

Strappan, tall and handsome.

Straught, straight, to straighten. Streek, stretched, tight; to stretch.

Striddle, to straddle.

Stream, to spout, to piss.

Suddie, an anvil.

Stumpie, diminutive of stump.

Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk stardily: huff, sullenness.

Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.

Sturt, trouble; to molest.

Sturtin, frighted.

Sucker, sugar. Sud. should.

Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.

Suthron, southern; an old name for the English nation.

Ewaird, sward. Swall'd, swelled.

Swank, stately, jolly.

Swankie, or swanker, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.

Swap, an exchange; to barter.

Swarf, to swoon; a swoon.

Swat, did sweat.

Swatch, a sample.

Swats, drink ; good ale. Sweaten, sweating.

Sweer, lazy, averse; dead-sweer, extremely averse: M

Swoor, swore, did swear. Swings, to beat; to whin,

Swirl, a curve; an eddying blast, or pool; a knot m wood.

Swirlie, knaggie, full of knots.

Swith, get away. Swither, to hesitate in choice; an irresolute wavering in choice.

Syne, since, ago; then.

TACKETS, a kind of nails for driving into the hoels of shoes.

Tae, a toe; three-tae'd, having three prongs.

Tairge, a target.

Tak, to take; takin, taking.

Tamtallan, the name of a mountain.

Tangle, a sea-weed.

Tap, the top.

Tapetless, heedless, foolish.

Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.

Tarroso's murmured.

Tarru-breeks, a sailor.

Tauld, or tald, told.

Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person.

Tauted, or tautie, matted together; spoken of hair or wool

Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled spoken of a horse, cow, &c.

Teat, a small quantity. Teen, to provoke; provocation.

Tedding, spreading after the mower

Ten-hour's bite, a slight feed for the horses while in the yoke, in the forencon.

Tent, a field-pulpit; heed, caution; to take heed: to tend or herd cattle.

Tentie, heedful, caution.

Tentless, heedless.

Teugh, tough.

Thack, thatch; thack an' rape, clothing, necessaries.

That, these.

Thairms, small guts; fiddle-strings.

Thankit thanked. Theekii, thatched.

Thegither, together.

Themsel, themselves.

Thick, intimate, familiar.

Thiereless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanor.

Thir, these.

Thirl, to thrill.

Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.

Thole, to suffer, to endure.

Thowe, a thaw; to thaw.

Thowless, slack, lazy.

Thrang, throng; a crowd. Thrapple, throat, windpipe.

Thrave, twenty-four sheaves or two shocks of corn

a considerable number. Thraw, to sprain, to twist; to contradict.

Thrawin, twisting, &c.

Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted.

Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.

Threshin, thrashing. Threteen, thirteen.

Phristle, thistle.

GLOSSARY.

Through, to go on with; to make out. Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly. Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise Thumpit, thumped. Thysel, thyself. Till't, to it. Timmer, timber. Time, to lose; timi, lost. Timkler, a timker. Tim the gate, lost the way. Tip, a ram.

Tippence, twopence.

Tirl, to make a slight noise; to uncover. Tirlin, uncovering.

Tither, the other.

Tittle, to whisper. Tittlin, whispering.

Tocher, marriage portion.

Tod. a fox.

Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child.

Toddin, tottering.
Toom, empty, to empty.

Toop, a ram.

Toun, a hamlet; a farm-house

Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a norm, &c.

Tow, a rope.

Towmond, a twelvemonth.

Touzie, rough, shaggy.
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.

Toyte, to totter like old age.

Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed.

Trashtrie, trash.
Trews, trowsers.

Trickie, full of tricks.

Trig, spruce, neat.

Trimly, excellently.

Trow, to believe.
Trowth, truth, a petty oath.

Tryste, an appointment; a fair.

Trysted, appointed; to tryste, to make an appointment. Try't, tried.

Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made.

Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight

Twa. two.
Twa.-three, a few.
Twad, it would.
Twal, twelve; twal-pennie worth, a small quantity, a penny-worth.
N. B. One penny English is 12d Scotsh.
Twin, to part.
Tyke, a dog.

II

UNCO, strange, uncouth; very great, prodigious Uncos, news.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.
Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt.
Unweeting, unwittingly, unknowingly.
Upo', upon.
Urchin, a hedge-hog.
V.

VAP'RIN, vaporing.
Vera, very.
Virl, a ring round a column, &c
Vittle. corn of all kinds, food.

Warl, or warld, world.

WA', wall; wa's, walls. Wabster, a weaver. Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge. Wadna, would not. Wae, wo : sorrowful. Waefu', woful, sorrowful, wailing. Waesucks! or waes-me! alas! O the pity. Waft, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web; woof. Wair, to lay out, to expend. Wale, choice; to choose. Wal'd, chose, chosen. Walie, ample, large, jolly; also aninterjection of distress. Wame, the belly. Wamefu', a belly-full. Wanchancie, unlucky. Wanrestfu', restless. Wark, work. Wark-lume, a tool to work with.

W.

Warlock, a wizard

Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth

Warran, a warrant; to warrant.

Warst, worst,

Warstl'd, or warsl'd, wrestled.

Wastrie, prodigality.

Wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I know.

Water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply

without the addition of milk, butter, &c.

Wattle, a twig, a wand.

Wauble, to swing, to reel.

Waught, a draught.

Waukit, thickened as fullers do cloth.

Wankrife, not apt to sleep.

Waur, worse; to worst.

Waur't worsted

Wean, or weanie, a child.

Wearie, or weary; many a weary body, many a different person.

Weason, weasand.

Weaving the Stocking. See Stocking.

Wee, little; wee things, little ones; wee bit a small

matter.

Weel, well; weelfare, welfare.

Weet, rain, wetness. Weird, fate.

We'se, we shall.

Wha, who.

Whaizle, to wheeze. Whalpit, whelped.

Whang, a leathern string; a piece of cheese, bread,

&c., to give the strappado. Whare, where; where'er, wherever.

Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; penny-scheep, small beer.

Whase, whose.

Whatreck, nevertheless. Whid, the motion of a hare, running but not friends: a lie.

Whidden, running as a hare or cony.

Whigmelesries, whims, fancies, crotchets.

Whingin, crying, complaining, fretting.

Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages. Whissle, a whistle; to whistle.

Whisht, silence; to hold one's whisht, to be milent.

Which, to sweep, to lash.

```
Whiskit, lashed.
```

Whater, a hearty draught of liquor.

Whun-stane, a whin-stone.

Whyles, whiles, sometimes.

Wi with.

Wicht wight, powerful, strong; inventive; of a superior genius.

Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction; a term in curling.

Wicker, willow (the smaller sort.)

Wiel, a small whiripool.

Wife, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.

Wilyart, bashful and reserved; avoiding society or appearing awkward in it; wild, strange, timid.

Wimple, to meander. Wimpl't, meandered,

Wimplin, waving, meandering

Win, to win, to winnew.

Win't, winded as a bottom of varn.

Win', wind; win's, winds.

Winna, will not.

Winnock, a window.

Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gav.

Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel

Winze, an oath.

Wiss, to wish.

Withoutten, without.

Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.

Wonner, a wonder; a contemptuous appellation.

Wons, dwells.

Woo', wool.

Woo, to court, to make love to.

W odie, a rope, more properly one made of withes or willows.

Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.

Wordy, worthy.

Worsel worsted.

Wore, an exciamation of pleasure or wonder.

Wrack, to teaze, to vex.

Wraith, a spirit, or ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.

Wrang, wrong; to wrong.

Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.

Wud-mad, distracted.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wyle, to beguile.
Wylecoat, a flannel vest.
Wyle, blame; to blame.

YAD, an old mare; a worn-out horse. Ye; this pronoun is frequently used for thou. Yearns, longs much. Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals. Year is used both for singular and plural, years, Yearn, earn, an eagle, an ospray. Yell, barren, that gives no milk, Yerk, to lash, to jerk. Yerkit, jerked, lashed. Yestreen, yesternight. Yest, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance mto farm-vard or field. Yill, ale. Yird, earth. Yokin, yoking; a bout. Your, beyond. Yoursel, yourself. Yowe, a ewe. Yowie, diminutive of yowe. Yule, Christmas.









